

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1854.



FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

A VERY few years ago there died, in the State of New-York, an aged and highly venerated Baptist clergyman, Francis Wayland, Sen., a native of England, who emigrated to this country about the beginning of the year 1796. He was possessed of talents which were highly respectable, and of learning and piety which commanded more than common esteem. He brought with him from England a high reputation, both for moral excellence and attainments. There are some branches of the family yet in that land, doing honor to religion and literature. Among these might be mentioned the Rev. Dr. D. S. Wayland, a rector of a parish Church in Lincolnshire, and well known by the productions of his pen. He is the surviving brother of the reverend gentleman of whom we have been writing.

Francis Wayland, Sen., was blessed in this country with a highly interesting family.

One of his sons, some years younger than the subject of our present sketch, is the Rev. Dr. John Wayland, an Episcopal clergyman in the neighborhood of Boston; and a daughter is the amiable widow of Colonel Stone, an eminent literary gentleman of the city of New-York. Francis, of whom we now propose to write a few pages, was born in the city of New-York, March 11, 1796, very soon after the arrival of his parents in this country. It would be quite unnecessary to say that his early training, both moral and intellectual, was not neglected, and that his parents rejoiced in the sure and steady progress which Francis made in his studies. In 1807 his father settled in Poughkeepsie, on the banks of the Hudson, where he became pastor of the then newly organized Baptist Church, and where he successfully labored for a series of years. At this time our subject was

eleven years of age, and immediately began, under the care of the Rev. Daniel H. Barnes, to prepare for collegiate duties. In 1811 he entered Union College, Schenectady, nearly two years in advance, and graduated with high honor in 1813. At seventeen he began to study medicine, then intending to make it the profession of his life; but in his twentieth year, feeling that the claims of Christ and his Church called him to the holy ministry, he entered the theological seminary at Andover.

The distinguished talents of Mr. Wayland as a teacher very soon became apparent to those who best knew him, so that he had scarcely reached twenty-one when he was appointed tutor in the college from which he derived his own principal training. But his mind was set on the Christian ministry—his heart burned with holy zeal for the salvation of souls—and in 1821 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Boston, now presided over by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale. His predecessor, the Rev. J. M. Winchell, was a man of extraordinary piety and success, who was suddenly cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness, and left so deep an impression on the hearts of his people, of the loveliness of his character, as to make it no easy task for any man to follow him. The most judicious of the Church and society, however, soon found that if their new pastor had less of popularity in voice and manner than his predecessor, they had secured a profound thinker, and that whatever impression he did make would be good and permanent. His eloquent sermon on the "Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," tens of thousands of which were published in this country and in England, made him extensively known, and at once proved him to be a man who would make a mark on the age. This masterly production has still a wide circulation in England, and has, probably, done more than any other sermon to perpetuate and extend the spirit of missions. We believe that although our preacher did not usually attract very large congregations, he most assuredly left his impress on some powerful minds, who have since exerted a large degree of influence in the world.

After a pastorate of five years, it was felt by many of the best friends of Mr.

Wayland, that he was most likely to be extensively useful in training the minds of those who should themselves, hereafter, exert a wide influence. Wherever he was known, public opinion marked him as an eminent teacher. When but twenty-nine he was created D. D., and was probably the youngest man on whom that honor has, in this country, ever been conferred; in 1826 he was elected a professor in Union College, and in the same year was called to the presidency of Brown University. He entered on the duties of this latter office in February, 1827, and has continued, with growing reputation and success, to discharge its functions to the present period. May he long occupy his important position, and still see his beloved university increase from year to year in honors and usefulness.

We scarcely need to speak of Dr. Wayland as an author. Two series of sermons, together with volumes on "The Limitation of Human Responsibility," "Thoughts on the Collegiate System in the United States," "Elements of Moral Science," and "Elements of Political Economy," with a recent sermon, which has excited no small attention, on the "Apostolic Ministry," are the principal productions of his pen. His "Moral Science," and "Political Economy," are text-books in many colleges, both in this country and in Europe; and the former of these works has been most extensively circulated by the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh.

The person of Dr. Wayland is very commanding. He is somewhat above the middle height, is square built, and massive in his whole appearance. None of the slenderness, the paleness, or the nervous tremor of the hard student is to be seen about him. He has hair of iron gray, every year, alas, becoming lighter, and like most scholars, he has acquired somewhat of a stooping position. His dark piercing eyes penetrate from beneath bushy black brows, which, in their turn, are surmounted by a broad and high forehead. His appearance and manners are highly dignified—indeed, of *royal* bearing; and no man can unite authority and courtesy with more effect than does Dr. Wayland, when he presides at "commencement," or occupies the chair of a large assembly. His presidency at the Triennial Convention of the ministers of his own denomination,

at Philadelphia, in 1844, and at its adjourned session in New-York, a few months afterward, strikingly illustrated these remarks. A gentleman, accustomed to interviews with European royal personages, testified that at the last-named meeting Dr. Wayland's welcome of Dr. Judson exceeded in dignity and effect all that he had ever witnessed at the court of St. James or the Tuileries.

The intellectual character of Dr. Wayland scarcely needs description, for no reader of his many volumes can fail to observe that they are the result of much labor to make great principles transparent to the duller eye. No display of vast learning is ever made, but the most thoughtful man best knows that none but a scholar could produce such works. "We all know," said a gentleman of false taste to the writer of this article, "that Dr. Wayland is a fine scholar, but no one would think so from his books, they are so *very* plain and simple." "Exactly so," was our reply; "and their very simplicity proves his learning; for, as Archbishop Leighton says, 'O how much learning, my brethren, does it need to make all these things plain!'" None but a pedant studies bombast. The man of learning can afford to be simple, and this is therefore a characteristic of great writers, both in the scientific and theological world.

We have often heard Dr. Wayland compared to John Foster; but although they had points of character in common, and each of them was warmly attached to the other, in many things they were opposite. Dr. Wayland could not succeed in placing so many ideas before his mind, wrapped up in each other, and half a dozen of them thrown, involved as they were, into one sentence, taking the reader half an hour to understand six or seven lines; nor could Foster have worked a thought in his mind till he could present it to an illiterate man in a garb clearly discernible even to such an eye.

Those who have been favored with Dr. Wayland's society in his own domestic circle, need not be told that he is there *thoroughly at home*, and makes every one around him feel so too. He has none of those consequential airs which are intended to make you feel your inferiority, and to offer the compliments of flattery to your host. All is ease and dignified familiarity. His children and friends are made happy

by his unaffected politeness, which he evidently understands to be "benevolence in little things." He seems to render a kindness without even thinking of it, and aims to anticipate your wishes without allowing you even to be conscious that you have them.

We have never regarded Dr. Wayland as in any remarkable degree possessing conversational powers, though we have more than once been charmed with his well-timed, strong common-sense remarks, which have put an end to a confused discussion, or ended a thorny controversy. Some twenty-five years ago he was dining with a large party of the clergy of his own denomination, and the discussion turned on the fact that a number of non-collegiate men, whose names were mentioned, had been eminently successful as preachers and pastors. Facts were stated, opinions, and strong ones, were expressed, and the discussion was warm and animated. Wayland listened with attention, but in silence, apparently thinking that one thing at a time should be attended to; but when the knife and fork had performed their office, he put in a sentence. "Brethren, I will tell you how it was all done." There was a general silence, and all looked attentively at the speaker, generally expecting the end of the whole matter. "When God makes a man great, it is done." Here he paused; but as no one spoke, he resumed: "The college and books may help a man; but if a preacher ever becomes truly great, it is because God makes him so. He never can be indifferent to the value of learning; but men may be useful, for whose faults, as Richard Baxter said of himself, no university has to be blamed."

When Dr. Wayland visited England, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, it was the happiness of the present writer to enjoy a goodly share of his society. In a large party, where much that was intellectual and excellent gave zest to the evening's enjoyment, there was one of the company, having a very respectable opinion of himself, who chose to occupy no small share of time in finding what fault he could with society in the United States. The good doctor bore all with admirable patience,—indeed, with better temper than almost any one else; but at length he thought it desirable somewhat to check his friend, and quietly placing his

chair near him, began: "I think, sir, that just now you said so and so?" "Yes, sir." "And what then?" said the doctor. A few reminders of what the speaker had said, and a few repetitions of the question, "And what then?" placed the poor man in a most unenviable position, raised a general laugh, and put him to silence. Years afterward Dr. Wayland's "And what then?" was frequently the subject of remark and admiration; and when these friends met, the unlucky subject of them was far more frequently reminded of the encounter than he wished to be.

On another evening, some half-dozen clergymen were sitting with Dr. Wayland around a London fire, engaged in pleasant conversation. For a while nothing arose to call out the powers of the speakers; but as three of the party, besides Dr. Wayland himself, were presidents of colleges, it will excite no surprise that in the course of the evening a difficult inquiry or two should arise. Some one started a question on the introduction of evil, moral and physical, into our world. Dr. Wayland became profoundly silent, and left the discussion to two other learned doctors, who in no long time were in a regular *fix*, neither of them being able to take another step. With remarkable adroitness the doctor here interposed to ask what he called a child's question, when the current of the conversation was changed. One of the disputants afterward said to the writer, "I will take care never to get into Wayland's clutches again. Why, sir, I never felt myself so foolish before in my life." Several additional facts of this kind might be related, but the reader has, we hope, obtained a view of this aspect of the doctor's character. In this, as in everything else, he is governed by strong common-sense; and every one must admire his evident abhorrence of all pretension.

Very few colleges have been more happily blessed with revivals of religion during the last few years than Brown University; and one reason which may be assigned for this fact is, the deep impression made on the minds of young men who pursue their studies there, that their estimable president is concerned for their highest welfare, and always shows himself entirely ready to answer their inquiries, and conducts, whenever they request it, their social religious exercises. No one can

read his "*University Sermons*" without seeing his anxiety to direct those over whom he has so great an influence, to the old-fashioned, and in many circles unpopular doctrines of human depravity, the necessity of regeneration, and justification only through faith in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

His concern for the salvation of his charge is unceasing, but is especially evinced on the last Thursday in February, the annual day of prayer for our colleges. We some time since heard a most affecting description of the worthy president, standing in tears before scores of the alumni on the last Thursday of February, 1852, pleading with them on the infinite importance of preparation for death and judgment, and making even the thoughtless and gay to weep. Not an hour ago, the writer of this article met with a minister eminent for usefulness, both in the pulpit and with his pen, who speaks with intense gratitude of the president's conversing with him on the importance of *one honest effort* to obtain salvation; and of the happy results of that interview, which can only be fully developed in eternity.

If, however, we were required to state in a word what we consider to be the leading feature in Dr. Wayland's character, we should specify *moral courage*. His mind carefully and slowly investigates a subject, and at length attains the point to which he has directed his way, taking special care of the propriety of every step; and having attained his position, nothing can move him: nor does he feel any reluctance that the whole world should know where he is, though he is still more willing to allow his arguments to make their own way, than to defend them against opposers. And here is one of his excellences: he gives his thoughts to his neighbors, and says, "Let them pass for what they are worth;" and a very few years have shown that they were of immense worth.

We might refer, in illustration of these remarks, to his "*Moral Philosophy*," which, when first published, was excluded from the South, because he was supposed to be an abolitionist; but he answered not a word. Soon after, when a meeting on the part of the abolitionists was called in the city of Providence, to discuss the subject of slavery, and objections were made by an opposite party, he boldly took a stand in favor of full discussion, which at the time

displeased some of his friends, but about which he seemed to feel no concern. After a while he published his "*Limitations of Human Responsibility*," which some persons in this country thought leaned somewhat to the South, and for which he was censured in no small degree during his visit to England; but he was yet unmoved, and patiently waited his time to discuss the whole subject of slavery with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Fuller, which has probably forever, so far as he is concerned, set the matter at rest. When the Dorr Rebellion, as it was called, reigned at Providence, he boldly took the unpopular side, and wisely left time to expound his reasons. When he felt the necessity that a change should take place in our system of collegiate education, to conform it to the changes of society, he distinctly avowed his convictions, and patiently waited for opposition to change into approval and popularity. And still more recently, when not a few of his brethren seemed as though they would rather multitudes of the Baptist Churches should remain destitute of pastors, than to allow men but partially educated to assume that office, he nobly contended that during the emergency of the times, they should go back to the customs of former days, when laymen occupied pulpits, and men with comparatively small information were abundantly blessed in their labors, and asked with dignified solemnity, "*What good does it do to gather men into a fine house, to listen to fine preaching, and fine music, and let them all go down to hell?*" It is all very well, if to flatter and please men be our object, to talk about an educated population, and the necessity of an improved ministry. It is quite true we have a population exceeding in intelligence all former generations; but we have also hundreds of thousands poured by Europe annually on our shores, who must have common minds to work on them, or they will soon entirely sink into barbarism. If we cannot obtain the ministry we want, we must employ the best we can obtain, and do all we can to improve it. Acting on this system, the Methodists and the Baptists of this country owe, under God, the high position they at present occupy, as to numbers and success.

We have said nothing of Dr. Wayland's recent work,—the "*Memoirs of Dr. Judson*,"—or of his disinterested conduct in presenting the valuable copy-right to the

widow and family of that eminent *apostle of Burmah*. What could we say? for who has not read the work, and who would wish us to "darken counsel by words without knowledge?" Our young men should read it, as presenting an example of perseverance in good pursuits amid the greatest difficulties. The Christian should study it, to imbibe its spirit of piety and of devotedness to Christ. The minister should examine it with earnest prayer, that he may know what and how to preach; and the writer of biography may give days and nights to its examination, as a model of the pure, earnest, and Scriptural style.

[For the National Magazine.]

WORDS.

Words are like leaves and flowers,
An inward life revealing,
Like that the earth concealing,
Gives forth 'midst light and showers.

Words take their life unseen,
As roots, the soft mold threading,
Support the tree wide-spreading,
In freshness gay and green.

Mysterious power of soul!
To touch with living beauty,
And promptings sweet to duty,
With sacred high control,

The lifeless leaden word,
Till by its mystic flashing,
Like meteor earthward dashing,
Life's darkest depths are stirr'd.

O! holy eloquence,
When words like lightning's gleaming,
Across the dark sky streaming,
Speak of Omnipotence,

How sways the secret soul,
In wild unrest deep heaving,
Till urged to faith believing,
Hope gains the heart's control.

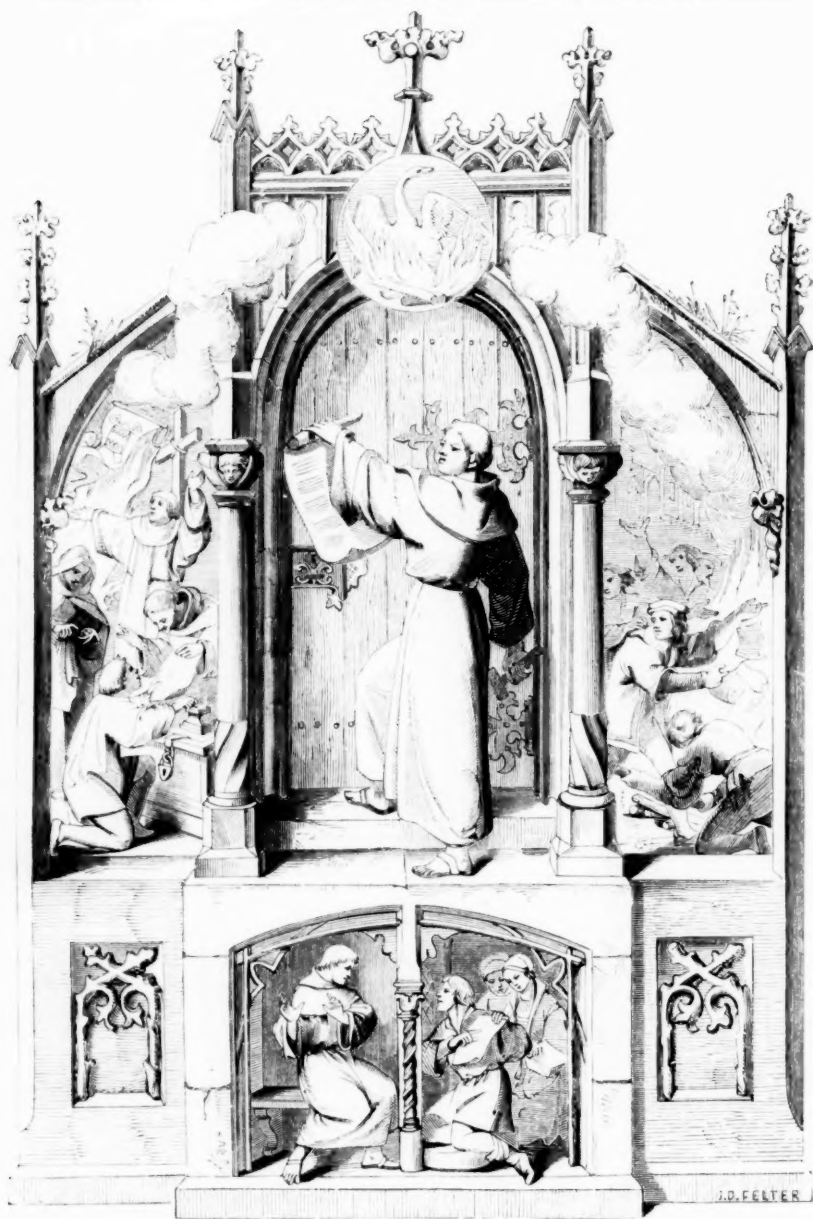
Words are the poet's mine;
And like as diamonds turning,
By fires in earth's deep burning,
The fragments learn to shine.

He lays them in his heart,
Till calcined by its heating,
The crystal whilst completing,
They wake the gems of art.

And then they wed to song,
And go on holy mission,
To better man's condition,
Earth's weary paths along.

O deep in holy hearts
Let words take their sweet moulding,
Till, from the world's beholding,
Sin's gloomy night departs.

D. WILLIAMS.



LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

THE designs of Gustav König, illustrative of the life of the great German Reformer, have produced quite a sensation in Munich. The public interest in them has led to their publication, with descrip-

tive letter-press, from the pen of L. Gelzer. König's pictures amount to fifty. We shall lay them all before our readers, executed by our own artist, expressly for the *National*. They pretend not to ex-



LUTHER'S BIRTH.

traordinary mechanical nicety, but are remarkable for their artistic excellence—their graphic significance.

LUTHER'S BIRTH. NOV. 11, 1483.

THE artist carries us back to Luther's very entrance into life, at Eisleben. The child is born; and the father devotes him in prayer to the service of his Lord and Maker.

Conrad Schlüsselburg relates, that Luther's father had often prayed aloud and fervently, at the bedside of his child, that God would grant the boy grace, that he might—remembering his name, Luther, *i. e. lauter* (pure)—forward the propagation of the pure doctrine. Supposing that this account, which was most likely present to the mind of the artist when he conceived this picture, were unfounded or unauthenticated, still, all that is known of the great reformer's father assures us that the first emotion at the birth of his son was no other than the one here depicted.

To the right, on the wall, we see the portrait of St. Martin, whose name was given to the infant born on that saint's day; "which baptismal name," says Johann Mathesius, "he has maintained through life with Christian honor, as a valiant warrior and knight of Christ."

"In the many conversations," writes

Luther, "I have had with Melancthon, I have told him my whole life from beginning to end. I am a peasant's son, and my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were common peasants. My father went to Mansfeld, and got employment in the mines there; and there I was born. That I should ever take my bachelor of arts and doctor's degree, &c., seemed not to be in the stars. How I must have surprised folks by turning monk; and then, again, by changing the brown cap for another! By so doing I occasioned real grief and trouble to my father. Afterward I went to loggers with the pope, married a runaway nun, and had a family. Who foresaw this in the stars? Who could have told my career beforehand?"

John Luther, the father of the celebrated Martin Luther, was of Mœra or Mørke, a small village of Saxony, near Eisenach. His mother was the daughter of a lawyer of the last-named town. The father, a poor miner, had great difficulty in supporting his family, and, as will presently be seen, his children were sometimes obliged to have recourse to charity. Yet, instead of making them help him with their labor, he choose that they should go to school. John Luther seems to have been a simple and single-hearted man, and a sincere believer. When his pastor was administering consolation to him on his death-bed:

"He must be a cold-blooded man," was his remark, "who does not believe what you are telling me." His wife did not survive him a year (A.D. 1531.) They were at this time in the enjoyment of a small property, for which they were no doubt indebted to their son. John Luther left at his death a house, two iron furnaces, and about a thousand thalers in ready money. The arms of Luther's father, for peasants assumed arms in imitation of the armorial bearings of the nobles, were a hammer, no more. Luther was not ashamed of his parents. He has consecrated their names by inserting them in the formulary of his marriage service: "*Wilt thou, Hans (John,) take Grethe (Margaret) to thy wedded wife,*" &c.

"It is my pious duty," he says in a letter to Melanethon, informing him of his father's death, "to mourn him of whom it was the will of the Father of mercy that I should be born—him by whose labor and sweat God has supported and made me what I am, worm though I be. Assuredly I rejoice that he lived unto this day, to see the light of truth. Blessed be the counsels and the decrees of God forever! Amen!"

LUTHER AT SCHOOL.

HERE is the school at Mansfeld to which Hans Luther took his son,—the second step in that son's life. "Hans Luther brought up his baptized little son creditably in the fear of God by the gains of his mining labors; and when he came to years



LUTHER AT SCHOOL.

of discretion, sent him, with heartfelt prayer, to the Latin school, where the boy learned quickly and industriously the ten commandments, the child's creed, the Lord's prayer, also Donatus, the child's grammar, Cesio Janus, and psalm singing." —*Mathesus.*

The rod in the master's hand, and the weeping boy behind his chair, are peculiarly significant. "In one morning," Luther himself narrates, "I was well whipped fifteen times." In his late years he still complains, "how in former times

schools were mere prisons or hells, and schoolmasters tyrants and flagellators; how the poor children were whipped indiscriminately and unceasingly; how they were made to learn with great labor and immoderate toil, but to little purpose. To such teachers and masters we were everywhere obliged to submit; they knew nothing themselves, and could teach us nothing good or useful."

He preferred general literature, and especially music, which was his passion, and which he cultivated all his life, and



LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS.

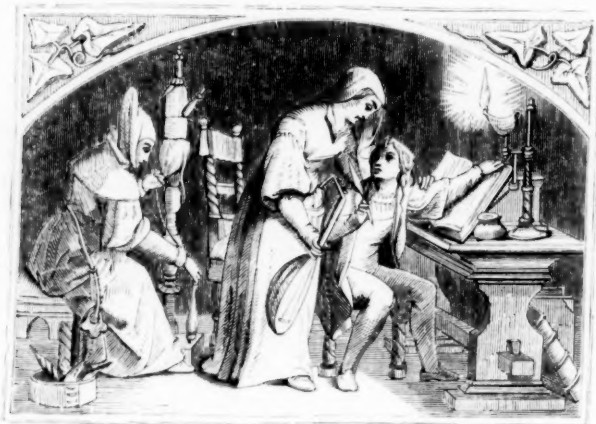
taught his children. He does not hesitate to own his opinion that, next to theology, music is the first of the arts:—"Music is the art of the prophets; the only one which, like theology, can calm the troubles of the soul, and put the devil to flight." He touched the lute, played on the flute. Perhaps he would have succeeded in other arts. He was the friend of the great painter, Lucas Cranach. He was, it seems, skillful with his hands, and acquired the art of turning. His predilection for music and literature, and the constant reading of the poets, with which he diversified his study of logic and of law, were far from foreshadowing the serious part which he was destined to play in the history of religion; and it is presumable, from various traditional anecdotes, that notwithstanding his application to his studies, he led the life of the German students of the day, and participated in their noisy habits, their gayety in the midst of indigence, their union of a warlike

exterior with sweetness of soul and a peaceful spirit, and of all the parade of a disorderly life with purity of morals.

LUTHER SINGS AS A CHORISTER—(CURRENT-SCHULER.)

WE stand before the house of Mrs. Cotta, where Luther sings as a poor scholar for his daily bread. "It is stated," he says, "and it is true, that the Pope himself has been a poor scholar; therefore despise not those poor lads who cry at your door, *Panem propter Deum!* and sing their song for their daily bread. I myself was once such a screaming boy, and have sought my bread at people's doors, particularly in my beloved city of Eisenach."

Repulsed from several doors, and much depressed, he arrives at length with his choir before the hospitable dwelling of his future foster-mother, the good Mistress Cotta, "a devout matron, who gave him a place at her table, because she had conceived a warm affection for the boy, on ac-



LEARNING MUSIC.

count of his singing and his ardent prayer." In the house of this, his fostering friend and comforter, he became intimate with a higher comforter, music, that noble relief to his war-worn spirit. Here he learned to play on several musical instruments.

LUTHER DISCOVERS THE LATIN BIBLE IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT ERFURT, 1501.

BUT a yet higher study was opening before him than that of music, the holy Scriptures—the revelation of God! In the library at Erfurt he found the book



LUTHER DISCOVERS THE LATIN BIBLE.

which was to become the foundation-stone of his future labors. Mathesius relates: "As he searches among the books in the university library, to make himself acquainted with the good ones, he hits upon the Latin Bible, which he has never seen before. He observes with astonishment that this book contains many more texts, epistles and Gospels, than are usually explained in the homilies, or from the pulpits in churches. As he is turning over the Old Testament he meets with the history of Samuel and his mother Anna, which he reads hastily through with great joy and delight; he begins to wish from his whole heart that God would give him some day such a book to be his own."

This was the first casual sight Luther ever had into that land which was to become his home. He says himself: "As a young man I saw a Bible in the university library at Erfurt, and read a portion of the First Book of Samuel; but I had to attend a lecture just then: willingly would I have read through the whole book, but had no opportunity."

The artist brings before our eyes the inquiring youth absorbed in his great discovery, having cast aside the schoolmen, and their misunderstood chief, Aristotle. And here begins the epoch of his new life, and of that series of events illustrated by our first picture.

CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE habits of social life in China, as far as they are yet known to us, are peculiar to the inhabitants of that country and its dependencies, and, although not destitute of refinement, present a striking contrast to those of any other existing nation. It is not the difference between civilization and barbarism that distinguishes the Chinese of the present age from their cotemporaries, but it is the more remarkable dissimilarity between ancient and modern, and eastern and western civilization, which marks them as a nation belonging to other times and other climes.

To speak of the Chinese as a rude or uninformed race would be quite as erroneous as to style them a highly-civilized people—a term that can only be applied with propriety to those who are enlightened by modern science, which in China has hitherto made no progress. The refinement of the Chinese consists in the ele-

gance and luxury with which the higher and richer classes are surrounded in their own houses, and that strict attention to the forms of good breeding which prevails generally through all the grades of private life. Politeness is an indispensable accomplishment, and the rules of etiquette are studied in all the schools of China as regularly as the Latin grammar in those of England. A knowledge of the forms and ceremonies to be observed, both at home and abroad, in the drawing-room of a friend as well as at the court of the emperor, is essential to every one who studies with a view of taking degrees, as he knows not to what rank he may be called, and ought to be prepared to conduct himself with propriety in different grades of life, from the station of the petty mandarin of an obscure village to that of the chief kolau or minister of state. He must know how many bows to make to his visitors; what compliments to address to them, according to their rank; whether at their departure, he should attend them as far as the door, or only so many paces toward it; and other minute observances, too numerous to mention, must be studied and practiced. These trivial ceremonies impart a dullness and formality to Chinese society, which are found excessively tedious by most Europeans, whose easy, unstudied manners, would be thought quite barbarous among the well-bred of the Celestial Empire. It is possible, indeed, that more freedom may exist between intimate friends than we are aware of, since very few Europeans have had opportunities of seeing much of the in-door life beyond the little that can be observed in a mere visit of ceremony, which is always received in the same formal manner.

The houses of the wealthy are built, like those of the Egyptians, within a court, surrounded by a wall; consequently they are not visible to the passers-by: but those of government officers are always known by two red poles, which are set up before the gate. The handsomest dwellings are those which consist of a number of separate buildings, or ranges of apartments, all on the ground floor. The principal entrance is threefold, namely, by a large folding-door in the center, and a smaller one on each side, at which hang two handsome lanterns, inscribed with the name and titles of the master of the house. This entrance leads to the saloon, where visitors are

received, which are usually the first of a suite that may be called the state apartments, since they are chiefly used for the reception and entertainment of distinguished guests. They are elegantly and commodiously furnished; for the Chinese are not deficient in taste, nor do they spare expense in the interior decorations of their houses, which are often fitted up in a very costly style. The walls of the best rooms are generally adorned in different parts with scrolls of white silk or satin hangings from the ceiling to the floor, on which are imprinted, in large characters, maxims and moral sentences extracted from the works of the ancient sages, which are considered far more ornamental than the finest paintings. Many of these sentences bear some resemblance to the Proverbs of Solomon. Their chairs, which, it



WALL-ORNAMENTS.

may be remarked, are articles of furniture not used by the natives of other parts of Asia, are quite clumsy and heavy in appearance, but they are made of a very beautiful wood which grows in China, and is not unlike rosewood. They are all made with arms, and sometimes are furnished with silk or satin cushions, and hangings for the back, embroidered by the ladies of the family, who devote a great portion of their time to needlework. Japanned cabinets and tables, with a profusion of porcelain jars and other ornaments, are always seen in a Chinese drawing-room; but none of these are so striking or so characteristic as the lanterns, suspended by silken cords from the ceiling, and ornamented with a variety of elegant designs.



CHINESE LANTERN.

In any civilized part of the world we may find Indian cabinets and porcelain vases; but the lanterns are exclusively Chinese, and are very showy specimens of the national taste and ingenuity. They are made in every form that fancy can invent, and of all sizes, from the small ones carried by pedestrians at night, to those that illumine the halls of the great; the latter being sometimes eight or ten feet in height, and three feet in diameter. The most costly are composed of transparent silk, adorned with landscapes, birds, flowers, and fanciful devices, in colors of dazzling brightness; the framework being richly carved and gilt, and the cords and tassels by which they are suspended made of silk and gold thread. The possession of fine lanterns is a sort of passion among the Chinese, many of whom spend considerable sums in the gratification of this fancy.

In all the great cities of China, it is a common custom for men of the lower orders to work at their several trades in the streets, where they sit with their tools around them, as if they were in a workshop. Cobblers, tinkers, and blacksmiths, set up their apparatus wherever they may obtain a job; and medicine venders, who are generally fortunetellers also, establish themselves, with their compounds ranged in order before them, in any convenient locality. There are also a great number of pedlers, ballad-singers, and mountebanks, who contribute no less to the noise than to the throng. But the most remarkable persons who exercise their calling in

the streets are the barbers, who are all licensed, and shave the heads and plait the tails of their customers with the utmost gravity in the open air. All the men of the lower orders, as well as some of a higher class, have this operation performed in the street; a custom that would probably fall into disuse, if the Chinese ladies were in the habit of walking abroad more freely. The shops have open fronts, gayly painted, and before the door of each is a wooden pillar, covered with gilt characters, describing the nature of the goods sold within; and as these sign-posts are usually decorated with gay streamers floating from the top, they have not been unaptly compared, in appearance, to a line of ship-masts with colors flying. The windows of all the houses in Peking, the great metropolis of the Celestial Empire, are made of Corea paper, very frequently of a rose color, and strengthened by a thin framework of bamboo; for there is no glass in the north of China, nor is it yet very common in the south, although more frequently seen now than in the last century. The houses are seldom more than one story in height, and have flat roofs, which are often covered with flowers and shrubs; for as there are no fire-places, so there are no chimneys, the rooms being warmed by pans of lighted charcoal, of which fuel great quantities are brought from Tartary on dromedaries, and these animals are constantly seen thus laden in the streets of the city.

The same general features distinguish all the great cities of China; the most striking of which are the high walls, narrow streets, open-fronted shops, gayly-



STONE-CUTTER.

decorated temples and triumphal arches, with a constant succession of noisy processions, the bustle being increased by the incessant activity of itinerant artificers and venders of almost every commodity; among whom not a few are water-sellers.

The streets of Canton are mostly particularized by their separate trades, one being entirely occupied by shoemakers, another by drapers, a third by jewelers, &c.; and this distinctive arrangement of the trades is, probably, adopted in most of the towns. The triumphal arches, which are seen in most of the principal streets, are ornamental gateways that have been erected in honor of eminent persons; by which may be understood those who have distinguished themselves by their



WATER-SELLER.

wisdom and virtues, either in public or private life. The Emperor Kang-hy, for instance, ordained that every widow who attained to her hundredth year without forming a second matrimonial engagement, should be presented with thirty taels of silver for the erection of a triumphal arch, with an inscription in her praise; for although a woman is allowed to take a second husband if she pleases, and many do so, it is accounted far more honorable to remain faithful to the memory of the first. There is a curious custom with regard to marriage among the lower orders; which is, that of begging in the public road to raise money for a wedding procession, and pay the expenses of the bridal ceremonies. So superstitious are the Chinese, that no happiness would be expected to result from a union unless the bride were carried home in due form.

The great mass of the people in China are the peasantry, or land-cultivators, an industrious, frugal, and, at least until recent times, a contented race of people, strongly attached to the habits of their forefathers, and decidedly averse to any innovations in their ancient customs. So vast is the population of this immense empire, that its demands upon agriculture for the necessities of life could not be satisfied without great activity on the part of the peasantry; hence they labor incessantly to render the soil doubly productive, by constantly irrigating, and frequently manuring the land. By these means they produce two crops of rice in the year, and sometimes three; or a careful farmer will raise sufficient cotton in the interval between his rice crops to make clothing for his whole family.

The farms are in general small, and are sometimes cultivated by the proprietors, sometimes by the tenants, who rent them of rich land-owners; for there are many of the mandarins and merchants who possess very large landed estates, which are always let to cultivators, as no individual, however rich, the emperor alone excepted, presumes to convert into a park or pleasure-ground a large extent of land that may be made to contribute toward the subsistence of the community at large. According to the law, all landed property, on the death of its owner, is divided into equal portions among his sons, with the exception of the eldest, who has a double share; but the system of clanship, which is universal

among the agriculturists, renders this law of no real weight, as they all live together and fare alike, each individual laboring for the common benefit of the little community to which he belongs. It is not uncommon, in a large family, for the brothers to make an agreement among themselves to dispense with the services of one of their number, that he may devote himself entirely to letters, the rest supporting him during his studies, in the hope that he will ultimately obtain degrees that may enable him to repay them for the benefits they have conferred upon him. In some few cases this is of great advantage to the whole family: but there are many thousands of these poor students who never rise higher than to the first degree, nor obtain any employment more lucrative than that of a schoolmaster, or tutor in a private family.

The cottages of the peasantry are generally described as being neat and comfortable in appearance. They are but scantily provided with furniture, made of bamboo, by the peasants themselves; the articles in use consisting chiefly of tables, stools, and beds, or rather boards; for the bed is but a board laid upon two wooden benches, with a mat spread upon it, and surrounded by curtains of coarse hemp, to keep off the mosquitoes. The rich have softer beds, and handsome bedsteads placed in a recess, with curtains of silk or gauze, according to the season.

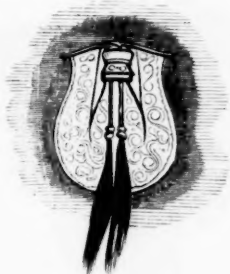
The real condition of ladies in China, and the position they hold in society, are certainly not very accurately known. They are seldom seen in the streets, it is true; but that is sufficiently accounted for by their inability to walk with ease; and as they do sometimes appear abroad, and are often observed at the windows without making any attempt to conceal their faces from the gaze of strangers, it is evident they enjoy far more liberty than the Turkish ladies although it is not the custom for the sexes to mix together in general society. When a mandarin gives a grand entertainment his wife frequently invites her friends to witness the theatrical performances, and various amusing exhibitions that are going forward during the dinner. These they can see, without being seen, from a latticed gallery provided for that purpose; and thus they are not entirely debarred from the enjoyment of the festivities, although they do not mingle with the guests.

But we must consider the sex degraded wherever the system of polygamy prevails, and wherever (as in China and all these eastern countries) men stock their harems according to their wealth and rank. Another source of degradation would seem to be the universal practice of buying and selling women. All classes of Chinese purchase their wives from the parents or legal guardians of the young women. A family of handsome daughters, particularly if well trained in ceremonials and Chinese accomplishments, are often a source of great profit to their parents.

The condition of the poor women in China is apparent to all visitors, and deplorable enough. They seem to be condemned to an extraordinary share of the hardest labor. They work in the fields, harrowing, hoeing, and even plowing; they work in the shops of carpenters and blacksmiths: they carry burdens through the streets and along the high roads; they work like the men on board the river junks; and they scull or paddle half of the sampans, or wherries, which ply on the river at Canton. An Irish sailor was heard to declare, that in China nearly all the boats were *manned* with women.

As far as European observation has extended, all visiting in China is conducted in a manner which is very formal, according to our notions. The most intimate friend, in making a morning call, does not alight from his chair until he has sent in his visiting-ticket, that the master of the house may give him a proper reception, according to his rank, as it is the etiquette to hurry to the door, in some cases, to receive a guest; while in others, it is only necessary to meet him in the middle of the room; and in the former case, the bowings are lower and more numerous than in the latter. The law has decided that the superior shall take precedence in entering the room, yet it is considered polite to make a pretence of refusing to go in first, and a few unmeaning compliments always pass on the occasion, both parties knowing very well which of them is to take the lead.

It is not the custom in China to uncover the head, unless invited so to do; in warm weather, therefore, a gentleman usually says to his friend, "Pray put off your cap!" and it would be a mark of ill-manners to omit this compliment. Tea is always offered to a morning visitor, and is



TOBACCO-POUCH.

usually accompanied with sweetmeats and pipes, for the Chinese are as fond of smoking as the Turks, and every gentleman wears an embroidered tobacco-pouch at his girdle. It is not exactly certain when tobacco was first introduced into China, but it is supposed that it found its way there soon after the discovery of America. The forbidden pleasure of opium-smoking is also indulged in to a great extent.

Smoking is not confined to the male sex, nor to the lower class of females; but every Chinese lady has her richly-ornamented pipe, which would really be an elegant appendage if it did not involve so unfeminine an indulgence. It is also related that not a few of the ladies intoxicate themselves by smoking opium. The usual employments among the Chinese ladies are, working embroidery, playing on different musical instruments, and painting on silk and rice-paper. It is not supposed that they possess generally any accomplishments more intellectual than these; yet as some ladies are known to write to their husbands when absent, it is clear that there are individual cases where the art of writing has been acquired, and, of course, that of reading; which might lead us to conjecture that, in some of the numerous families where private tutors are now employed, the girls may be allowed to participate, to a certain extent, in the studies of their brothers: but this is a mere supposition, for which there is no authority.

The costume of the Chinese being regulated by law, is not subject to the caprice of fashion or individual taste, except in such trifling particulars as produce no alteration in the general style. The dress of a Chinese lady is not different from that worn in ancient times: it consists of a short loose robe, confined round the throat



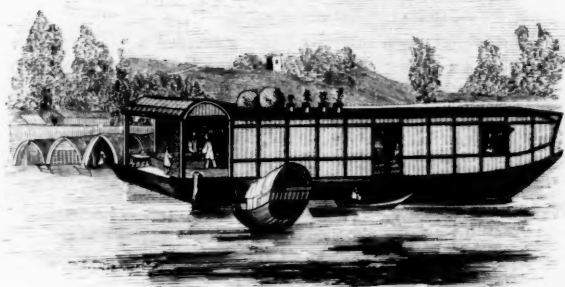
DOMESTIC SCENE.

with a narrow collar. The robe is worn over a long full skirt, and both are frequently made of richly-embroidered silks. The sleeves are wide, and sufficiently long to fall over the hands, and the hair is gathered up in a knot at the top of the head, and is fastened with golden bodkins, and adorned with flowers. They all wear trowsers, like the Turkish women; and their tiny shoes are of satin, silk, or velvet, beautifully worked with gold, silver, and colored silks, the soles being of rice-paper, from one to two inches in thickness, and covered outside with white leather, made from pigs' skin. The little girls are very becomingly attired in short dresses, reaching to the throat, and worn over the full trowsers. The hair, which is combed from the forehead, hangs down in ringlets on each side, and the back hair is plaited into one or two long tails; in which style it remains until the young lady is about to become a bride, when the more matronly fashion is adopted, and the braids and curls are formed into a knot, intermixed with flowers and jewels.

A gentleman usually wears, in the house, a loose robe of silk, cloth, or, in summer, of some lighter material, with a cap also suited to the season. If he be a mandarin, a ball is worn on the top of the cap, to designate the class to which he belongs. The summer cap is as light as chip, to which it bears a resemblance. It is made of bamboo, in the shape of a cone; and, if

the wearer be a government officer, has attached to the ball a crimson silk ornament, which hangs like a fringe. The winter head-dress is of satin, with a wide brim of black velvet, turned up all round, and the usual adornments of ball and fringe at the top. A mandarin of the first rank is known by a red ball on his cap; a transparent blue one denotes the second class; and the other grades are distinguished by white, opaque blue, crystal, gilt, and other balls.

A Chinese is not at liberty to wear his summer or his winter cap when he pleases, but is obliged to wait for the time appointed by the Board of Rites for making the alteration in his head-gear. The announcement is made in the Gazette, when the viceroy of the province lays aside the cap he has been wearing for the previous six months, to adopt that of the approaching season, and the example is immediately followed by all other mandarins and officers within his government. It is very usual to wear at home a cap of silk or velvet, fitting closely to the head. Furs are very much used in the winter costume; for as the Chinese have no fires in their apartments, they wear a great quantity of warm clothing, putting on one garment over another until they are sufficiently protected from the cold. Dress boots are of velvet or satin, with the universal thick white soles; and a fan, in an embroidered case hanging from the girdle,



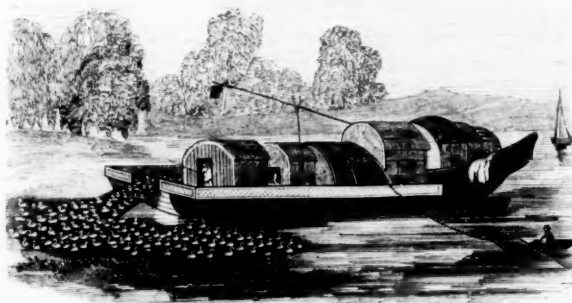
FLOATING DWELLING.

is as indispensable a part of the costume of a Chinese gentleman as his cap or gown.

The river population in China form a very large portion of the community, and were formerly considered as a distinct and inferior race. Until the time of Kien-long, whose reign of sixty years began in 1735, they were not permitted to intermarry with the people on shore; but that enlightened sovereign removed the restriction, and those who live on the water now enjoy equal privileges with those who have their dwellings on land, and a boatman may take to wife a village lass without incurring, as was formerly the case, any penalty.

Thousands of families dwell upon the water in boats, which may rather be called floating houses, for the poor people who inhabit them have no other homes. The river population of Canton alone is estimated at two hundred thousand, of whom the men go on shore in the day to work in the fields, or at any employment they can obtain; while the women earn a little money by carrying passengers in their boats, which they manage with much dexterity.

There are many of these dwellers on the waters who gain their livelihood by rearing ducks. The boats for this purpose



FLOCK OF DUCKS.

have on each side a compartment of basket-work, resting on the water, in which the ducks are kept at night, being sent out in the day to find their own food in the lakes and marshes. Each flock knows its own boat, and returns at the signal of the master, who stands on a platform to whistle back his feathered family, which

is instantly seen swimming homeward. There are also other boats, of a much handsomer description, fitted up in very elegant style; and these serve as cafés, where Chinese gentlemen generally spend their evenings.

There are no people in the world who are fonder of eating than the Chinese. The

tables of the wealthy are supplied with a great variety of rich dishes, among which is a soup that supplies the place of our turtle. It is made of the nests of birds, the trade in which is a government monopoly. These nests are principally brought from Java, Sumatra, and the coasts of Malacca; they are the work of a kind of sea-swallow, and are obtained among the rocks with difficulty. They consist of a glutinous substance, formed by the bird itself, and, after being properly cleansed, they are packed in boxes and sent to Canton, where they are often worth more than their weight in gold. They can be pur-

chased only by the rich, and by them only after the emperor and great mandarins at Peking have been supplied. Sharks' fins are esteemed a great luxury. There appears to be scarcely an end to the number and variety of the culinary preparations of these people; but of all their dishes, there are very few that are palatable to a European stomach.

The Chinese take wine with each other, and when they have done so, turn the cup upside down, to show that they have emptied its contents, this being a point of good breeding. The wine, which is a liquor extracted from rice, is always taken hot,



CHINESE MEAL.

and is poured by a servant into the cups from a silver vessel like a coffee-pot. The dinner-service consists of porcelain bowls, of various sizes, with plates shaped like saucers, and sometimes a few silver dishes. Instead of knives and forks, they use what are termed chopsticks, which are small round sticks of ivory or ebony; but they have also spoons of ebony, and silver ladles, for the soups.

The shopkeepers of China usually take only two meals in the day; one between eight and ten in the morning, and the other between four and six in the afternoon. Their usual fare is rice and vegetables, with a little pork or fish; their ordinary drink is tea, but they sometimes indulge in shamsoo, a spirituous liquor distilled from rice.

The bakers in China are chiefly employed in making pastry, and flat unleavened cakes, the latter constituting the only

bread known in China. Their ovens, or rather baking-machines, consist of a flat plate of iron, suspended by chains from a beam over a copper filled with burning charcoal. The cakes are placed on the iron plate, which can be raised or depressed at pleasure, by means of the chains; and as this is the only mode of baking among the Chinese, their bread is necessarily made in the form of cakes, and is eaten only as a dainty. At Canton the process of cooking is carried on over charcoal fires, and as there are no chimneys to any of the houses, a part of the brick-work above the fire in their kitchens, or cooking-places, is left open, to suffer the vapor to escape. There are plenty of eating-houses in that city, both for rich and poor; those for the latter being open sheds, where they can procure a hot breakfast or dinner at any hour of the day, for a very trifling sum.

THE CRUSADES.

BEFORE they had time to install themselves in their new position, and take the necessary measures for procuring a supply, the city was invested by the Turks. The sultan of Persia had raised an immense army, which he intrusted to the command of Kerbogha, the emir of Mosul, with instructions to sweep the Christian locusts from the face of the land. The emir effected a junction with Kilij Aslaun, and the two armies surrounded the city. Discouragement took complete possession of the Christian host, and numbers of them contrived to elude the vigilance of the besiegers, and escape to Count Stephen of Blois at Alexandretta, to whom they related the most exaggerated tales of the misery they had endured, and the utter hopelessness of continuing the war. Stephen forthwith broke up his camp and retreated toward Constantinople. On his way he was met by the Emperor Alexius, at the head of a considerable force, hastening to take possession of the conquests made by the Christians in Asia. As soon as he heard of their woeful plight, he turned back, and proceeded with the Count of Blois to Constantinople, leaving the remnant of the Crusaders to shift for themselves.

The news of this defection increased the discouragement at Antioch. All the useless horses of the army had been slain and eaten, and dogs, cats, and rats were sold at enormous prices. Even vermin were becoming scarce. With increasing famine came a pestilence, so that in a short time but sixty thousand remained of the three hundred thousand that had originally invested Antioch. But this bitter extremity, while it annihilated the energy of the host, only served to knit the leaders more firmly together; and Bohemund, Godfrey, and Tancred, swore never to desert the cause as long as life lasted. The former strove in vain to reanimate the courage of his followers. They were weary and sick at heart, and his menaces and promises were alike thrown away. Some of them had shut themselves up in the houses, and refused to come forth. Bohemund, to drive them to their duty, set fire to the whole quarter, and many of them perished in the flames, while the rest of the army looked on with the utmost indifference. Bohemund, animated him-

self by a worldly spirit, did not know the true character of the Crusaders, nor understand the religious madness which had brought them in such shoals from Europe. A priest, more clear-sighted and cunning, devised a scheme which restored all their confidence, and inspired them with a courage so wonderful as to make the poor sixty thousand emaciated, sick, and starving zealots put to flight the well-fed and six times as numerous legions of the sultan of Persia.

This priest, a native of Provence, was named Peter Barthelemy; but whether he were a knave or an enthusiast, or both,—a principal, or a tool in the hands of others,—will ever remain a matter of doubt. Certain it is, however, that he was the means of raising the siege of Antioch, and causing the eventual triumph of the armies of the cross. When the strength of the Crusaders was completely broken by their sufferings, and hope had fled from every bosom, Peter came to Count Raymond of Toulouse, and demanded an interview on matters of serious moment. He was immediately admitted. He said that, some weeks previously, at the time the Christians were besieging Antioch, he was reposing alone in his tent, when he was startled by the shock of the earthquake, which had so alarmed the whole host. Through violent terror of the shock he could only ejaculate, *God help me!* when turning round he saw two men standing before him, whom he at once recognized by the halo of glory around them as beings of another world. One of them appeared to be an aged man, with reddish hair sprinkled with gray, black eyes, and a long flowing gray beard. The other was younger, larger, and handsomer, and had something more divine in his aspect. The elderly man alone spoke, and informed him that he was the holy apostle St. Andrew, and desired him to seek out the Count Raymond, the Bishop of Puy, and Raymond of Altopulto, and ask them why the bishop did not exhort the people, and sign them with the cross which he bore. The apostle then took him, naked in his shirt as he was, and transported him through the air into the heart of the city of Antioch, where he led him into the church of St. Peter, at that time a Saracene mosque. The apostle made him stop by the pillar close to the steps by which they ascend on the south side to the altar, where hung

two lamps, which gave out a light brighter than that of the noonday sun; the younger man, whom he did not at that time know, standing afar off, near the steps of the altar. The apostle then descended into the ground and brought up a lance, which he gave into his hand, telling him that it was the very lance that had opened the side whence had flowed the salvation of the world. With tears of joy he held the holy lance, and implored the apostle to allow him to take it away and deliver it into the hands of Count Raymond. The apostle refused, and buried the lance again in the ground, commanding him, when the city was won from the infidels, to go with twelve chosen men, and dig it up again in the same place. The apostle then transported him back to his tent, and the two vanished from his sight. He had neglected, he said, to deliver this message, afraid that his wonderful tale would not obtain credence from men of such high rank. After some days he again saw the holy vision, as he was gone out of the camp to look for food. This time the divine eyes of the younger looked reproachfully upon him. He implored the apostle to choose some one else more fitted for the mission; but the apostle refused, and smote him with a disorder of the eyes, as a punishment for his disobedience. With an obstinacy unaccountable even to himself, he had still delayed. A third time the apostle and his companion had appeared to him, as he was in a tent with his master William at St. Simeon. On that occasion St. Andrew told him to bear his command to the Count of Toulouse not to bathe in the waters of the Jordan when he came to it, but to cross over in a boat, clad in a shirt and breeches of linen, which he should sprinkle with the sacred waters of the river.

The Crusaders, after the battle of Antioch, advanced toward the mountains, hoping to draw the Turks to a place where their cavalry would be unable to maneuver. Their spirits were light and their courage high, as, led on by the Duke of Normandy, Count Robert of Flanders, and Hugh of Vermandois, they came within sight of the splendid camp of the enemy. Godfrey of Bouillon, and Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, followed immediately after these leaders, the latter clad in complete armor, and bearing the Holy Lance within sight of the whole

army: Bohemund and Tancred brought up the rear.

Kerbogha, aware at last that his enemy was not so despicable, took vigorous measures to remedy his mistake, and, preparing himself to meet the Christians in front, he dispatched the Sultan Soliman of Roum to attack them in the rear. To conceal this movement, he set fire to the dried weeds and grass with which the ground was covered, and Soliman, taking a wide circuit with his cavalry, succeeded, under cover of the smoke, in making good his position in the rear. The battle raged furiously in front; the arrows of the Turks fell thick as hail, and their well-trained squadrons trod the Crusaders under their hoofs like stubble. Still the affray was doubtful; for the Christians had the advantage of the ground, and were rapidly gaining upon the enemy, when the overwhelming forces of Soliman arrived in the rear. Godfrey and Tancred flew to the rescue of Bohemund, spreading dismay in the Turkish ranks by their fierce impetuosity. The Bishop of Puy was left almost alone with the Provençals to oppose the legions commanded by Kerbogha in person; but the presence of the Holy Lance made a hero of the meanest soldier in his train. Still, however, the numbers of the enemy seemed interminable. The Christians, attacked on every side, began at last to give way, and the Turks made sure of victory.

At this moment a cry was raised in the Christian host that the saints were fighting on their side. The battle-field was clear of the smoke from the burning weeds, which had curled away, and hung in white clouds of fantastic shape on the brow of the distant mountains. Some imaginative zealot, seeing this dimly through the dust of the battle, called out to his fellows to look at the army of saints, clothed in white, and riding upon white horses, that were pouring over the hills to the rescue. All eyes were immediately turned to the distant smoke: faith was in every heart; and the old battle-cry, *God wills it! God wills it!* resounded through the field, as every soldier, believing that God was visibly sending his armies to his aid, fought with an energy unfelt before. A panic seized the Persian and Turkish hosts, and they gave way in all directions. In vain Kerbogha tried to rally them. Fear is more contagious than enthusiasm, and they

fled over the mountains like deer pursued by the hounds. The two leaders, seeing the uselessness of further efforts, fled with the rest; and that immense army was scattered over Palestine, leaving nearly seventy thousand of its dead upon the field of battle.

Their magnificent camp fell into the hands of the enemy, with its rich stores of corn, and its droves of sheep and oxen. Jewels, gold, and rich velvets in abundance were distributed among the army. Tancred followed the fugitives over the hills, and reaped as much plunder as those who had remained in the camp. The way, as they fled, was covered with valuables, and horses of the finest breed of Arabia became so plentiful that every knight of the Christians was provided with a steed. The Crusaders, in this battle, acknowledge to have lost nearly ten thousand men.

Their return to Antioch was one of joy indeed: the citadel was surrendered at once, and many of the Turkish garrison embraced the Christian faith, and the rest were suffered to depart. A solemn thanksgiving was offered up by the Bishop of Puy, in which the whole army joined, and the Holy Lance was visited by every soldier.

The enthusiasm lasted for some days, and the army loudly demanded to be led forward to Jerusalem, the grand goal of all their wishes: but none of their leaders was anxious to move;—the more prudent among them, such as Godfrey and Tancred, for reasons of expediency; and the more ambitious, such as the Count of Toulouse and Bohemund, for reasons of self-interest.

Most of the soldiers were suffering either from wounds, disease, or weariness; and it was resolved by Godfrey,—the tacitly acknowledged chief of the enterprise,—that the army should have time to refresh itself ere they advanced upon Jerusalem. It was now July, and he proposed that they should pass the hot months of August and September within the walls of Antioch, and march forward in October with renewed vigor, and numbers increased by fresh arrivals from Europe. This advice was finally adopted, although the enthusiasts of the army continued to murmur at the delay. In the mean time the Count of Vermandois was sent upon an embassy to the Emperor Alexius at Constantinople, to reproach him for his base desertion of

the cause, and urge him to send the reinforcements he had promised. The count faithfully executed his mission, (of which, by the way, Alexius took no notice whatever,) and remained for some time at Constantinople, till his zeal, never very violent, totally evaporated. He then returned to France, sick of the Crusade, and determined to intermeddle with it no more.

The chiefs, though they had determined to stay at Antioch for two months, could not remain quiet for so long a time. They would, in all probability, have fallen upon each other, had there been no Turks in Palestine upon whom they might vent their impetuosity. Godfrey proceeded to Edessa, to aid his brother Baldwin in expelling the Saracens from his principality, and the other leaders carried on separate hostilities against them as caprice or ambition dictated. At length the impatience of the army to be led against Jerusalem became so great that the chiefs could no longer delay, and Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, marched forward with their divisions, and laid siege to the small but strong town of Marah. With their usual improvidence, they had not food enough to last a beleaguering army for a week. They suffered great privations in consequence, till Bohemund came to their aid and took the town by storm. In connection with this siege, the chronicler, Raymond d'Agilles, relates a legend, in the truth of which he devoutly believed, and upon which Tasso has founded one of the most beautiful passages of his poem. It is worth preserving, as showing the spirit of the age and the source of the extraordinary courage manifested by the Crusaders on occasions of extreme difficulty. "One day," says Raymond, "Anselme de Ribeaumont beheld young Engelram, the son of the Count de St. Paul, who had been killed at Marah, enter his tent. 'How is it,' said Anselme to him, 'that you, whom I saw lying dead on the field of battle, are full of life?' 'You must know,' replied Engelram, 'that those who fight for Jesus Christ never die.' 'But whence,' resumed Anselme, 'comes that strange brightness that surrounds you?' Upon this Engelram pointed to the sky, where Anselme saw a palace of diamond and crystal. 'It is thence,' said he, 'that I derive the beauty which surprises you. My dwelling is there; a still finer one is prepared for you, and you shall soon come



THE PILGRIMS AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

to inhabit it. Farewell! we shall meet again to-morrow.' With these words Engelram returned to heaven. Anselme, struck by the vision, sent the next morning for the priests, received the sacrament, and although full of health, took a last farewell of all his friends, telling them that he was about to leave this world. A few hours afterward, the enemy having made a sortie, Anselme went out against them sword in hand, and was struck on the forehead by a stone from a Turkish sling, which sent him to heaven, to the beautiful palace that was prepared for him."

New disputes arose between Bohemund and the Count of Toulouse with regard to the capture of this town, which were with the utmost difficulty appeased by the other chiefs. Delays also took place in the progress of the army, especially before Archas, and the soldiery were so exasperated that they were on the point of choosing new leaders to conduct them to Jerusalem. Godfrey, upon this, set fire to his camp at Archas, and marched forward. He was immediately joined by hundreds of the Provençals of the Count of Toulouse. The latter, seeing the turn affairs were taking, hastened after them, and the whole host proceeded toward the holy city, so long desired amid sorrow, and suffering, and danger. At Emmaus they were met by a deputation from the Christians at Bethlehem, praying for immediate aid against the oppression of the infidels. The very name of Bethlehem,

the birthplace of the Saviour, was music to their ears, and many of them wept with joy to think they were approaching a spot so hallowed. Albert of Aix informs us that their hearts were so touched that sleep was banished from the camp, and that, instead of waiting till the morning's dawn to recommence their march, they set out shortly after midnight, full of hope and enthusiasm. For upward of four hours the mail-clad legions tramped steadfastly forward in the dark, and when the sun arose in unclouded splendor, the towers and pinnacles of Jerusalem gleamed upon their sight. All the tender feelings of their nature were touched; no longer brutal fanatics, but meek and humble pilgrims, they knelt down upon the sod, and with tears in their eyes, exclaimed to one another, "*Jerusalem! Jerusalem!*" Some of them kissed the holy ground, others stretched themselves at full length upon it, in order that their bodies might come in contact with the greatest possible extent of it, and others prayed aloud. The women and children who had followed the camp from Europe, and shared in all its dangers, fatigues, and privations, were more boisterous in their joy; the former from long-nourished enthusiasm, and the latter from mere imitation; and prayed, and wept, and laughed, till they almost put the more sober to the blush.

Guibert de Nogent relates a curious instance of the imitativeness of these juvenile Crusaders. He says that, during the

siege of Antioch, the Christian and Saracen boys used to issue forth every evening from the town and camp in great numbers, under the command of captains chosen from among themselves. Armed with sticks instead of swords, and stones instead of arrows, they ranged themselves in battle order, and, shouting each the war-cry of their country, fought with the utmost desperation. Some of them lost their eyes, and many became cripples for life from the injuries they received on these occasions.

The first ebullition of their gladness having subsided, the army marched forward, and invested the city on all sides. The assault was almost immediately begun; but after the Christians had lost some of their bravest knights, that mode of attack was abandoned, and the army commenced its preparations for a regular siege. Mangonels, movable towers, and battering-rams, together with a machine called a sow, made of wood, and covered with raw hides, inside of which miners worked to undermine the walls, were forthwith constructed; and to restore the courage and discipline of the army, which had suffered from the unworthy dissensions of the chiefs, the latter held out the hand of friendship to each other, and Tancred and the Count of Toulouse embraced in sight of the whole camp. The clergy aided the cause with their powerful voice, and preached union and good-will to the highest and the lowest. A solemn procession was also ordered round the city, in which the entire army joined, prayers being offered up at every spot which gospel records had taught them to consider as peculiarly sacred.

The Saracens upon the ramparts beheld all these manifestations without alarm. To incense the Christians, whom they despised, they constructed rude crosses, and fixed them upon the walls, and spat upon and pelted them with dirt and stones. This insult to the symbol of their faith raised the wrath of the Crusaders to that height that bravery became ferocity, and enthusiasm madness. When all the engines of war were completed, the attack was recommenced, and every soldier of the Christian army fought with a vigor which the sense of private wrong invariably inspires. Every man had been personally outraged, and the knights worked at the battering-rams with as much readiness as the mean-

est soldiers. The Saracen arrows and balls of fire fell thick and fast among them, but the tremendous rams still heaved against the walls, while the best marksmen of the host were busily employed in the several floors of the movable towers in dealing death among the Turks upon the battlements. Godfrey, Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, each upon his tower, fought for hours with unwearied energy, often repulsed, but ever ready to renew the struggle. The Turks, no longer despising the enemy, defended themselves with the utmost skill and bravery till darkness brought a cessation of hostilities. Short was the sleep that night in the Christian camp. The priests offered up solemn prayers in the midst of the attentive soldiery for the triumph of the cross in this last great struggle; and as soon as morning dawned, every one was in readiness for the affray. The women and children lent their aid, the latter running unconcerned to and fro while the arrows fell fast around them, bearing water to the thirsty combatants. The saints were believed to be aiding their efforts; and the army, impressed with this idea, surmounted difficulties under which a force thrice as numerous, but without their faith, would have quailed and been defeated. Raymond of Toulouse at last forced his way into the city by escalade, while at the very same moment Tancred and Robert of Normandy succeeded in bursting open one of the gates. The Turks flew to repair the mischief, and Godfrey of Bouillon, seeing the battlements comparatively deserted, let down the drawbridge of his movable tower, and sprang forward, followed by all the knights of his train. In an instant after, the banner of the cross floated upon the walls of Jerusalem. The Crusaders, raising once more their redoubtable war-cry, rushed on from every side, and the city was taken. The battle raged in the streets for several hours, and the Christians, remembering their insulted faith, gave no quarter to young or old, male or female, sick or strong. Not one of the leaders thought himself at liberty to issue orders for staying the carnage; and if he had, he would not have been obeyed.

Peter the Hermit, who had remained so long under the veil of neglect, was repaid that day for all his zeal and all his sufferings. As soon as the battle was over, the Christians of Jerusalem issued forth



SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

from their hiding-places to welcome their deliverers. They instantly recognized the Hermit as the pilgrim who, years before, had spoken to them so eloquently of the wrongs and insults they had endured, and promised to stir up the princes and people of Europe in their behalf. They clung to the skirts of his garments in the fervor of their gratitude, and vowed to remember him forever in their prayers. Many of them shed tears about his neck, and attributed the deliverance of Jerusalem solely to his courage and perseverance. Peter afterward held some ecclesiastical office in the holy city; but what it was, or what was his ultimate fate, history has forgotten to inform us. Some say that he returned to France and founded a monastery, but the story does not rest upon sufficient authority.

The grand object for which the popular swarms of Europe had forsaken their homes was now accomplished. The Moslem mosques of Jerusalem were converted into churches for a purer faith, and the mount of Calvary and the sepulcher of Christ were profaned no longer by the presence or the power of the infidel. Popular frenzy had fulfilled its mission, and, as a natural consequence, it began to subside from that time forth. The news of the capture of Jerusalem brought numbers of pilgrims from Europe, and, among others, Stephen Count of Chartres, and Hugh of Vermandois, to atone for their desertion; but nothing like the former spirit of enthusiasm existed among the nations. Thus then ends the history of the first Crusade.

(To be continued.)

THE PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

WE have been endeavoring to account for the comparatively slight moral power and popular interest of modern preaching. Few things, we believe, detract more from the pulpit, in these respects, than the almost general substitution of *reading* for *preaching*—for they are not identical, any more than the letters of the one word spell the other.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, some few years ago, contended by a strong vote for extemporaneous preaching—the best writers on homiletics have contended for it—even a Unitarian theological professor (the younger Ware, of Harvard) has written an entire book, and the best one we have, on the subject—the most successful ministry of our land has been almost exclusively made up of extemporizers—the arguments and authorities for it are, in fine, altogether preponderating, and yet how predominant is the clerical proclivity for manuscripts. Even our Methodist brethren, whose fathers filled the land with the thunders and triumphs of their powerful and natural eloquence, are beginning to ape the primness of academic readers—to turn their once resounding pulpit batteries into “desks” for manuscript prelections. Alas! who would have supposed it of *them*? It is like the reed of the shepherd boy, on the mountain road, after the trumpet-blast of the careering herald, while yet the lingering echoes ring among the crags and heights. We cannot conceive of the old effective Methodist preaching as other than extemporaneous, and all sister Churches should cry out against the change as a common calamity. How those heroic men could have gone thundering through the land, shaking the multitudes or melting them to tears, by the reading of manuscripts, is a problem which certainly no experiment ever solved, and no logic can show. It is, in fact, quite clear, *à priori*, that they would have been an entirely different class of men, and Methodism a quite different affair, if they had been readers instead of what they preeminently were—preachers.

Not only is extemporaneous preaching adapted to the themes, the style, and the effectiveness which we have demanded for

the pulpit, but we contend that it is consistent with the best style of public discourse—with just thought and a sufficiently accurate verbal style. These latter excellencies, of course, depend largely upon previous training, and the preparation of the discourse; but it must be remembered also, that this is the case in regard to written sermons,—a speaker, without previous education, and immediate study of the discourse in hand, would hardly succeed better in reciting it, than in delivering it extempore.

He that would be a successful extemporizer should have a well-stored mind, and should thoroughly meditate his subjects—so thoroughly, indeed, that the whole perspective of the main ideas of his discourse, from the exordium to the peroration, shall be clearly open before his mental vision when he rises in the pulpit. This is requisite, for two reasons: first, that he may have something to say; and secondly, that he may have the confidence which will enable him to say it with self-possession and force. Self-possession, based upon a sufficient preparation, is the whole secret of success in extemporaneous speaking. A speaker thus sustained can hardly fail to have, spontaneously, the right language and due emotion; he has incomparably more facilities for them than the manuscript preacher. We say *right* language; and that is right which is appropriate to the occasion. It may not be as precise as the pen would afford—but ought it always to be so? Would it be desirable, that the free, irregular but idiomatic facility of ordinary conversation should be superseded at our hearths by the finical precision and literary nicety of book-makers? There is a style for books, a style for conversation, and a style for the rostrum or the pulpit. He who rises in the latter, with his mind fraught with the ideas of his subject, and his heart inspired with its spirit, will, in most cases, spontaneously utter himself aright. If he is occasionally diffuse or repetitious, yet it may be legitimate to the occasion or the subject that he should be so. If his style may not *read* as well as it was heard, yet even this may be because of its peculiar adaption to be heard rather than read.

We affirm further, that both the design and history of preaching are in favor of extempore delivery. The earnestness and directness for which we have contended

may consist, as we have shown, with all varieties of talents and topics, but it is hardly compatible with pulpit *reading*. Very rarely indeed does a powerful reader, like Chalmers, appear in the pulpit. We know not another case like his in the history of the Christian ministry. Chalmers tried the experiment of extemporizing in his country parish, but prematurely abandoned it; yet when in his full splendor at Glasgow, his biographer says, that his occasional extempore discourses, in the private houses of his poor parishioners, teemed with more glorious eloquence than ever dazzled the crowded congregation of the Tron kirk.

The two greatest preachers of modern times, Whitefield and Robert Hall, were extemporizers—their written sermons were composed after delivery. Such a thing as a manuscript sermon is never seen in the pulpits of the continent of Europe, except when American or English clergymen happen to ascend them. If the European clergy, Catholic or Protestant, write their discourses, they have, nevertheless, the good sense to deliver them *memoriter*, and thereby save them from the dullness of reading. In like manner did the old and unrivaled pulpit orators of France—Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Flecher, Fenelon—eschew the manuscript.

The latter, in his "Dialogues on Eloquence," contends for extempore speaking; he argues that even the classic orators were mostly extemporizers. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. The most probable supposition is, that the classic orators wrote their discourses, memorizing their substance, but delivering them without much regard to the written language. (See *Fenelon*.) Ware says, "Chatham's speeches were not written, nor those of Fox, nor that of Ames on the British treaty. They were, so far as regards their language and ornaments, the effusions of the moment, and derived from their freshness a power which no study could impart. Among the orations of Cicero, which are said to have made the greatest impression, and to have best accomplished the orator's design, are those delivered on unexpected emergencies, which precluded the possibility of previous preparation. Such were his first invective against Catiline, and the speech which stilled the disturbances at the theater. It

is often said that extemporaneous speaking is the distinction of modern eloquence. But the whole language of Cicero's rhetorical works, as well as particular terms in common use, and anecdotes recorded of different speakers, prove the contrary; not to mention Quintilian's express instructions on the subject. Hume, also, tells us from Suidas, that the writing of speeches was unknown until the time of Pericles."

The Anglo-Saxon pulpit, against all the predilections of that race, is, in fine, the only place where reading is tolerated, as a mode of popular address. The member of parliament, or of congress, who should attempt to read his speech, would almost inevitably break down. The advocate at the bar, contending for the life of his client, would be considered recreant to all the urgency of the occasion were he to stand up before the jury to read his plea. The popular orator who should attempt to *read* the masses into enthusiasm, on some high occasion of national exigency, would be dubbed a jackass. Why can manly and powerful eloquence be successful everywhere else but in the pulpit? The pulpit is its most legitimate arena. The themes and aims of the pulpit are all adapted to it. The religious congregation is the true popular assembly; and there, if anywhere, ought eloquence to appear in all its liberties and powers.

So almost intuitive is our perception of the inappropriateness of manuscript preaching to the popular religious assembly, that we cannot conceive of Christ *reading* his discourses to the multitudes of Judea; or Peter, on the day of Pentecost, or Paul on Mars' Hill, preaching from a scroll. We *know* this could not have been, not from any historical testimony, but from the manifest absurdity of the supposition. For the same reason we cannot associate it with any really popular and demonstrative preaching.

Be assured, that he who can preach at all, can preach extemporaneously, if he will but persevere in the experiment. The young man of good education, who, from his academic habits or natural diffidence, or any other cause, is now addicting himself to pulpit reading, is putting his whole professional life under a servile restraint, which will not only consume unnecessarily large amounts of his time, but trammel the development of all his pulpit

powers. Let him study thoroughly his subjects; but let him devote to the storing of his mind the time now spent in mere verbal preparation for the desk; let him resolutely stumble along through whatever embarrassments till he acquires the confidence which habit will surely produce; let him understand well that what he wants for the pulpit is thought and sentiment, and that these secured, direct unpretending utterance, right home to the souls of the people, is the only true style for him—the noblest eloquence. If, in the experiment, he sometimes falls below the tame mediocrity of his former manuscript efforts, yet will he oftener rise transcendently above it, in the exulting freedom of an inspired and untrammelled mind.

One fact let him be assured of, namely, that whatever uniform and respectable character his manuscript preaching may have, the *maximum* power of preaching can never be attained by the sermon reader. He sacrifices all hope of this; and no young man should ever make that sacrifice. With God's commission upon him, with the Holy Spirit within him, with all the assistance of books and nature about him, with the solemnities of eternity before him, let him throw himself with all directness and energy into his work, speaking to the people in their own strong and simple speech, seeking not to ape the rhetorician, but to save souls, "pulling them out of the fire;" he will then speak from his heart with infinitely more eloquence than he could utter from his manuscript.

We are earnest but not whimsical on this subject; there are doubtless occasions when a manuscript may be desirable in the pulpit, but they are rare—they should form the exception not the rule. Why in the name of all good sense should the pulpit alone, of all places of popular discourse, be subjected to this stupid inconvenience?

The primness, the cold hollow dignity—so contrary to all spontaneous and popular sympathy and hearty religious feeling—which now characterize the pulpit, are, we repeat, attributable more to this cause and to the technical homiletic form of the sermon, than to any other. It is not *preaching*—it is an intolerable perversion of the idea; it is academic lecturing; it is an intellectual task, a dry literary exhibition in the wrong place, to wrong spectators, and performed in subjection to most servile usages and intolerable mannerisms.

Clergymen should banish it—throw it to the winds—not only for the good of the people, but for their own relief.* It was unknown in the primitive Church for one hundred and fifty years; it is uncommon if not unknown now in ministries which sway the masses, as the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Methodist; it is unknown on almost all other occasions where a practical end, and not a mere literary exhibition is designed—the political assembly, the legislative hall, the court-room. If you would have the pulpit invested with its legitimate freedom and power, break down its factitious restraints, banish its technicalities, and cast away its scrolls. Nay, if the reader would not suppose us too radical, we would say, tear down the pulpit itself. "A lawyer," said Daniel Webster, "could never hope to gain his cause if he had to plead it boxed up in a pulpit." Jesus Christ and his apostles never saw a pulpit, unless the reading platform of the synagogue could be called one. They never took a text, tying their thoughts with a thread of bare verbalisms; Christ read the Prophet, and *sat down* and *talked* to the people. They knew nothing about "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly;" they were too intent on their practical design to trifle with such dialectic nonsense. They *expounded*, to be sure, but not with these scholastic trammels—they talked, they exhorted, they thundered; and the awakened multitudes, consenting or scorning, were not concerned about *how* they preached, but *what* they preached. The manner could not but be right, and powerfully right, when spontaneous to the design.

We would have the people come to church, then, not expecting to hear, or rather sleep, under these intellectual prelections, but to hear fervent, practical, home-directed addresses respecting their

* Ware in his preface says, "There is at least one consequence likely to result from the study of this art [extemporaneous preaching] and the attempt to practice it, which would alone be a sufficient reason for urging it earnestly. I mean, its probable effect in breaking up the constrained, formal, scholastic mode of address, which follows the student from his college duties, and keeps him from immediate contact with the hearts of his fellow men. This would be effected by his learning to speak from his feelings, rather than from the critical rules of a book. His address would be more natural, and consequently better adapted to effective preaching."

duties—expositions, arguments, warnings, exhortations, applied to their common wants, to current events—to the individual, to the community, to the times—addresses, thoughtful but not technical; too direct and urgent for factitious mannerisms; delivered, if you please, sometimes from the pulpit, and sometimes, as with the Papal priests, from the altar, down before the people; sometimes from a text, sometimes from the whole lesson, sometimes without reference to either; now on an abstract subject, now on a personal one, and now on a public question—urging men to their personal salvation, and meanwhile, and for this purpose, refuting all sanctioned lies, assailing all the corruptions of the day, whether in high places or in low places, and pleading all genuine reforms.

Amazing radicalism this! Yes, good reader, just such, both in spirit and method, as that before which the priesthoods, the philosophical schools, the senates, and the thrones of the old classic heathenism fell. Such a restoration of primitive preaching would again "turn the world upside down," till it turned it right side up.

We believe further, that the *ministerial education*, or rather miseducation of the times, with the professional habits it entails, is a reason of the comparative inefficiency of the pulpit. Our clerical education is too Procrustean; it turns out too many poor results—so many, that a shrewd observer cannot but refer them to the defectiveness of the system as such. Thoughtful men, in the best-educated sects, begin to hesitate about theological schools; and we know learned graduates of such schools, now leaders in the ministry, who feel almost disposed, at times, to wish our theological seminaries disbanded. This is not the place for a close discussion of the question of theological education; but we would refer with emphasis to the necessity of a revision of the whole subject. Our candidates are drawn through a scholastic process—prolonged elementary studies—one or two years of preparation for college, four years in college, and three years under the rigors of technical divinity in the theological school—a process, from out of which they come intellectually attenuated and rigid beyond recovery. And then bear in mind what follows, on the present plan of manuscript

reading instead of *preaching*. On graduating at last, they must betake themselves to sermon *writing*—two sermons a week at least, on the plan of those monstrous text-books we have denounced—two weekly homiletic agonies in constructing "firstlies," "secondlies," and "thirdlies," out of what common sense remains within them, and out of the beautiful, simple sentences of Holy Scripture! How is it possible that men, subjected to such professional rigors, should not become professionally characterized and isolated! What time have they for those general studies—those "Humanities," as they were once called—which the best critics have pronounced necessary to the orator? Clergymen, perhaps more than any other professional class, need such studies, both for their mental health and their popular usefulness; but we are inclined to think have least opportunity for them. The present topic is very intimately related to the preceding one; for not only is sermon *reading* bad in itself, the greatest detraction from the popular effect of preaching, but the intolerable nuisance (allow the word) is doubly an evil, as it requires sermon *writing*, and thus consumes, in the mere task of verbal preparation, the time that should be spent in various reading and thinking. "The minister," says Ware, "must keep himself occupied,—reading, thinking, investigating; thus having his mind always awake and active. This is a far better preparation than the bare writing of sermons, for it exercises the powers more, and keeps them bright. The great master of Roman eloquence thought it essential to the true orator, that he should be familiar with all sciences, and have his mind filled with every variety of knowledge. He, therefore, much as he studied his favorite art, yet occupied more time in literature, philosophy, and politics, than in the composition of his speeches. His preparation was less particular than general. So it has been with other eminent speakers. When Sir Samuel Romilly was in full practice in the High Court of Chancery, and at the same time overwhelmed with the pressure of public political concerns, his custom was to enter the court, to receive there the history of the cause he was to plead, thus, to acquaint himself with the circumstances for the first time, and forthwith proceed to argue it. His

general preparation and long practice enabled him to do this, without failing in justice to his cause. I do not know that in this he was singular. The same sort of preparation would insure success in the pulpit. He who is always thinking, may expend upon each individual effort less time, because he can think at once fast and well. But he who never thinks, except when attempting to manufacture a sermon, (and it is to be feared there are such men,) must devote a great deal of time to this labor exclusively; and after all, he will not have that wide range of thought or copiousness of illustration, which his office demands and which study only can give. In fact, what I have here insisted upon, is exemplified in the case of the extemporaneous *writers*, whom I have already named. I would only carry their practice a step further, and devote an hour to a discourse instead of a day. Not to all discourses: for some ought to be written for the sake of writing; and some demand a sort of investigation, to which the use of the pen is essential. But then a very large proportion of the topics on which a minister should preach have been subjects of his attention a thousand times. He is thoroughly familiar with them; and an hour to arrange his ideas and collect illustrations is abundantly sufficient. The late Thomas Scott is said for years to have prepared his discourses entirely by meditation on the Sunday, and thus to have gained leisure for his extensive studies, and great and various labors. This is an extreme on which few have a right to venture, and which should be recommended to none. It shows, however, the power of habit, and the ability of a mind to act promptly and effectually which is kept upon the alert by constant occupation. He who is always engaged in thinking and studying will always have thoughts enough for a sermon, and good ones too, which will come at an hour's warning." We differ from Ware in respect to the amount of preparation necessary, but we approve his general view of the subject.

"A clergyman," says the good and great Dr. Arnold, himself a noble example of what he taught, "requires, first, the general cultivation of his mind, by reading the works of the greatest writers, philosophers, orators, and poets; and, next, an understanding of the actual state of so-

ciety, and of our own and general history, as affecting and explaining the existing differences among us, both social and religious." "It is for this reason," adds one of his reviewers, "that so few eminent critics are eminent preachers: criticism, to be eminent, requires a man to be exclusive and jealous in his devotion to it, and he cannot find time for wide and general reading. But miscellaneous knowledge is precisely what the preacher needs, not to criticise the sacred word, but to apply it to the circumstances of his age, and to the hearts and habits of the living men and women in the congregation before him. The preacher, as such, can commit no more fatal mistake than to confine himself exclusively, or chiefly, to the reading of books of divinity. Such exclusive reading will inevitably narrow his mind, and give it a sort of professional one-sidedness, that will show itself not merely in his mode of thinking, but in his style of writing and speaking."*

We have at times heard some of our Methodist ministerial brethren complain of their "system," because, as they have thought, it interfered with "homiletic" study, by tempting the itinerant to content himself with a few "skeletons;" whereas, were he stationary, he would have to make more. A most illogical blunder. It is not the preparation or study of "skeletons" that the pulpit of this day needs; the want is more extensive culture, more varied capacity. Any "system" that relieves the preacher from technical preparations, and thereby allows him more time for general intellectual invigoration and varied study, is a blessing: the relief may be abused, to be sure, through mere indolence; but for that the individual, not the system, is responsible.

We dismiss the subject of these essays with one more remark, and a brief one. The Churches, especially of this country, if they would promote the effectiveness of the pulpit, must have more care in the *selection of young men for the ministry*—a suggestion which we submit to those very excellent, but, we fear, much abused "Education Societies," which are designed to aid young men through their ministerial training. The ministry not only affords the best opportunities for the best

* Rev. Dr. McClintock.

talent, but it involves some of the most critical trials that human responsibility knows. It is a sad infliction both on the Church and on the incompetent candidate himself, to thrust him into its formidable duties. There are now literally hundreds, if not thousands, of unemployed clergymen abroad in our country, while, at the same time, there is an equal number of unsupplied Churches. And such is the effect of the professional training we have mentioned, that a man once educated for the pulpit is scarcely fitted for any other vocation, except it may be that of teaching; if left without a call he must, therefore, suffer. Piety, in a young man, is too often taken as a guarantee of every other future requisite for the office; and it is melancholy to see with what eagerness devout mediocrity, if not inferiority, is pressed into this highest, most laborious, most awful sphere of human responsibility.

A SPERM-WHALER.

THE South-sea whalers are not old double-sided tubs like the Greenlandmen, but smart, well-formed, thoroughly rigged ships and barques of three hundred to four hundred tons, manned by a crew of which at least three-fourths are prime A. B.'s; and their voyages frequently occupy three years, and call into exercise the utmost degree of nautical skill, both scientific and practical. During this prolonged voyage, the mariners generally make the acquaintance of foreign people of all colors and all degrees of civilization, in the South Sea Isles, the coast of South America, the Indian Archipelago, &c.; and find abundant exercise for every manly virtue—courage, endurance, patience, and energy, all being absolutely requisite, together with no small amount of real talent on the part of the commanding officers. The South-seaman surpasses all merchant vessels in the very romantic nature of its service. It roves round the globe; and in the vast Pacific Ocean sails to and fro, and from island to island, for years at a time. The crew employed in such a service, if they only possess the ordinary intelligence of seamen, cannot fail to have their powers of observation sharpened, their reasoning faculties called into exercise, and their whole mental development stimulated. Accordingly, sperm-whalers are remarkably shrewd, intelligent men;

close observers of the phenomena of nature so liberally exhibited in their ocean pathways; and altogether noble specimens of the sailor.

On the deck of a sperm-whaler there is a platform to receive the portions of the whale taken on board, and at the mainmast-head are two pulleys, called the cutting blocks and falls, which are used to hoist the blubber, &c., on board by aid of the windlass. There is also on deck a square brick erection, a little abaft the foremast, made to support a couple of great iron caldrons, called *try-pots*, in which the blubber is boiled. Adjoining them is a copper cooler; and every possible precaution is adopted to guard against accidents from fire. The number of casks carried by a South-seaman is very great, and the sizes vary up to nearly three hundred and fifty gallons. The crew generally have abundance of fresh water till the cargo is nearly full; and besides the casks, there are four large iron tanks. Indeed, we have been informed that recently the South-seamen have been entirely fitted with iron-tanks for the oil, and carry no more barrels than are requisite for the supply of fresh water, which in some instances is also kept in iron tanks.

A South-seaman usually carries five swift boats, thirty feet in length, built of light materials, and shaped both ends alike, in order that they may with greater readiness be *backed* from the vicinity of a dangerous whale; they are steered with a long oar, which gives a much greater and more decided command over a boat than a rudder. Five long oars propel each boat, the row-locks in which they play being muffled, in order to approach the destined victim without noise. Sockets in the floor of the boat receive the oars when apeak. As these whale-boats are thin in the timbers, for the sake of buoyancy and speed, they very frequently get shattered by blows from the fins, flukes, and tail of the whale attacked; and consequently their crews would inevitably perish, were it not for a contrivance, which we think cannot be too generally known to all who go a-boating either on business or pleasure. Life-lines are fixed at the gunwales of the boat; and when an accident causes her to fill, the oars are lashed athwart by aid of these lines, and although she may be quite submerged, still she will not sink, but bear up her crew till rescue arrives. We are

sure that were this simple expedient known and adopted by merchant seamen and others, many hundreds of lives would be saved every year; for it is rarely that a boat is swamped so rapidly that there is not time to lash the oars athwart her gunwale.

And now, reader, please to step on board the sperm-whaler. We are cruising somewhere in the great Pacific Ocean. Our ship is clean from stem to stern—from try-works to cutting-falls; our boats are hanging ready to be launched at a moment's notice; keen eyes are sweeping the horizon in every direction, and sharp ears are anxiously listening for the anticipated cry of "There she spouts!"—for we are sailing along the edge of a current, and sperm-whales are known to be in the vicinity. It is early morning, with a fine working-breeze; and if you will take your station with us on the cross-trees—or, if that is too lofty an elevation, on the fore-top beneath them—we will point out to you the well-known indications of the sperm-whale being hereabouts. First of all, you probably glance, with a sort of wondering smile, at the queer-looking machine at the cross-trees overhead. Well, that is the *crow's-nest*; but its tenant is not a feathered creature, but a tarry, oily old salt, who is the look-out man for the nonce, and whose keen gray eye, even while he refills his cheek with a fresh plug, is fixed with absorbing attention on yonder tract of water, where he seems to expect every instant to see a whale rise and spout. The *crow's-nest*, as you perceive, is composed of a framework in the shape of a cask, covered with canvas, and furnished with a bit of seat and other little conveniences, to accommodate the look-out, and, when necessary, shelter him in some measure from the weather, as he frequently has to remain long aloft at a time. We believe, however, that South-seamen do not use, nor require, the *crow's-nest* so much as the Greenlandmen.

Now, look around, and mark what vast fields there are of the sally-man, and of medusæ of all kinds, and observe the numerous fragments of cuttle-fish floating about, remnants of the recent meals of the cachalot; and, above all, see the great smooth tracts of oily water, which show that a party of whales has passed over this portion of the ocean's surface not very long ago. Ah! you admire the countless flocks of birds hovering close by the ship.

Yes, they are in unusual numbers; for they know by instinct that they will soon obtain abundance of food. But for one bird in the air, there are a thousand fish just beneath the surface. See! for hundreds of yards on every side of the ship the water is literally blackened with albigores. They have attended us for many weeks, and will not be got rid of unless a strong wind drives the ship along at a very rapid rate. They swim sociably along with us from one cruising-ground to another; and can be captured by hook and line with the greatest ease. They are fine fellows, averaging some four feet in length, and are of excellent quality for the table. Watch them frightening the poor little flying-fish into the air! The latter are soon snapped up by the hovering birds, or are seized and devoured by the voracious albigores the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea again. The albigores, too, have a very terrible enemy in turn—nothing less than the sword-fish, many of which corsairs make a rush, from time to time, through the dense droves of albigores, and transfix them, one or two together, with their long projecting swords, off which the slain albigores are then shaken and devoured by their ruthless enemy. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his weapon into, and even through a ship's side, to the great danger of the vessel.

Ha! our old look-out man sees a sign! Now he hails the deck. "There she blows! there she spouts!" What lungs the old fellow has! Hark to what follows. "Where away?" sharply cries the officer on deck. "A school of whales broad off the lee-bow, sir!" "Main yard aback, &c. Out boats!" "There she blows again! There she flukes!" "How far off?" "Three miles, sir! There she breaches." "Be lively, men! Lower away!" "All clear, sir! Lower away it is!" "Cast off falls!—unhook!—out oars!—give way, men!"

You will please to bear in mind, worthy companion, that you and we are now seated somewhere in the boat, as it pulls away, "with measured strokes, most beautiful!" and that we shall consequently see whatever takes place. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the interval which must intervene ere the whale we pursue is within harpoon's reach, to enlighten you a

little about sperm-whales, generally. The cachalot, or sperm-whale, is one of the largest of all the cetacean tribe, not unfrequently attaining the length of sixty feet: there is an authenticated instance of a sperm-whale, seventy-six feet in length, and thirty-eight feet in girth—a leviathan among leviathans! The female cachalot does not attain much more than half the size of the male, and yet gives birth to young ones fourteen feet in length, and of proportionate girth. The average yield of oil is about eighty barrels for a full-grown male, and twenty-five for a female. The cachalot is black in color, but is occasionally spotted with white toward the tail. The head is one-third the entire length of the creature, and is of a square form, with a very blunt snout. The body is round or nearly so, and tapers much toward the tail. The fins are triangular shaped, and very small; but the tail is of immense size, very flexible, and of tremendous power. When the animal strikes it flatly on the water, the report is like that of a small cannon. When used in propulsion, the tale is bent back beneath the body and then sprung out again; when aiming at a boat or other object, it is bent sharply, and strikes the object by its recoil. The eyes are placed far back in the head, and well protected by integuments. They do not measure more than two inches in length by one in breadth, and have small power of gazing in an oblique direction. The tongue is small, and cannot be protruded; but the gullet or throat is quite in proportion to the bulk of the animal, so that it could easily swallow a man; and this fact clearly disposes of the skeptical objection to the Scripture narrative of the Prophet Jonah. The expansion of a pair of jaws nearly a score of feet in length must be a startling sight. The lower jaw appears slender in comparison with the vast bulk of the upper one.

The greater part of the head of the sperm-whale is composed of soft parts, called junk and case. The junk is oily fat, and the case is a delicate fluid, yielding spermaceti in large proportion. The teeth of the cachalot appear mainly on the lower jaw, projecting about two inches through the gum, and they are solid ivory, but without enamel. The black skin of this whale is destitute of hair, and possesses such a peculiar alkaline property that seamen use it in lieu of soap. The lard or

blubber beneath it varies from four to fourteen inches in thickness, and is perfectly white and inodorous. What whalers term schools are assemblages of female cachalots in large numbers, from twenty to a hundred, together with their young, called calves, and piloted by one or more adult males, called bulls. The females are called cows. As a general rule, full-grown males either head the schools or roam singly; sometimes a number of males assemble in what is called a drove.

And now let us revert to the chase we are engaged in. See! the school has taken the alarm, and is off at the rate of eight miles or more an hour. Is it not a beautiful and exciting spectacle to watch these huge monsters tearing along on the surface of the water, spouting vapor from their spiracles like steam from the valve of a steamboat, and leaving a creamy wake behind them almost equal to that of a ship? Their movement is easy and majestic, their heads being carried high out of the water, as though they were conscious of being the monarchs of old ocean. See, again! there is a sperm of the largest size, which has just leaped so as to show its entire bulk in the air—almost like a ship in size. What a crash and whirl of foam as it falls into its native element! But we gain on one fine fellow which our headsman is steering for. Ay, now we are within fair striking distance, and a harpoon is hurled by the brawny arm of the harpooner in the bows, and pierces deep into the cachalot's side. A second follows; and the wounded animal gives a convulsive plunge, and then starts off along the surface at astonishing speed, dragging our boat along with it. You observe that the whale-line runs through a groove, lined with lead, and is secured round a loggerhead. The two hundred fathoms of line will soon be all out; for the whale is preparing to *sound*, or dive deep beneath the surface. There he sounds; and the practiced harpooner has already bent on a second line to the end of the first. Well, he cannot possibly remain above an hour beneath the surface, and probably will reappear very soon. Just as we thought; and now we must haul gently alongside, the officer in command standing with his formidable lance poised, ready to dart on the first opportunity. That blow is well planted; more succeed, and already the victim is in its

last *flurry*. Our watchful rowers back water, to be beyond reach of a blow from the expiring monster's tail or flukes. He now spins round, spouting his life-blood, and crimsoning the sea far and near; now he turns over on his side, and the loud cheers of the men proclaim their easy victory.

While preparations are making to tow the dead cachalot to the ship, permit us to impart a little further information concerning the chase and capture of the sperm-whale. You have beheld a very easy capture; but not unfrequently the cachalot makes a most determined resistance, and with every appearance of being actuated by revenge, as well as by the instinct of self-preservation, attempts to seize and destroy a boat with its jaws. In this it frequently succeeds. At other times it sweeps its tail rapidly through the air, and suddenly bringing it down on a boat, cuts the latter asunder, and kills some of the crew, or whirls them to a great distance. Occasionally, so far from fleeing from approaching boats, as the Greenland whale almost invariably does, the terrible cachalot will boldly advance to attack them, rushing open-mouthed, and making every effort to crush or stave them. Often will the cachalot turn on its side or back, and project its long lower jaw right over a boat, so that the terrified crew have to leap overboard, oars in hand. Sometimes it rushes head-on at the boat, splintering it beyond repair, or overturning it with all on board. The harpooner, especially, is liable to be entangled in coils of the line as it runs out after a whale is struck, and to be then dragged beneath the surface; and even although the line is severed at the moment by the ax kept in readiness, the man is usually gone. Yet more appalling is the calamity which occasionally befalls an entire crew, when the struck whale is diving perpendicularly. It has happened repeatedly on such an occasion, that the line has whirled round the loggerhead, or other fixture of the boat; and that in the twinkling of an eye, almost ere a prayer or ejaculation could be uttered, the boat, crew and all, have been dragged down into the depths of ocean! Such, too, is the pressure of the water upon a boat when it descends to a certain depth, that on being drawn to the surface again it will not float, owing to the fluid being forced into the pores of the planks, not only by

the mere density of the ocean, but also by the rapid rate at which the whale has dragged it. It has happened many a time, that a boat at a distance from the ship has been seen to disappear suddenly, pulled bodily down by a harpooned whale, not a vestige of boat or crew being ever seen on the surface again! If we regard whaling merely as a manly *hunt* or chase, quite apart from its commercial aspects, we think it is far more exciting, and requires more nerve and more practiced skill, and calls into exertion more energy, more endurance, more stout-heartedness, than the capture of any other creature—not even excepting the lion, tiger, or elephant.

But let us return to our own captured cachalot. You perceive that the men on board the ship are preparing to receive it. They have placed some short spars outside the vessel to facilitate operations, and have removed a dozen feet of the bulwark in front of the platform to which we before directed attention. The cutting-falls are also all ready, and the ship itself is hove-to. We will anticipate what ensues, and describe it for you. The dead whale floats buoyantly—although in some rare instances it will sink—alongside the ship, where it is well secured, and a stage is slung over the vessel's side, from which the officers overlook and direct operations, &c. The blubber between the eye and pectoral fin is cut through with the spade, which is a triangular-shaped instrument, as sharp as a razor, attached to a long shaft or handle. A man now gets upon the whale—his boots being spiked to prevent slipping—and fixes the hook of the falls to it. The windlass is then manned, and lifts up the detached blubber, the spades cutting away, and the whale slowly turning over at the same time. The strip of blubber thus in course of separation is about four feet in breadth, and is called a blanket-piece. It is cut in a spiral direction, and lowered on deck when it reaches up to the head of the cutting-falls. Fresh hold is then taken, and the operation is continued until the whale is entirely flensed. If the whale is a small one, the whole of the head is at once cut off, and hoisted bodily on deck; but if a large one, its important parts are separately secured. Finally, the skeleton is cut adrift, to float or sink, as may happen. The entire operation occupies at least ten hours, if the whale is very large.

During this cutting-up affair, the water, far and near, is red with blood; and great flocks of petrels, albatrosses, &c., hover about to pick up the floating morsels. Swarms of sharks also never fail to attend; and so voracious are these creatures that the men have to strike at them with their spades, to prevent them from devouring the whale piecemeal, ere its remains are abandoned to fish and fowl as their legitimate prey. Although the whalers generally kill many sharks on such occasions, it is said that if a man slips from the carcass of a whale into the midst of these devourers, they seldom attempt to injure him. Personally, however, we cannot say that we should like to put the generosity of Messrs. Sharks to such a test.

The blubber is carefully separated from the bits of flesh which may adhere to it preparatory to boiling, an operation first undergone by the head matter, which is kept distinct from the body matter—the former yielding spermaceti, the latter sperm oil. The scraps, or refuse matter from the oil, themselves supply the furnace with fuel, burning clearly and emitting intense heat. This operation is called trying-out, and is only dangerous when proper precaution is not used to prevent water from falling into the boiling oil, or by carelessly throwing in wet blubber, in which case the caldrons may overflow very suddenly, and everything be in flames together. From the try-works the oil is conveyed to the coolers, and thence to the casks; and a good-sized whale, in favorable weather, may be cut up, and converted into oil, &c., within a couple of days.

The spectacle of trying-out on a dark night is exceedingly impressive. There is the ship, slowly sailing along over the pathless ocean, the furnace roaring and producing lurid flames that illumine the surrounding waves, the men passing busily to and fro, and dense volumes of black smoke continually rising in the air and drifting to leeward. Trying-out in a gloomy midnight has a touch even of sublimity about it; and we can conceive the feelings of awe and terror it would inspire in a spectator beholding the ghastly show for the first time from the deck of another ship. We think it is Herman Melville who compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, on such an occasion, to a party of demons busily engaged in the celebration of some unhallowed rite; nor is this fancy

at all outrageous, to our thinking. What a picture might a painter of genius make of the scene!

The attention of scientific men has for some time been turned to the improvement of whale fishery, and many feasible plans have been spoken of; but the most important and extraordinary one is that which was proposed some two years ago, and is now again attracting new attention—being nothing less than whaling by electricity. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to reconduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. This machine is stated to be capable of throwing into the body of the whale such strokes of electricity as would paralyze in an instant its muscles, and deprive it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

Let us now conclude with a few words on the commercial products of the cachalot. The most important is the sperm oil, used for lamps and for lubricating machinery. It is more pure than any other animal oil. Spermaceti is a transparent fluid when first extracted from the whale, but it becomes concrete when exposed to a cold temperature, or placed in water. It is found in all parts of the whale, but chiefly in the head and the dorsal hump. When prepared, it is cast in molds for sale in the shops, and is chiefly used for making candles. Formerly, as Shakspeare tells us, it was considered to possess curative properties—

The sovereign'st thing on earth
Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.

The teeth yield ivory, which always sells at a remunerative price. Lastly, there is the rare and mysterious substance, called ambergris—the origin of which was long a problem which even the learned could not solve. It is now known to be a kind of morbid excrescence produced in the intestines of the cachalot, and in no other species of whale. It is sold as a perfume, fetching a pound sterling an ounce when pure; and is rarely met with in the market, even at that price. When found floating on the sea, it has undoubtedly been voided by the cachalot, or has drifted from it when the body became decomposed after death.

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

"COME, come, Rudolph," said little Hans Wolfgang to his elder brother, who was dealing vigorous blows with his ax on an old pine stump in the forest, "let us go home. It is getting late, and we have plenty of wood, without troubling ourselves about that hard old stump that you are hammering at."

"I shall have it in three minutes," answered Rudolph. "It will just make up the load: it would be a pity to leave it."

"But mother said we were to be at home by sunset," pleaded Hans.

"And so we will. The sun is not yet behind the Eisberg; we shall have plenty of time before it sets. If you would help me, Hans, instead of standing there grumbling, I should get done much sooner."

Hans took up his ax, and gave a few strokes alternately with his brother; but he was so anxious to be gone, that he soon grew impatient, and again paused to remonstrate."

"I have set my mind on this particular block, and have it I will," said Rudolph, resolutely; and he worked away with so much vigor, that in a short time he split it up, and then Hans joyfully assisted him in loading the ass with the fagots they had collected.

By this time the sun had dropped behind the opposite peak, which threw its gigantic shadow on the dark pine-wood, creating a twilight in its recesses, although there yet wanted nearly an hour to sunset. Many a naked trunk and dark bough took a strange figure in the dusk, as the boys passed by, and more than once Hans crept closer to his brother, half fancying that he saw a fearful apparition in some familiar bush, or heard an unearthly sound in the dashing of the torrent or the moaning of the wind. Right glad he was when they emerged from the forest, and found themselves once more in the open daylight. He immediately recovered all his natural vivacity, and leaving Rudolph to pursue the mountain-path which led to their dwelling, proceeded to make his own way down the bed of the torrent.

Meanwhile Rudolph, advancing steadily with his charge, was soon in sight of the cottage, when he stopped and looked round for his brother. "Hans, Hans!" cried he, "there is father looking out for us!"

Hans was seated on a large bough, which projected across the stream, far below the path which Rudolph was threading, and was amusing himself by plucking leaves and twigs, and watching them hurry away as he threw them into the rapid waters. But his brother's voice reached him, and he immediately obeyed the call. He climbed like a chamois, and a very few minutes sufficed to place him by Rudolph's side, though the path by which he ascended would have appeared inaccessible to an inhabitant of the plain. Shaking off the dust and thorns which he had collected in his passage, he walked soberly along, until they reached the cottage-door, where, as Rudolph had intimated, they found their father on the look-out for them.

Caspar Wolfgang was a tall, athletic peasant, not much past the prime of life, and possessing, in a considerable degree, the independent bearing and grave dignity of demeanor which are said to be characteristic of the mountaineer. Perhaps at the time of which we write, the gravity of his manner might sometimes verge on gloom and severity; but, if so, there was enough in the circumstances of his country to account for and excuse it. He was a kind and loving father, if at times a strict one; and, though Hans and Rudolph would never have dared to disobey his commands, they had too high an opinion of his justice to repine at the necessity of obedience.

"You are late to-night, lads," said he, as he proceeded to assist his sons in disposing of the load of wood.

"Rudolph would have this ugly old stump," said Hans. "I told him it was not worth staying for, but he would not leave it!"

"And to make amends for the delay, you loitered on your way home," returned his father, whose quick eye had noticed Rudolph's pause for his truant brother.

Hans blushed. His father smiled, and added, "Well, carry away these fagots, and make haste to come in. Your mother had your supper ready half an hour ago."

Caspar had already fed the cow, and put away the farming implements, tasks which generally fell to the share of his sons, so that they were soon seated at their simple meal. When it was finished, Christina carefully closed the door and window of the cottage, and the family prepared to

join in divine worship, before they retired for the night. Although subjects of a Catholic state, these Salzburgh peasants listened to the pure words of Scripture in their native German tongue. Caspar did not read from the sacred volume, for it would have been too dangerous to have kept it in his house; but he repeated some verses which he had retained in his memory, and then knelt in prayer. In a few simple but fervent words he returned thanks to the Almighty for his many blessings, and implored his favor and protection for the approaching night. When he had finished, the boys said "Good-night," and crept away to their humble couch.

"It is time we were in bed, too," said Caspar, as they withdrew; "for I must be a mile or two on my way before sunrise."

His wife looked up anxiously. "Where are you going?" she ventured to inquire.

"Christina!" answered he, in a tone of slight reproof, "have you forgotten your promise?"

"No, Caspar, I have not; and as you do not wish it, I will ask no questions; but I cannot help being anxious. I heard strange reports when I was last at the village. I tremble for you—for all of us. Do not, O, pray do not, run into needless danger—these are fearful times!"

"You alarm yourself without reason," said Wolfgang. "I have little doubt that what you repeated to me this afternoon will turn out to be only an idle tale. In what way can we excite the suspicion of the clergy? Do we not conform to all the usages of the Church, and pay punctually every tithe and fee that is demanded? We never forsake their religious ceremonies, believing that we may innocently join in the worship of the true God, though deformed by unmeaning mummeries, and degraded by the polluted lives of those who call themselves his ministers. O no! trust me, we have done nothing to excite the jealousy of Rome. Indeed, we are too insignificant to attract her attention—princes and prelates will trouble themselves little about the faith of a few poor peasants among the mountains of Berchtesgaden."

Christina hoped so, but she could not help her fears—"Would it not be better—?" and here she stopped. She would have asked if it would not be better to discontinue the secret meetings for wor-

ship, for such she guessed were the objects of her husband's mysterious absences; but this was forbidden ground, and she continued silent.

"Christina," said Caspar, solemnly, "all that a Christian man can do, consistently with his duty to God, to avoid persecution, I give you my word, I will observe. More than this you will not require from me." Christina acquiesced, and tried to place confidence in her husband's assurances that there could be no cause for apprehension; but, in spite of her hard day's labor in the field, which generally brought sleep to her eyelids as soon as she had laid her head upon her pillow, it was late this night before she could obtain repose. She thought her husband was restless too; but, if so, it did not prevent his rising in the morning in time for his excursion. When he got up, his wife was quietly asleep, and he moved about gently, for fear of disturbing her. He unlatched the door noiselessly, and latched it after him in the same manner. Bolts and locks there were none, for small indeed was the need for such defenses in this mountain solitude. He struck into the circuitous mountain-path, leading to a hamlet which lay considerably below his own elevated dwelling. All was quiet as he entered its street: indeed, the hour was yet too early for even that laborious peasantry to commence their day's labors. Wolfgang looked around, but no one was to be seen. He walked on, and as he passed the last houses in the village, the door of one was cautiously opened, and a young man appeared on the threshold. He held up his finger as if to prevent Caspar's expected greeting, and joined him in silence. When they had walked on a few paces, the new-comer began the conversation:—"I like to steal out quietly, when I can," he remarked. "Our Lotte and Marie are as curious as the rest of their sex; so it is better to avoid their questions."

Caspar said, he thought it would have been safer to intrust their wives and sisters with the secret, than to leave them to find it out by their own curiosity.

The young man agreed. "But be that as it might," he said, "they had sworn to be silent, and it should never be said that Conrad Birnstein had broken either his oath or his word. The time is at hand, I fear," continued he, "when many of them

must know the secret, whether we will or not; indeed, some have learned it already, and to their cost."

Caspar inquired what he meant.

"Why, you must have heard the news! The archbishop has his eye on us at last; ay, and his hand too; for, but a few days ago, he caused one of our brethren to be cruelly scourged at Salzburgh, and thrown into a dungeon of the castle."

Caspar started. "This is true, then," said he. "Something of this I have heard before, but I gave little credit to the report."

"It is but too true," returned Conrad.

"How were the suspicions of the priests awakened?" asked Caspar.

"It was that foolish business of the pledge in the name of Jesus," answered Conrad, "which you know is common among the Papists over their cups, and indeed, until lately, was familiar to most of us. After all, it is but an empty phrase, and expresses nothing but good-fellowship; it was never worth while to make a stumbling-block of such a trifle!"

"It is no trifle," said Caspar, gravely, "to profane the name of the Saviour of the world, amid scenes of debauchery and sin, or even to use it lightly in the idle talk of every day."

"It may be so, and so our elders judged; and, as you may remember, it was resolved at one of our late meetings that we were never to return the greeting, 'Gelobt sei Jesus Christus.'"

"I recollect it perfectly, and I have strictly conformed to it," said Caspar.

"Well, this refusal has stamped us heretics. The archbishop has seized on the first he could detect, and has punished him, as I told you. He will have his eye on us for the future; who knows if his emissaries are not even now tracking us to our place of meeting?"

"God's will be done," said Wolfanger; "we must not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, for fear of the persecution of men."

Conrad thought that poor defenseless peasants, as they were, might be forgiven, if they contented themselves with assembling in the Catholic churches, where they could pray, as doubtless many did, spite of the mummeries by which they were surrounded. But, for his part, he could have no feelings of devotion there. The presence of the shavelings seemed to pol-

lute the very air, and to fill his mind with thoughts of revenge and hatred.

"You think too much of old grievances," said Caspar, mildly; "believe me, brooding over wrongs does no good. It is wiser to forgive our enemies, and to forget their malice. In your case, this is not so difficult as it is sometimes, for you have escaped without injury. If the Churchman had done you all the evil you believe he intended, your vindictive feelings would be more excusable."

The veins of the youth's temples swelled, and his hands clenched, at the very thought:—"I tell you if he had," exclaimed he, "I would have roused every one of our valleys, and we would have shed the last drop of our blood, or have driven them out, bishop, priest, and friar. We would have cleared the land of them, or died in the attempt."

"Young man," said Caspar, "this is not a frame of mind in which to enter into the presence of God, and join in his sacred worship. We do not wish to use the sword of violence, even in defense of our most sacred rights. All that we can submit to without disobedience to our Master we are prepared to bear, believing that we are thus best following his example, and honoring his commands."

"Forgive me, Caspar," said Conrad, whose burst of indignation was quickly over; "when my head is sprinkled with gray, like yours, I shall be more temperate. As it is," continued the light-hearted young man, "give me but my little Grete, and land enough for us to procure our daily bread by our daily toil, and I will be as quiet as any of you, and creep to God's worship like a thief in the night without a murmur."

"It will not be long before you are settled now, I suppose," remarked Caspar, smiling; "they tell me you are going to set about your new house immediately."

"Before very long," answered Conrad; "that is to say, if the archbishop does not interfere with my plans."

"He is a man of blood and violence," observed Caspar. "God forbid that we should be delivered to his tender mercies!"

"Amen to that prayer, Caspar; for we have little to expect either from his justice or his pity, if he have the power, as assuredly he has the will, to continue his persecution."

"I doubt his power," returned Wolf-

ganger; "we are members of the great Germanic nation, whose rights the emperor is sworn to defend and protect. Some degree of religious toleration has been of late years secured to every state of the empire. He will not see us persecuted for our faith, without interposing in our behalf."

"Such is our only hope," answered Conrad; "and to-day I expect steps will be taken to send some from among us to lay our case before the Diet. God grant they may procure us help! but many fear the event. We are followers neither of Luther nor of Zwingle, and therefore belong to no Church which is under the protection of a powerful prince of the empire."

"I know little of the doctrines of Luther or of Zwingle," returned Caspar; "but I have heard that they toiled and struggled that poor men might study the Scriptures for themselves, and worship God according to their consciences. Luther gave us God's word in our own tongue; will not those who follow him see that we may read it unmolested?"

"They should do so," answered Conrad; "but some say that the Lutherans look almost as jealously upon those who do not belong to their own Church as the Romanists themselves."

Caspar looked astonished. "I should find it hard to believe you," remarked he; "but you must know more about these things than I do for you have traveled, and visited Protestant states, while I have passed my life among these mountains. Well, then, if we are to expect no aid from the Churches, we must look direct to their great Head, who does not despise even the two or three who are gathered together in his name!"

"Even so," returned Conrad, "and here we are at the entrance of the forest; tolerably punctual, too, for three minutes will bring us to the clearing."

As he spoke, he pointed with his hand to the east, where the red disk of the sun was just beginning to peep above the horizon. Seldom had that luminary risen on a fairer scene than that which presented itself to the eyes of the two peasants before they entered the recesses of the forest. Rugged rocks, lofty mountains—sometimes bold and naked, sometimes bearing on their giant sides hanging pine-forests, or luxuriant pastures—fertile valleys, calm lakes, and roaring torrents, unite in the

Salzburgh Alps to form landscapes, distinguished at once by their sublimity and their beauty.

But the minds of Caspar and of Conrad were too much occupied to pay attention to the picturesque scenes around them; if, indeed, constant familiarity had not rendered them insensible to the loveliness of their native land. Indifferent to the glories of sunrise over lake and mountain, they strode rapidly forward, until they reached a spacious hollow in the forest, clear of trees and underwood, which had been selected for the place of this morning's meeting.

Here were already assembled about a hundred peasants, waiting, grave and silent, for the commencement of the simple service. They had no priest to direct their devotions, but an old peasant led the worship, whose gray hairs and venerable figure accorded well with the office with which the choice of his fellows had this day invested him. He commenced with a prayer, which made up in strength and fervor for its want of elegance in diction. The circumstances in which they stood formed the chief subject of the supplication. He prayed that the storm of persecution, now seeming ready to burst over their heads, might be averted; but, if it must break, that they might have resolution to abide the shock, and be ready to die the death of the martyr, rather than sacrifice the truth.

After the prayer, several portions of Scripture were read; and the lazy worshiper in a Protestant Church, who sometimes thinks the morning lessons insufficiently long, can form little idea of the avidity with which these unlettered peasants pressed forward to catch the words of inspiration, to which they were probably listening at the risk of losing liberty or life. The leader of their devotions then addressed them, in a rude but animated discourse. He represented the dangers by which they were surrounded, and the necessity of prudence and circumspection, to avoid all unnecessary peril; but he warned them, by their duty to the Almighty, not to conform through fear of man to anything which might involve a sacrifice of conscience. Still, no lawful means of self-defense must be overlooked; and one object of this morning's meeting was to elect one of their number to join the deputies, already named by other con-

gregations, to proceed to Ratisbon, where the Diet was then assembled, in order to lay their case before that august assembly, and to demand protection.

These words seemed to give some degree of comfort to the assembly. Faces, that had been gloomy enough before, now cleared up; and, at the close of the discourse, "The emperor will save us!" "The Diet will protect us!" burst from every mouth. Long and anxious discussions followed, till the sun, high overhead, warned them that it was time to separate. They dispersed in different directions, quickly disappearing in wood or valley, and that secluded spot was left once more to its accustomed silence.

Anxiously did the Salzburgh peasants await, and ardently did they desire, the return of the deputies who were to bring them assurances of peace and protection. Long seemed the weeks of their absence, and joyfully were the tidings of their return hailed by many a troubled yet hopeful heart. But anxiety was turned to terror, hope to despair, when they heard the issue of their embassy, and the fate of their ambassadors. Their remonstrances unheard! their deputies cast into a dungeon, like the meanest of malefactors, as soon as they set foot in their native land! It could not be true!

So said many, but they were soon obliged to admit the certainty of such unwelcome tidings. The next year was a year of horror and anguish to many—of fear and trembling to all. Not only did the emperor turn a deaf ear to their cry for help, but he sent the archbishop a body of soldiers to compel the peasants to submission, and then the storm of persecution burst upon them in all its fury. But bonds, stripes, fines, and imprisonments, only made them cling to their faith more firmly, and hate their persecutors with greater bitterness. In the August of the year 1731, the members of the mountain Church entered into a covenant, in which they bound themselves, by a solemn oath, to die rather than forsake the faith which they had embraced.

To this confederacy belonged Caspar Wolfgang and Conrad Birnstein. Both for a time escaped the punishment which fell on every one who was discovered to be a member of the Salzbund, as this league was called. This good fortune was

probably owing to the sequestered situation of their abodes. The hamlet in which Conrad dwelt was in one of the wildest and poorest districts of a wild and poor, though beautiful and romantic country. The isolated province of Berchtesgaden, in which it was situated, is surrounded on every side by lofty Alps. Its lands, high and unproductive, furnished to its inhabitants small means of acquiring wealth; and offered, compared with the lower and more fertile provinces, little to tempt the cupidity of the oppressors.

Wolfgang's solitary dwelling was even more retired than that of Conrad. It stood higher up the mountain, and quite alone, surrounded only by the little fields, the produce of which almost entirely supplied the simple wants of its inhabitants. The occupants of a nook so secluded might have hoped to remain unnoticed, but Caspar and his family lived in fear and trembling. They dared not show themselves without the walls of their cottage, except to pursue their necessary avocations in the field, and they feared that even the smoke from their fire might bring upon them observation and detection. Sometimes they thought they might escape, comforting themselves with the hope, that such horrors could not last forever; that the archbishop would tire of his unavailing efforts to make men think as he wished, and would leave them, before long, to their former peace and security.

Sometimes, again, when the report of a new atrocity found its way to their retirement, they believed that hope was at an end, and tried to prepare themselves for the fate that awaited them, be it what it might. Every unaccustomed sound seemed a signal that it was at hand; and when, one morning, they heard a quick step approach their dwelling, before leaving it for their daily labor, they felt that the hour was come. Christina clasped her hands in mute terror, and all looked eagerly toward the door. It was quickly opened, and their apprehensions were at once removed by the appearance of the friendly face of Conrad Birnstein, who bade them a cheerful good-morrow.

"Thank God, it is only you!" exclaimed Christina.

"It is only I, indeed," returned Conrad; "but you all look as frightened as if I had come with a troop of imperial soldiers at my back."

"Nay, nay, Conrad, we have no fear that such visitors should be brought by you," said Wolfganger; "and though your footsteps startled us before we saw who was coming, we are right glad to see an old friend in these troubled times. Come, sit down, and have something to eat with us."

The young man put down the gun which he carried in his hand, and accepted the invitation. He was paler and graver now than twelve months before, when we heard him talk with Caspar of his approaching marriage. That marriage had never taken place—Conrad, as one of the confederation, looking upon his own fate as too uncertain to bring his bride to share it with him. Grete was an orphan. Her mother, who was a stranger in the land, died in giving her birth; and she lost her father when she was little more than seventeen years old. Since that time, she had had her share of trial; and she was glad of the opportunity, which the invitation of her maternal relatives in Saxony afforded her, to quit Berchtesgaden, until her union with Conrad should give her a lawful protector in her native country. Conrad's father had died in the course of the last year; and, as his sister Lotte and her husband expressed a strong desire to quit their unhappy country, Conrad bought their share of the little inheritance, and they set out for America. They strongly urged their brother and sister to accompany them; Marie consented, but Conrad clung with all the tenacity of a mountaineer to his native land. When he looked at the farm he had helped to cultivate from boyhood, with the cottage in which he had lived all his life, and thought of bringing his Grete home, he felt that he could never abandon it while it was in his power to remain.

Conrad was a prodigious favorite with Hans and Rudolph; and no sooner had he taken his seat, than they pressed close to him.

"What a long time it is since you came to see us, Conrad," said Hans. "There is the goat that you began to carve for me not finished yet—I can't manage it by myself; and Rudolph has not got past the first part of your favorite tune, for want of you to teach him the second."

"There will be no time for all that today, I am afraid, Hans, my man," answered Conrad; "I am off to the heights,

and I have come to see if Rudolph will go with me. If we have luck, we will bring home a roebuck or a chamois."

Rudolph's eye sparkled, and he looked anxiously toward his father. His mother's countenance expressed some alarm.

"It is so dangerous for a boy like Rudolph," she began.

"I promise you we will keep out of danger," said Conrad; "you may trust him in my care without fear."

"Rudolph is old enough to take care of himself now," said his father; "he must learn to handle a gun, that he may be able to take my place when my hand and eye grow less steady."

"Then may I take the gun, father?" asked Rudolph.

"Certainly," was the answer; "you would be but a sorry sportsman without your arms."

Rudolph ran to fetch it, and prepared for his expedition with a considerable degree of pride and pleasure. Meanwhile the conversation between the elders continued.

"You have not of late been out to the chase, I think, Conrad," remarked Caspar; "how does it happen? You used to be the keenest sportsman in the neighborhood."

"I have had little spirit for the chase, or anything else," returned Conrad. "One chase, indeed, I would have engaged in with pleasure; but it was no chase for a single man, or for two or three either, and those who desired it were but few. I would willingly have handled my gun to have driven these Austrians home again—ay, and the parsons who have brought them among us after them!"

"It would have been madness to attempt it," said Caspar, "even if it were lawful to use the weapons of war in defense of our faith. What could we have done alone? and who would have helped us? for, as you well know, they have cried us down for rebels as well as heretics. If it had not been for this, the emperor would have been ashamed to send his soldiers to hunt honest men down like thieves and murderers."

"Ashamed!" cried Conrad; "there is no shame among priests and princes! You might think that the elector, who calls himself our ruler, would be ashamed to let the archbishop work his will on us, without once inquiring whether we are

wrong or right. But, if all accounts be true, so long as he is undisturbed in his luxury and wicked pleasures, Charles Albert cares little for the condition of his subjects, be they Papist or heretic."

Caspar shook his head sorrowfully, and Conrad went on:—"Not a prince in Germany has lifted up his voice for us, though the injustice with which we have been treated would make the very stones cry out in our behalf."

"Yes, yes," said Caspar; "you forget the noble king of Prussia, who has repeatedly interposed in our favor. If he were not so far away, we should have one powerful friend in this our bitter need. As it is, he can do but little for us!"

"I should not have forgotten him," said Conrad; "for he has been, and is, our only friend. Right nobly does he continue to welcome and protect all who are forced away from this sad land of ours."

"So I hear," replied Caspar; "and, if I am indeed compelled to quit my native hills, I will take advantage of his favor, and make my way straight to Prussia."

"You are right," said Conrad; "it is the best thing you can do, if the worst should come, as come I think it must."

"Then you have come to the same resolution?"

"I!" said Conrad, with a start; and in a moment he added, "I tell you I will not go. They may tear me to pieces, before I will stir from my own lawful home!"

"O, Conrad, do not say so!" exclaimed Christina. "Think of Grete? Why may you not be happy in Prussia? You are both young and strong; and may get your bread there as well as here. Think how wretched you would make her if you should fall a victim to your own rashness and obstinacy."

Conrad paused for a moment, and drew his hand across his eyes. "The truth is," said he, "I cannot often think patiently of being turned off my own bit of land, which was my father's before me; but, when I can reflect calmly on the matter, I feel disposed to follow my sisters to America, where, they tell me, a stout arm and a willing heart are sure to make their way, and where every man is free to worship God after his own fashion."

"There is a weary width of water to cross before you get there, is there not, Conrad?" asked Christina.

"Indeed there is," answered he; "it

lies so far away across the ocean, that those who found it called it the New World. New enough and strange enough it will seem, doubtless, to those who are obliged to leave this Old World to make their homes in it."

"How do they get to it?" asked Hans.

"O, in a ship, to be sure."

"What is a ship like, Conrad? I wish I could see one."

Conrad explained as well as he could; but neither he nor any of the party were very conversant with ships. The largest craft the Wolfangers had ever seen were the fishing-boats on the König-see. Conrad had more experience in such matters; for, though his travels had not been extended to the sea-coast, he had seen the Danube, and the vessels that navigate that river. Hans thought he should not like to be obliged to stay in a ship so long as Conrad said those must who sailed for America: it would be worse than confinement to the cottage during a snow-storm.

"It will be well if some of us are not obliged to endure it who like it no better than you, my good little fellow," remarked Conrad, in a tone so melancholy, that Caspar and his wife looked at him with faces expressive of anxious inquiry. "It is foolish to repeat these things, for there are so many tales going about every day, that one does not know what to believe. This may be false, for aught I know; but I have heard that the archbishop has changed his tactics, and issued an order for every one of us to quit the country, and that the soldiers will see it thoroughly executed."

At these words Christina turned very pale, and Caspar looked troubled, as he answered: "I have long seen that we must go, sooner or later. I only regret that I did not depart at the beginning of these troubles; then we might, perhaps, have taken something with us—now it is too late."

"Too late, indeed! We can do nothing to help ourselves," said Conrad, starting up and seizing his gun; "so do not let us sit brooding over anticipated evils which we can do nothing to avert. Come, Rudolph, let us go. We shall forget priests and soldiers better in the free air of the mountains than cooped up within these four walls of yours."

Rudolph had been ready for some time, and would have been more impatient to be

off if the conversation had been on any other subject. As it was, he stood so intently listening, that he almost forgot the purposed expedition. But the sense of present pleasure soon overcame that of future and uncertain evil; and, with a light step and cheerful countenance, he left the cottage by the side of Conrad.

Conrad, too, grew more cheerful as he strode along. It was a bright, clear, bracing morning, although somewhat cool at that early hour; but the mountaineers were too much accustomed to the keenness of the air in that elevated region to feel the chill of an autumn morning any inconvenience. As they proceeded, every trace of care vanished from Rudolph's countenance. With boyish pleasure he pointed out to his companion everything that amused him on the way; and, as is common when people have a day of pleasure in prospect, objects of amusement were very frequent.

"Look, Conrad," said he, as they came in sight of the beautiful lake called the König-see, "how green the water looks this morning! and how steep the shores are! I should not like to be on the lake when its waters are dashing as I've seen them sometimes; should you, Conrad?"

"You'd have little chance of your life if you were," returned Conrad; "there are but few places where a boat can land on the König-see, or a swimmer, either, unless, like a spider, he can walk up a perpendicular wall. I've been told by those who have been in Switzerland, that it's worse than the Lake of Uri; and that Tell himself could never have jumped ashore on the König-see."

"Tell! who was Tell?" Rudolph asked; and now he hoped for a story, Conrad had so many stories. He had been such a traveler, and had met with so many people who had traveled further than he, that his store of anecdotes was inexhaustible. This time he had a tale which he told with much animation, for he felt at that moment as if he envied Tell the power of avenging his country by a single blow. His young companion caught his enthusiasm, and listened so earnestly, that he had neither eyes nor ears for external objects. Suddenly Conrad stopped, and pointed to what appeared to be a mass of dark stone, a gun-shot from the place where they stood. There sat a magnificent vulture, so closely resembling the rock in the color of its

plumage that an inexperienced eye might easily have overlooked it. It was one of the species known by the name of the lammergeyer of the Alps. Conrad raised his gun, but yielding to Rudolph's petitioning look, he nodded, and left the noble prey to his young companion. The boy's heart beat as he took his aim. His intended victim seemed less disturbed than he did, for, as soon as the shot was fired, it spread its enormous pinions, and, uttering its peculiar cry, rose slowly and majestically into the air, as if disdaining the appearance of flight.

"Why did you not bring him down as he rose?" asked Rudolph, a little vexed at his failure.

"Let him go this time," answered Conrad; "he is a noble fellow, and if it were not that he kills the game and carries off the kids, he would not be worth powder and shot. But don't be downcast, Rudolph; you'll do better next time!"

Rudolph was more successful before the day was over; and when they had brought down a fine young wild goat, and some smaller game, they began to think of turning their faces homeward. They had attained a considerable height, and had now a long walk before them, with a heavy load; so, before commencing it they sat down to refresh themselves with the provisions they had brought with them. High as they were, the Alps seemed as far above them as ever; but they were near enough to some of the snowy slopes to see dark specks moving here and there on the white surface.

"See, Conrad," said Rudolph, "look at the chamois yonder! I wish we were among them; don't you?"

"Ay, lad; and we will have one or two some day soon. I hoped we might have come across a herd to-day, but we have missed them."

"They say," continued Rudolph, "that it does not do to follow the chamois too high—that there is danger in it; is that true?"

"Yes, true enough; and more danger than there is in chasms and glaciers. If a hunter is too bold, he may chance to see what would make the steadiest head grow giddy."

Rudolph trembled. "Have you ever seen anything, Conrad?" asked he.

"No, I cannot say I have," was the answer; "but I have known those who

have. I knew a man well, whose own cousin came to his death through venturing where the spirits suffer nothing mortal to meddle with the wild herd."

"O, do tell me about it," said Rudolph, whose eyes opened with awe and curiosity.

"Well, you see, he was a bold hunter from his very childhood. Even when a little fellow, when his mother would fain have kept him at home to mind the lambs, he would go out with his father after the chamois; and when he grew up he was noted all over the country as the boldest hunter in the land. He seldom started his game without bringing it down; he could spring like a chamois himself; and was so skillful a marksman, that the poor beast had small chance of escape when once within range of his rifle. One day he was pursuing a fine young buck, and a weary chase it led him, over more than one yawning gulf and steep precipice. At last, when he thought he had the creature safe, it scrambled up a nearly perpendicular rock, and after standing for a moment on the snow above his head, as if in mockery, disappeared. He climbed after it; and when he reached the spot where it had stood, there was no chamois, but —"

"But what," asked Rudolph, eagerly—"what was there?"

"A fearful figure, lofty as a mountain, and wearing a pointed crown of glittering snow. Its eyes shone like crystal; and when it spoke (for it did speak) its voice was like the thunder of the avalanche."

"What did it say?" demanded Rudolph.

"I know not what words it used—perhaps no man does, save he who heard them; but it gave him to understand that the herds on those heights were under his protection, and that mortal huntsman must be content with the game below. Poor fellow! he paid dearly for his presumption; for he fell, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Some say that fright at the sudden appearances of the specter threw him off his balance; but it is more probable that the spirit, enraged at his boldness, took a terrible revenge by hurling him down the precipice."

Rudolph shuddered as he looked around. He almost expected to see the mountain spirit glaring at him from one of the tall cliffs by which he was surrounded. After

a while he said, "Do you think it is quite true, Conrad?"

"True! to be sure it is! I tell you I know those who found the poor fellow, and carried him home to his heart-broken mother."

Rudolph sighed. "Was he killed on the spot, think you?" asked he, after a short pause.

"He must have been," answered Conrad; "no man could have had such a fall, without immediate destruction."

Another pause, and then Rudolph said, somewhat thoughtfully—"But how could he relate what had happened to him when he was quite dead?"

Conrad was a little embarrassed; he had never thought of that before. "O! I don't know, I'm sure," he replied; "but it's true, as everybody knows; there lay the poor fellow's body, and that was proof enough for anything."

Rudolph's doubts vanished before such incontrovertible evidence, and with a heart full of pity for the luckless hunter, and awe of the mysterious being who had proved so formidable an enemy, he prepared for the walk homeward.

He was heartily tired when he reached the cottage; but his fatigue vanished when, seated by the fire, he began to tell the story of the day's adventures. Conrad was easily persuaded to stay all night; he was not very busy at home, and the next day he would assist Caspar in getting in his crop of rye. He promised Hans to find half an hour before he left to help him with his work, and begin something else for him, that he might have plenty of employment for the winter. Indeed they might as well have a look at it that night, for it seemed as if Rudolph would be some time before he had sufficiently disburdened himself of his budget of news to be ready to betake himself to repose. So, while Rudolph talked and his father listened, Conrad cut away at a little wooden representation of some animal with horns, which might have been styled chamois, stag, or goat, so general was the resemblance which it bore to those various tribes. The attention of Hans was divided between the progress of his work and his brother's anecdotes. Thus occupied, no one thought Christina long in preparing supper, but, as soon as it was eaten, they began to feel that they were very tired, and one by one dropped off to bed.

They could not have had a day more favorable for housing the little crop than the one that dawned upon them the next morning. Everything looked so bright and cheerful, that it was impossible to harbor any fears or misgivings, and Caspar and his wife set about the labor of the day with something of their old cheerfulness, while the lads, who considered this as a kind of gala-day, gambled about like two young colts. But there was plenty for every one to do. There had not been such a heavy crop for many years, and they were all required to set steadily to work; even little Hans was quite a man of business.

Getting in the harvest is, perhaps, the most cheerful of the husbandman's yearly tasks. The many risks to which the crop is subject are over, and the reward of his days of toil is safely in his hands. Cheerily passed the morning hours in Caspar's rye-field, and, after the noonday repast, they set to work again with the hope of finishing before sunset. But their operations met with a terrible interruption. The first hour of the afternoon was scarcely expired, when an exclamation from one of the boys made Caspar and his companions suspend their labors. Looking up, they saw a sight which caused the implements to drop from their hands, and the blood to rush back to their hearts, leaving them pale and motionless as statues. Yes! the hour so long looked for, so long dreaded, was come at last! Those were no ordinary visitors who were now threading the little-frequented path which led to Caspar's cottage. They were regular, well-appointed soldiers, whose bright arms glittered in the autumn sun, as they appeared occasionally through the trees, or between the masses of rock, by which the view from the rye-field was obstructed.

There was no doubt about their office or their errand; all that remained to be thought of was how to meet or how to avoid the visit. Of the latter alternative there was no rational hope, but Christina clung to the idea of it with desperation. "Let us fly!" said she; "let us hide ourselves in the mountains! we had better starve with cold and hunger, than fall into the hands of the tyrants!"

"Where can we fly?" returned her husband; "we shall only escape now to be hunted from our hiding-places like wild beasts. No, we have done no wrong, and

we will not flee like thieves and robbers; we are honest men, laboring peacefully for our daily bread; on them be the curse, if they molest us."

Conrad started from the stupor into which the apparition of the soldiers had thrown him, and muttered something about going to fetch his gun. But Caspar seized his arm. "Do not be so mad as to attempt resistance," said he; "what can you do single handed? Opposition will only exasperate our enemies, and bring upon us and all who are dear to us an increase of suffering."

Conrad knew that his friend was right, and promised to be rational, and not make matters worse by useless resistance. He gave up the idea of fetching his arms, but clutched the reaping-hook tighter, inwardly resolving to make good use of that, should any attempt be made to deprive him of personal liberty.

Caspar, who had now completely recovered his self-possession, called upon his terrified wife and children to proceed with their employment, and, if possible, to exhibit no trepidation of manner which might be construed into a sign of conscious guilt. They obeyed to the best of their power, but, as may easily be imagined, made little progress in their task.

Meanwhile the band which had excited their alarm drew near. It passed the empty and silent cottage, when some of the number desisted the objects of their search busy in the field, and thither their march was immediately directed. This body of men was principally composed of imperial soldiers, a few mounted, the rest on foot. By the side of the officer at the head of the troop rode two men, whose peaceful garb bore a marked contrast to the martial trappings of the soldiery. These were ecclesiastics. One of them had a countenance as stern and commanding as that of any warrior in the train, and from his dress and manner appeared to be a dignitary of the Church; the other was clad in the ordinary garb of a monk, and the large cowl drawn over his head effectually concealed his features from observation.

As the party approached, Caspar and Conrad turned, and greeted the chiefs in a firm and manly, but respectful manner.

"Is not your name Wolfgang?" demanded the officer who headed the troop, addressing Caspar.

He received an answer in the affirmative.

"And you are a member of a confederation calling itself the *Salzbund*?"

Wolfganger paused for a moment; Christina seemed about to interpose, but her husband signed to her to be silent, and replied with a firm voice that he was a member of the confederation.

"And here is another of them," exclaimed one of the party, who was a native of the district, and had recognized Conrad. "Conrad Birnstein has made no secret of his opinions respecting our holy Church for many a day."

Conrad did not speak—he dared not trust himself to do so. He stood erect, with the air of a man who has braced himself up to endurance.

His silence was received as an acknowledgment of guilt, and the officer thus addressed him and his companions:—"Misguided people, it is my duty to declare to you the pleasure of the emperor. It is his will that you immediately comply with the orders of the archbishop, and quit the country without delay. A detachment of my men waits to see you to the frontier."

"It is hard for men who have done no wrong to be driven from house and home, with no means of getting their bread," said Caspar.

"Hard!" interposed the Churchman. "Rather than pronounce your sentence hard, you should be ready to kneel down and return thanks for such unheard-of lenity! Instead of the stake and the fagot, (fit recompense for your obstinate heresies,) you are condemned to the milder chastisement of banishment. And the clemency of the Church does not end here—she still offers reconciliation and forgiveness. Recant, even now—now at the eleventh hour—and I give you her blessing and her peace."

Caspar's whole frame trembled; he felt his wife's eyes fixed on him, anxiously, if not imploringly; he saw his boys, pale with terror by his side: and who can wonder if for a moment he hesitated? But the indignant exclamation of Conrad at the proposal recalled him to the recollection of his oath. "I dare not deny what I believe to be God's truth," he replied, in a low but steady voice; and Christina sank down in despair and terror on the sheaf beside which she stood.

"Then your blood be upon your own

heads," said the Churchman, and turning away, he made room for the soldiers, who immediately surrounded the peasants, and ordered them to begin their march.

"We shall surely be allowed to go home, and make some preparation for our journey," said Caspar; "at least allow us to fetch our coats." For they had not their upper garments on, having left them in the house, that they might be less encumbered in their labors.

"You must not be so nice," returned one of the soldiers, roughly; "it is no slight thing to have escaped burning. You may put up with the loss of a coat, when your lives are saved only by a hair's-breadth."

"You would not send a woman forth without a cloak to cover her from the cold and rain," remonstrated Conrad, as calmly as he was able, for he could scarcely keep down the rage which burned within him.

"You'll be warm enough when you join your master, Luther, down below yonder," returned one of the soldiers, with a laugh, and his brutal jest was received with applause and merriment by his comrades.

"Come, mistress, we must be moving," said another; "we are losing time, and we have plenty of this kind of work on our hands just now."

"There is one who clothes the lily, and cares for the sparrow," muttered Wolfganger, and taking his wife's arm to support her tottering steps, he prepared to obey. "Come, lads, take each other by the hand, and follow your mother and me. Let us meet our affliction with patience, and thank God that he has sent it to us while we are all together to help one another to bear it."

Their conductors hesitated. "No, no," said one, "that will scarcely be our order of march, I fancy." And they looked toward their leaders, to ask for further orders.

The heads of the party were at that moment engaged in consultation. The humbler ecclesiastic had heard what passed between the peasants and the soldiers, and he now begged of the commanding officer that the petition of the former might be granted. After some little demur, on the ground of such an indulgence causing unnecessary delay, the request was acceded to, and orders were given for conveying the party to the house, and

allowing them to take their usual articles of clothing and some provisions. The man to whom these commands were intimated looked surprised, but bowed, and asked whether the boys were to accompany their parents. "O no! certainly not," was the answer; "at least I suppose the Church does not consider these boys too old to be taken under her care."

"God forbid!" said the Churchman: "the Church does not condemn the innocent lambs with the polluted goats! The children remain behind; they may yet become worthy members of the true communion, and learn to pray for their erring parents."

When this decision was intimated to the peasants, it was some time before either parents or children could believe that they heard aright; and the scene that ensued, when they did fully comprehend their situation, baffles description. At first Christina sprung almost fiercely toward her children, declaring that death alone should part her from them. The next moment she fell, weeping and wringing her hands, at the feet of those who had pronounced the bitter sentence, praying for mercy. But a stern command to hasten her parting embraces, was the only answer to her entreaties. The unhappy parents held the boys in a convulsive embrace, and were so absorbed in their misery, that they did not hear or attend to the permission which was granted them to return to the cottage and provide themselves with a few necessities for their journey.

Fortunately Conrad was more self-possessed, or they might have lost the chance of obtaining this slight mitigation of their sufferings. He followed the compassionate priest, who had undertaken to see this order executed. Some of the soldiers accompanied them, the rest stood waiting near the afflicted group, for, rude as they were, they seemed for a few moments awed into patience by a scene of suffering so intense.

Conrad was allowed short time for making his selection from the household goods, and when he returned with the most necessary articles of wearing apparel which he had been able to find, and a loaf or two of rye-bread, the soldiers intimated to the parents and children that they must part.

"O no, no!" cried the heart-broken

mother; "we will promise anything, will we not, husband? but do not tear us from our children!"

There is no telling how Caspar's constancy might have stood this new temptation, had he not been spared the trial. The chiefs of the party had disappeared, and the soldiers received this speech of Christina with a brutal laugh. "No, no!" cried they, "you do n't slip through our fingers in that way; it is too late to talk of recanting now."

"Father will not recant," said Rudolph, stoutly, drying his eyes, and checking his sobs, while his color rose with indignation; "you shall tear us in pieces first!"

"Hey-day!" laughed one of the soldiers, "the holy fathers will have some trouble with that sprig, or I'm mistaken?"

"A well-broken colt is no worse for a bit of spirit to begin with," remarked another.

"He'll be a good son of the Church yet, under proper management," said a third.

At these remarks, uttered in the most insulting tone, Rudolph's indignation rose to the highest pitch, and he was about to reply, but his eye fell on his weeping mother, and he could think of nothing but her. He restrained his tears for her sake:—"O mother, mother," he cried, "do not weep! God will take care of us and of you too!"

"Bless thee, my brave boy!" said his father, "he will! And listen, Rudolph," added he, taking the sobbing Hans gently from his poor wife, and placing him in his brother's arms; "you must be father, mother—all to him."

Rudolph raised his eyes to his father's, almost proud of the charge, even in that moment of agony, and his look promised obedience, though he could not speak. Once more he clung round his father's neck, then he felt his arm seized, he heard a wild cry from his mother, he turned giddy, and was for some minutes unconscious of what was passing around him. When he recovered his recollection, they were gone!

Yes! they were indeed gone! and the boys were so engrossed by that one thought, which had in it so much of sorrow, that they looked on almost with indifference while a scene was acted before their eyes which at any other time would

have filled them with indignation and distress. They saw the cottage plundered of everything which was of the slightest value, and the spoil divided without ceremony among the soldiers.

The work of destruction was soon accomplished. The horses of the soldiers were loaded with all that could be plundered, and the whole party were soon in order for marching.

"Fire the hut," suggested one, as they prepared to leave the dismantled abode; "smoke and flame will be a warning to the heretics, and teach them to amend their ways."

The proposal was received with a shout, and, without regard to the expostulations of the ecclesiastic, who had been left in charge of the children, was instantly carried into effect. Hans and Rudolph covered their faces, as they beheld the house which had sheltered them all their lives enveloped in devouring flames. But they soon lost sight of the mournful spectacle. It was growing late, and, as it was the intention of the party to convey the children to the little town of Berchtesgaden for the night, they hastened their departure. The boys were each taken up by a soldier, placed before him on his horse, and quickly borne, with heavy hearts and streaming eyes, far from the home of their infancy.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE STUDENT.

TOLLING o'er the thumb-worn book
Sat a student in his chair;
Dim his eye, and wan his look;
On his brow the lines of care,
Where 't were sad so soon to see,
Haste! for immortality.

O'er the old historic page,
In the dark, mysterious past,
Through the world's primeval age,
Tired memory hurried fast,
From that sentence never free,
Haste! for immortality.

Language, with her hundred tongue,
Ever babbling in his ear,
Through his soul the message rung,
Life-long work awaits you here:
Give the hours unmarr'd to me;
Haste! for immortality.

In the desk, or capitol,
In the work-shop or the mine,
Of sternest wrestlings life is full;
Bursts there oft from souls divine,
The mournful, agonizing plea,
Haste! for immortality.

In the liquid songs of love
Rises still the pale youth's cry,
As when some forsaken dove
Breathes her moanings to the sky;
Thrilling though love's raptures be,
Haste! for immortality.

Write a deathless sentence! write,
Write! though no reward it bring;
Weary day, and weary night,
Somber sadness o'er him fling,
Clouding all his youthful glee,
Haste! for immortality.

Brave a proud world's silly scorn!
First, it always spurns the great;
From its frowns resolves are born,
Bringing triumph, though too late.
Fame may yet encourage thee,
Haste! for immortality.

Near the weary couch of pain
Watch'd the student's angel wife,
To allay his throbbing brain,
Still to stay that precious life;
Vainly all—for soon did he
Haste to immortality.

L. W. F.

[For the National Magazine.]

TREAD LIGHTLY.

BY AN ARTIST.

TREAD lightly, tread light o'er the teeming
ground;
For at every step you take
More beauty you crush in your heedless round,
Than your puny arm can make.

The simplest blade, or the humblest flower,
Which adorns your mother earth,
As far transcends your boasted power
As the Hand that gave it birth.

Some beautiful rose should an angel bring,
That bloom'd erst in Eden's bower,
You would treasure it long as a sacred thing,
And gaze on it many an hour.

And knowest thou not that each lovely form
Was made by the same great Hand?
The Being that frowns from the brow of the
storm,
Scatters dew-drops and flowers o'er the land.

Then thoughtfully gaze on each fragrant gem
That adorns the verdant sod;
Tread lightly, and crush not the tenderest stem,
Nor mar the fair works of God.

Tread lightly and humbly, for earth has
naught
You should pass with a careless eye;
Remember, vain man, what cost God a thought,
You may not pass heedlessly by.

Tread lightly, nor dream that the glories
divine
Are confined to the heavens above;
Around and beneath us his attributes shine,
Proclaiming, "Jehovah is love."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SCHOOLMEN AND THEIR LABOR.

THE end of the twelfth century was also the terminus of that thickest darkness which had traveled over the intellectual world. A long night of ignorance and barbarism was about to pass away. Its fearful gloom had rested sullenly and almost hopelessly on the human mind. Superstition and bigotry, hand in hand, like ghostly specters, stalked abroad through the whole earth. A universal paralysis had seized on mankind, even paralyzing every thought of energetic action or advancement. The first glimmerings of light with which the historic page furnishes us, are seen in some successful struggles toward *political* amelioration. The inhabitants of the cities demanded and obtained personal freedom and municipal jurisdiction. Their aspirations after civil liberty and political power, thus enkindled, were soon gratified; as the sovereigns wisely discerned that such an order in the state would do much to supply the exigencies of the crown and repress the encroachments of the nobles. Their enfranchisement opened the way for the abolition of villinage, and in the most enlightened countries the odious names of master and slave went into desuetude. An advance was soon made toward a more regular administration of justice. The trial by ordeal and by duel was abolished in most countries before the close of the thirteenth century, and various attempts were made to restrain the practice of private war.

Still no effectual progress toward an intellectual renovation was discernible, till the discovery of a copy of Justinian's Pandects, at Amalphi, in Italy. The age had too little taste to relish the beauty of the Roman classics, but immediately perceived the merit of a system of laws in which all the points most interesting to mankind were settled with precision, discernment, and equity. The Justinian code was studied with eagerness, and professors of civil law were appointed to teach this new science in most countries of Europe. Here was the first grand impulse which awoke the slumbering intellect of Europe. The study of law had a large influence upon letters. The knowledge of a variety of sciences became necessary, in order to expound with judg-

ment the civil code; and the same passion which made men pursue juridical science with so much ardor, made them anxious to excel in every branch of literature. Colleges and universities were founded; a regular course of studies was planned, and a regular set of professors established.

But unhappily a false taste infected all these schools. The schoolmen derived their principles of science from foreign sources, and instead of improving them by thorough study and critical comparisons, or enriching them by new discoveries, they yielded to them a servile obedience and blind adoration. From the Greeks they took their theology, and from the Arabs their philosophy. The one had been rendered a system of metaphysical refinement and endless controversy, and to the other had been communicated a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Thus the whole system of the schoolmen rested on the Aristotelian basis, already corrupted by age and unfaithful usage. In this crude state of learning a multitude of sects sprang up, and the endless discussions arising between the respective champions, together with the religious and political influences under which they acted, furnish the chief feature in the scholastic writings.

That wonderful energy of thought is everywhere displayed in the works of the schoolmen, no one will pretend to deny. Abelard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus were very giants in intellect. But that such mighty powers should have been devoted to puerile questions and modes of dispute admitting of no termination and producing no conviction, has called forth the indignation of learned men in all the subsequent ages. They could write immense folio volumes on such questions as "whether the *idea* we form of a horse is the same as the horse itself." Thomas Aquinas has furnished us with evidences of his splendid genius in three hundred and fifty-eight articles on *angels*; "treating of their nature, orders, habits, and offices, as if he himself had been an old experienced angel." Right worthily did he win the title of the "Angelic Doctor." Learned and powerful disquisitions were penned on "the number of angels which might dance on the point of a very fine needle without jostling one another." Much ink was shed on "the color of the Virgin Mary's hair"—enough, indeed, to have determined that matter,

had she been a common mortal! These, it is true, are only the extreme absurdities of which these philosophers were guilty; but their most important works are now nearly unknown; and the undisturbed dust of ages has accumulated upon their volumes in all the great libraries of Europe.

But among mountains of rubbish we sometimes find particles of gold, and in interminable heaps of chaff are frequently seeds which contain the germs of a future luxuriant harvest. We are not to judge of the value of scholastic literature by any particular amount of knowledge displayed in it, nor by the number of new scientific principles involved or implied. These would be fair criterions in an age when the intellect had been allowed unfettered action, and the march of mind had been free from interposing obstacles. But such was not the character of the times of which we now speak. The great founders of the schools had laid down the Peripatetic system as the immutable basis of the whole structure of philosophy. A corrupt Church, exercising a despotic sway, not only over the consciences, but also over the minds of men, forbade the free discussion of all those great questions upon which the decisions of an ignorant and bigoted hierarchy had been pronounced infallible; and brought all its enginery to bear against the glorious awakening of intellect, as if to haul it back again into the darkness of the past and bring it under the mountains of a barbarous superstition. Nor could attention be profitably directed to the practical elevation and improvement of society. The masses were grossly ignorant, and there was no medium through which they could be reached. Language was in a transition state, and the barbarous Teutonic dialects mingling with the Latin had only arrived at a condition of hopeless jargon, which had nowhere been reduced to a written system. Europe in the preceding ages had possessed no literature; and the new creation of which the schoolmen were laying the foundations, had no means to communicate itself except in the Latin language.

Effectually debarred by these obstacles from going forth to establish a pure and elevating literature, they were compelled to exercise their talents and consume their energies on impractical abstractions and metaphysical speculations, which, by their very subtilties, escaped the denun-

ciations and anathemas of priestly bigotry and papal intolerance. Yet these same impediments, paradoxical though it may seem, ultimately contributed in no small degree to the growth of mental power. The inquisitive and nicely discriminating spirit of the philosophers was preparing the human intellect for that mighty action which, in due season, was put forth with such glorious results. The newly awakened spirit of the world extended its influence with astonishing rapidity, till thousands and tens of thousands of students flocked to the universities of Paris, and Bologna, and Oxford. The mind, by a continual struggle with the shadowy beings that people the realms of metaphysics, gathered strength to attack those more practical theories which can be established only by inductive reasoning. It was a species of "intellectual gymnastics," by which the soul acquired the power so long wanting, but so needful.

At the close of the fourteenth century, the ever-rising surges of spiritual power had acquired an accumulated impulse which could no longer be restrained. Tyrannical edicts failed to check it; the cold conservatism which dares not step from the line of established precedents was routed again and again. Poets, and orators, and philosophers began to act in accordance with the dictates of humanity and reason. The prophetic voices of a religious renovation were heard in the hamlets of England and the woods of Bohemia. Still the glowing stream swept on for another hundred years; when, as if a master spirit were riding on the storm and directing its course, it rushed with overwhelming force on the formidable barriers obstructing its progress, and the clarion notes of the Reformation, sounding forth from the very center of civilization, declared that the minds and consciences of men were in their own keeping.

The chief restraints being overcome, the mind brought forward still more powerful aids to its advancement. Printing and other new inventions furnished unprecedented facilities for the spread of knowledge. The intellect, elevated to a superior height, hesitated no longer to examine that great system on which its philosophy was founded; and Bacon's genius completed the demolition of the corrupted Aristotelian basis. Thus national character, which is at first the cause and

in turn the effect of the current literature, became gradually changed, resulting in more liberal forms of government, a more elevated philosophy, and a purer system of religion. From the time of the schoolmen the world's literature has advanced, mingled with the genial spirit of Christianity, till hand in hand they are moving forward to the accomplishment of a glorious destiny—the redemption of the world from an abject sensuality to a higher and holier condition.

MOZART, AND HIS REQUIEM.

It was during the composition of the *Zauberflöte* that the eruption of those symptoms which portend decay of the vital powers, and a general breaking up of the constitution, first appeared. As usual, he grew interested in his work, and wrote by day and night; but not as formerly, with impunity. He sank over this composition into frequent swoons, in which he remained for several minutes before consciousness returned. His health suffered so much, that in the month of June (1791) he suspended for a time his labors on the *Zauberflöte*, and made a short excursion to Baden. There he produced his *Ave verum corpus*, a strain of such calm but exalted religious feeling as may well interpret his sensations in sickness and solitude. The *Zauberflöte* is entered in his catalogue as finished in July, though it was not performed till the 30th of September, after the composer's return from Prague. That it was not quite finished, however, at that time, but submitted to various alterations and additions, which rendered the *Zauberflöte*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Requiem*, contemporaneous subjects of thought, will presently appear.

And now comes one of the most curious incidents in his life. Early in August, the composer was one day surprised by the entrance of a stranger, who brought him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, by what time he could be ready with it, and his price. The unknown expressed himself on the occasion in a manner as flattering as it was mysterious. Mozart, who was never accustomed to engage in any undertaking without consulting his wife, related to her the singular proposition made to him, adding, that

he should much like to try his hand in a work of that character, as the elevated and the pathetic in Church music was his favorite style. She advised him to accept the engagement; and he accordingly wrote an answer, stating his terms for the composition, excusing himself from naming the precise time of its completion, but desiring to know where it should be sent when finished. In a few days the messenger returned, paid twenty-five ducats, half the price required, in advance, and informed the composer that as his demand was so moderate he might expect a considerable present on the completing the score. He was to follow the bent of his own genius in the work, but to give himself no trouble to discover who employed him, as it would be in vain. On the departure of the stranger he fell into a profound reverie; then, suddenly calling for pen, ink, and paper, began to write. He had not proceeded far, before his progress was interrupted by the commission to compose an opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, at Prague. The subject proposed by the council of the Bohemian nobility was *La Clemenza di Tito*. The whole idea of this opera seems to have been unreasonably deferred, and the work was now to be completed on an emergency. About the 18th of August he set off for Prague, accompanied by his wife, and his pupil Süssmayer: he commenced the composition in his traveling carriage, and finished it at Prague in eighteen days. He carried with him a number of little slips of ruled paper, on which he noted various subjects to be afterward amplified. Such was the nature of his traveling labors, now, from the great diversion of his thoughts, unusually necessary as an aid to memory. The unaccompanied recitative, that is to say the dialogue merely accompanied by a pianoforte, was wholly committed to Süssmayer.

Just as Mozart and his wife were entering their traveling carriage for Prague, the stranger who had brought the commission for the requiem suddenly reappeared. "How will the requiem proceed now?" he inquired. Mozart excused himself on account of the necessity of the journey, and the impossibility of giving intelligence of it to his anonymous employer; but expressed his determination to make the work his first care on his return. This assurance gave satisfaction.

In this anecdote, which, it must be admitted, is abundantly mysterious and provocative, we have the source of the supernatural origin to which the *Requiem* is popularly ascribed. To a man in Mozart's condition of weakness and melancholy, which by degrees filled him with prepossessions approaching insanity, the unexpected appearance of the bearer of this ghostly commission from a concealed hand, might easily suggest that it was a communication from the other world.

Throughout the whole of his visit to Prague, Mozart was ill, and took medicine incessantly. An unusual paleness overspread his countenance, and its expression was languid and melancholy, though in the cheerful society of friends his spirits occasionally revived.

On taking leave of the circle of his acquaintance at Prague he was unusually affected, and shed tears, for it was with a strong presentiment of his approaching death, and that he should see them no more.

Toward the close of September he was again at Vienna, where the *Zauberflöte* only awaited the last touches to be quite ready for representation. On the 28th of this month he composed the memorable overture, and a priests' march, in which he seems to have cast a retrospective glance on a similar subject in *Idomeneo*. The opera was produced on the 30th with a success which fully warranted the manager's prediction.

He had causes of pleasure independently of the music, in the success of the *Zauberflöte*. He saw himself surrounded by friends whom this effort had benefited: on the stage were his friend Schack, the original Tamino; the manager Schickaneder (his treachery as yet unknown) as Papageno; Mad. Hofer, his wife's sister; and in the orchestra was her husband. There was a numerous company in this theater with whom Mozart was on familiar terms; and thus in conducting his opera, he had more of the charm of private sympathy, and was more emphatically "at home."

When confined to his house, and no longer able to attend the performances of the *Zauberflöte*, he would place his watch by his side, and follow it in imagination. "Now the first act is over," he would say; "now they are singing such an air," &c.; and then the thought of his approaching

end would strike him with melancholy. It was in this state of mind that he worked at the *Requiem*, partly at home, but more frequently at the Laimgrube in Trattner's garden. Schack and Süssmayer were much with him during the progress of this work; and it was his custom as soon as he had finished a movement to have it sung, while he played over the orchestral part on the pianoforte.

One fine day in the autumn his wife drove with him to the Prater. As soon as they had reached a solitary spot, and were seated together, Mozart began to speak of death, and said he was writing this *Requiem* for himself. She tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies, but in vain, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered her, "No, no, I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this idea."

Shocked to hear him talk thus, yet unable herself to persuade him how groundless were his suspicions, or to administer effectual consolation, she determined to consult a physician; and with his approbation the score of the *Requiem* was taken away. This, for a time, had a good effect; the removal of the work which so fatally excited his imagination, caused a sensible improvement in his health, and by the middle of November he was so far recovered as to be able to attend a meeting of his old friends the Freemasons. Their joy at seeing him again among them, and the excellent performance of a little cantata which he had just written for them, entitled "The Praise of Friendship," (*Das Lob der Freundschaft*), greatly revived his spirits. On reaching home after this festival, he said to his wife, "O, Stänert, how madly they have gone on about my cantata. If I did not know that I had written better things, I should have thought that my best composition." He now entreated to have his *Requiem* restored, that he might complete it as soon as possible; and his wife, no longer seeing any objection, complied.

With the *Requiem* his former illness returned. About the 21st of November his hands and feet began to swell, he was seized with sudden sickness, and an almost total incapacity of motion. In this state he was removed to the bed from which he never rose again. During the fourteen

days in which he lay thus, his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; he had a strong desire for life, though little expectation of it, and his behavior was generally tranquil and resigned.

Throughout his illness music was still a subject of the greatest interest to him. The *Requiem* lay almost continually on his bed, and Süssmayer was frequently at his side receiving instructions as to effects, the production of which by an orchestra he could never expect to superintend personally. One of his last efforts was an attempt to explain to Süssmayer an effect of the drum in the *Requiem*; he was observed in doing this to blow out his cheeks, and express his meaning by a noise intelligible to the musician.

At two o'clock on the same day, which was that of his death, he had been visited by some performers of Schikaneder's theater, his intimate friends. The ruling passion was now strongly exemplified. He desired the score of the *Requiem* to be brought, and it was sung by his visitors round his bed;—himself taking the alto part, Schack sang the soprano, Hofer, his brother-in-law, the tenor, and Gori the bass. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It may appear incredible that Mozart should be in a condition to sing after an illness of a fortnight's duration, in which his weakness was such, that he was obliged to be drawn forward whenever he required to sit up in his bed. But there is no reason to doubt the fact; for, besides the circumstantial testimony of Schack, to whom we owe this anecdote, it is well known that other musicians, whose death was caused by some one of the insidious forms of consumption, have sung a few hours before their departure.

Throughout this day he was possessed with a strong presentiment of the near approach of death, and now gave himself up, relinquishing every hope that he had hitherto occasionally cherished. His physicians, indeed, thought unfavorably of his case from the first; and one of them, Dr. Sallaba, some days previously, had pronounced him beyond all human aid.

It was late in the evening of December 5, 1771, that his sister-in-law returned, but only to witness his dissolution. She had left him so much better, that she did

not hasten to him. Her own account may now be given:—

"How shocked was I, when my sister, usually so calm and self-possessed, met me at the door, and in a half-distracted manner, said, 'God be thanked that you are here! Since you left he has been so ill that I never expected him to outlive this day. Should he be so again, he will die to-night. Go to him, and see how he is.' As I approached the bed he called to me—'It is well that you are here: you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried as far as I was able to banish this impression, but he replied, 'The taste of death is already on my tongue—I taste death; and who will be near to support my Constance if you go away?' I returned to my mother for a few moments to give her intelligence, for she was anxiously waiting, as she might else have supposed the fatal event already over; and then hurried back to my disconsolate sister. Süssmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the *Requiem*, concerning which Mozart was still speaking and giving directions. He now called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsberger, that he might thus have an advantage over other candidates for the vacant office of Kapellmeister to St. Stephen's. His desire in this respect was gratified, for Albrechtsberger received the appointment. As he looked over the pages of the *Requiem* for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Did not I tell you that I was writing this for myself?'

"On the arrival of the physician, Dr. Closset, cold applications were ordered to his burning head, a process endured by the patient with extreme shuddering, and which brought on the delirium from which he never recovered. He remained in this state for two hours, and at midnight expired."

Thus died Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, at the age of thirty-five years and ten months. The funeral, with the arrangements for which Baron von Swieten charged himself, was unostentatious to meanness, and far from such as befitted the obsequies of so great a man. The mortal remains of the composer were deposited in the cemetery of St. Marxer Linie, near Vienna.

A common, undistinguished grave, received the coffin, which was then left without memorial—almost forgotten—for nearly twenty years; and when, in 1808, some inquiries were made as to the precise spot of the interment, all that the sexton could tell was, that, at the latter end of 1791, the space about the third and fourth row from the cross was being occupied with graves; but the contents of these graves being from time to time exhumed, nothing could be determined concerning that which was once Mozart.

[For the National Magazine.]

ROWLAND HILL.

IF Thackeray, whose admirable lectures on the English humorists one can well afford to hear or read half-a-dozen times, would only turn his attention to another class of men than those whose characters he has so nicely dissected, we should get another illustration of his fine critical powers, and he another round of national applause; to say nothing of "material aid" to his home comforts. As he can go so gracefully from grave to gay, and from the summits of the sublime down to the borders of the ridiculous, when Trollope humor requires it, we should enjoy exceedingly a delineation from his pen of the characters of Baxter, Bunyan, South, the Wesleys, Rowland Hill, Sydney Smith, Dr. Chalmers, and the clerical madeap, Irving; and to complete the circle, he might introduce Robert Hall, John Foster, and Christmas Evans—a dozen capital names, which, taken in connection with their times, would constitute excellent themes upon which to construct a series of literary lectures. The substantial and exhilarating interest which they would afford would not be a whit behind the names of Swift, or Addison, or Steele. Rowland Hill was infinitely a better man than Swift; and in learning and wit by no means his inferior. It is true he never wrote "The Tale of a Tub," or "The Travels of Gulliver," or "The History of the Kingdoms of Lilliput" and "Brobdingnag;" but he could have done either with as much facility and humor as the dean of St. Patrick's himself. He wrote and accomplished other things vastly beyond the capacity or disposition of Swift to perform. As for Sydney Smith, whose ashes are hardly cold in the grave, he was a match for Swift in any sense. He had as much wit, as mean a heart, and was as great a disgrace to the Christian ministry. If our lecturer should choose a clear-headed and warm-hearted clergyman, well fed, and every inch an Englishman and a tory, he has only to cast his glare over the clerical constellation we have furnished him, and select the name of South—good old Dr. South—with his lion heart, which was never more lion-like than when it pulsed underneath his gown and bands. No man ever knew how to love a king and hate a Puritan so well as he: and no one of the hundred embryo

popes in the English Church at the restoration of the monarchy could send Charles II. to heaven with such rapture, or damn poor Cromwell with such zest, as this same Dr. South. I will agree to dine Thackeray, or any other competent man, at the Revere or the Astor, the Irving or the St. Nicholas, any day, if he will read me a good lecture on the life and times of Dr. South. Richard Baxter, as a subject of critical dissection, might not afford so much opportunity for sport as Richard, (I beg pardon,) Sir Richard Steele. In managing Baxter's case, one would of necessity be more serious. Neither Macaulay nor Thackeray, when speaking of the brave old Nonconformist, would ever think of saying *Dick Baxter!* His ghost would haunt them a fortnight after uttering the familiar impertinence. Not so in the presence of "Sir Richard." In his company they could laugh, empty a pot of English ale, crack their jokes; and then go off and tell stories, write and lecture about "poor *Dick Steele!*" And yet, I insist upon it, the life and times of Richard Baxter, wrought into such a shape as some one of the "modern essayists" could give it, would be a deeply interesting, and, in portions, a thrilling theme. But commend me even to the reading and study of the "Baptist tinker!" His quaint originality; his deep pathos; his simple and unaffected piety; his fruitful imagination, always teeming with images, and pictures, and characters—sublime, beautiful, and grotesque; his dauntless courage, and patient endurance; his thorough humanity; and his lofty sympathy with the exalted purposes of religion; his homely, but accurate and solid English; these, and a thousand other good things not now to be mentioned, have made John Bunyan a favorite with all the world. The Christians love him, and so do the critics, the poets, and painters; the learned and the ignorant; and children of the first and second editions. Bunyan in the person of his Pilgrim is always a welcome guest. No man need be ashamed to keep his company, or to "present" him on any occasion. And so I might go on and say lots of good things of John and Charles Wesley. I might tell the world, after the advertisement has been before it this hundred years, that they were both poets; but that Charles was a better poet than John, and John a better preacher and legislator than

Charles. This might be news to some ; but not as fresh as the talk of the telegraph, in the opinion of well-read men. Taking respectful leave of the fathers of Methodism, I could introduce myself and reader to the prince of modern pulpit orators, and listen awhile to the incomparable discourses of Robert Hall, in the Baptist church, Cambridge, or in the chapel at Broadmead, Bristol ; and, if the reader is a clergyman, he may feel very much as Hall himself once felt under a sermon at London, and begin to talk of "never preaching again." What a noble theme for the critic is the character of Robert Hall ! John Foster thought so ; and improved it well. Speaking of Foster reminds us that he, too, was a minister ; but never a popular or successful one. He never could get an eligible settlement ; and never could command a congregation of over two or three hundred.

Turning to the land of John Knox, we find a glorious old man leading the Kirk of Scotland ; and when the Kirk of Scotland became "fit," and "kicked" *a la* Jeshurun of the olden times, and would no longer be led, we find Dr. Chalmers, at the head of four hundred ministers, going out like Abraham into the world, "not knowing whither they went." And what a character to study and delineate is that of Chalmers ? And before we think of entering on this entrancing work, how one wishes he could have listened to those mighty fulminations which were poured forth from the Tron pulpit in Glasgow, or those elaborate prelections which emanated from the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews ! The reviewers and orators will not very soon get through with their dissections and portraiture of this modern Demosthenes. Leaving them all in Scotland, I have but one more nomination to make for the benefit of Mr. Thackeray, or anybody else who wishes to be benefited, and that shall be made from the mountains of the principality. Here is Rev. Christmas Evans, courteous reader—the one-eyed Baptist preacher of Wales—whose sermons on the "Battle of Calvary," and on the "Demoniae of Gadara," are not only unique but inimitable. When he preached the latter discourse, for the first half-hour the people laughed, the next half-hour they wept, and the next hour they surged to and fro, like the storm-agitated sea. The Welsh mountains never echoed to such an elo-

quence as that of Evans ; and for fifty years its thunders rung to the profoundest depths of error and sin through all the principality.

I hope I shall be pardoned this truancy from the work I took in hand. The temptation to glance at these great names was too strong for me, especially while I knew that yielding to the literary sin would keep the reader in excellent company, and ultimate in an off-hand sketch of Rowland Hill.

"The Rev. Rowland Hill was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawksstone, in the chapelry of Weston, and parish of Hodnet, under Red Castle, in which one of his ancestors was confined for his adherence to the cause of Charles I." The Hill family can trace its history to the times of Edward I. In the different branches of the family there were some four or five Rowlands, one of whom, Sir Rowland Hill, was the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. But as it is not particularly important that my sovereign readers shall be informed how many baronets and sprigs of nobility, connected with the Hill family, can be fished up from the oblivion of genealogical records, I shall not touch the task. It is a piece of information worth vastly more to know, that Rev. Rowland Hill, a baronet's son, was born at Hawksstone, the 23d of August, 1745, and died at his residence in St. George's Fields, London, the 19th of April, 1833, within twenty-three months of ninety years' pilgrimage.

Unlike many great men, Rowland Hill was not a dunce in his childhood, nor a blockhead in his youth ; neither was he as precocious as some children. He was a smart, active lad, attending to the pranks and "cutting up the shins," in which sensible boys, generally, take immense delight. "Little Rowly" was a great favorite in Sir Rowland's aristocratic family. He had a brother older than himself, to whom he was greatly attached, and who, on the decease of Sir Rowland, inherited the family estates and titles, and for many years sat in the House of Commons as Sir Richard Hill.

These different relations and prospects appear to have been well understood by the boys, and properly appreciated by them both. There is no account that Dick and Rowly Hill ever quarrelled

about their different fortunes, arising from the British laws of primogeniture; though it is said that one day, when Sir Rowland was occupying his own chair, and taking his comfort, (as nobody but a well-to-do Englishman knows how to take it,) in answer to the question what he should like to be when he grew up, Rowly said, "he *should* like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair."

While he was yet a boy he became a Christian, chiefly through the instrumentality of his brother Richard. His piety was genuine, vigorous, earnest, and practical. The strength of his faith and the ardor of his love led him to immediate efforts for the benefit of others; and the embryo man was also the embryo preacher. At the age of nineteen he became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, the rules of which he never could keep so long as any were sick or in prison, to whom he could carry a word of warning or comfort. It was during these college years that he became acquainted with good old Mr. Berridge, minister of Everton, and George Whitefield, whose counsels and ministrations were of incalculable benefit to him. He needed the encouragements and admonitions of these holy men; for during these and later years he was the object of some severe treatment among his friends, and of persecution at the university. The heads of college, and "gownsmen and townsmen" had but little sympathy with the robust piety and burning zeal of the erratic student. At the age of twenty-three he took his bachelor's degree; and earnestly desired and sought to enter into holy orders. For this Sir Rowland had intended the son who bore his name. The sacred office was not only Christian but highly respectable; and the rich old baronet had several nice "livings" of the Church at his disposal.

Young Rowland Hill, however, had been too earnest a Christian and too lax a Churchman in college, to find ready access to clerical orders and Church livings. Six bishops were unanimous in this opinion, and refused to ordain him. He was disappointed, and in a measure cast down, but not destroyed. Practically he turned clergyman on his own responsibility, and went about the country preaching to the poor wherever he could obtain a hearing. To enable him to do so, a friend presented him with a nice little pony, and as his

necessities occurred, others gave him small sums of money. So that like Whitefield and Wesley he took the kingdom for his circuit, and would have been glad to have had the "world for his parish." He was ardent in temperament, popular in address, and won upon the neglected sinners of every class. He was thus early a whole-hearted Christian minister, and thought vastly more of his joint heirship with the "Man of sorrows" than he did of being an English baronet's son. Sir Rowland was greatly vexed to have his hopes of Rowly thus cut off by Methodist notions of religion, and the vagrancy of evangelism, and resorted to commands, menaces, and the curtailment of supplies, to neutralize the religious pertinacity of his son. It was unavailing. The convictions of duty and the advice of good old Mr. Berridge kept the young graduate on the back of his pony, going from town to county, calling sinners to repentance. This was his chosen calling, and to this he subordinated all other things. He desired ordination in the Established Church, but he would never accept it upon the condition of "regularity," as expounded by the bishops. He would be his own judge of ministerial privilege, and in 1773 the Bishop of Bath and Wells ordained him deacon on his own terms:—"without any promise or condition whatever." This was as far as prelacy ever allowed him to go in the Church. About this time he was married to a Miss Tudway, a young Christian lady after his own heart, and with whom he lived in the highest domestic felicity for more than sixty years. No sooner was he in orders and wedlock, than he was off preaching in the rural districts, and to the colliers, getting salary in the shape of lampoons, peltings, and burnings in effigy. In 1774 we find him preaching in London, Chatham and Sheerness, Bristol, Wotton, Gloucester, with journeys through Wiltshire and Wales, Mrs. Hill in his company; and wherever he came a blessing was brought to the people. In 1779 and 1780 his preaching in London was attended with remarkable success. He sought the degraded and neglected portions of the city, and in St. George's Fields he preached to congregations estimated as high as twenty thousand. This locality became his metropolitan anchorage, and in 1782 his friends built for him Surrey Chapel, where

for fifty years he continued to preach with unrivaled popularity and success. He was not confined, however, to Surrey Chapel. He had several other preaching places. At Wotton, especially, he had a fine country seat and chapel, whither he retreated from the heat and dust of London during the summer months. He was fond of frequent excursions to remote parts of the kingdom, and several times during his pastorate at Surrey Chapel, we hear of him in the principality, and in the Scotch metropolis. That he might enjoy these releases from London life and work, he kept several "helpers," or lay preachers, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Wesley, in the incipency of the Methodist societies. To these helpers he was a father, providing them means of subsistence, and imparting to them all needful instruction, particularly in the methods of converting sinners to Christ.

Rowland Hill was a unique character. There was nothing ordinary or finical about him. His mind was extraordinary for its strength, its compass, and its fertility. Had he been so disposed, he could have wielded the logician's hammer, and forged and formed the links in the chain of irrefutable reasonings, or he could have excelled in the graces and accomplishments of the rhetorician. At the bar or in the senate he would have been no ordinary champion or antagonist. And so he would have made a splendid English gentleman, sportsman, or lord; and he did make an accomplished Christian and a preacher of transcendent power. Wherever Rowland Hill preached,—whether in Surrey Chapel, or Tottenham Court, among the coal-pits or Welsh mountains, or on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh,—there the people went by thousands. And this popularity was not peculiar to his young life, or the strength of his manhood; it continued even when autumn and winter swept their desolations over his declining years. His physical strength was enormous. He could preach four times a day, and then talk and commune with his friends in the most ravishing manner until eleven or twelve o'clock, when, glancing at the chronometer, he would declare it was time for all Methodist preachers to be in bed, and then, with rapt thanksgivings, seek

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,
Balmy sleep."

He possessed a good and available stock of simon-pure common-sense, a generous but cutting wit, clear and nice perceptions, a vivid sense of the ludicrous, a boundless sympathy, and an exhaustless fund of humor; these were all combined with courtly manners, and the whole were consecrated to religion.

In this respect, how widely he differed from the great selfish, joking Dean of St. Patrick's! Swift was also a minister; but his *heart* was never in the work of saving men. Place and profit, luxury and reputation, were the governing motives of his life. He loved the sunshine of baronial and royal favor, and spent his life and exhausted his great abilities to win the smiles of nobles and the wonder of the multitude. He wrote novels, criticisms, and poetry; and earned himself an enviable place among the classical English writers. But Jonathan Swift was seldom happy—in his old age, never. The eminent statesmen and poets had applauded him, and the scholars and freethinkers of the realm had done him homage; but the recollections of a wasted life made him write to Lord Bolingbroke of dying "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Rowland Hill was the son of a nobleman, and could read the records of his family through five hundred years, back to the times of Edward I.; but as we have already remarked, he thought vastly more of his joint-heirship with Christ, and the record of his own name in the Book of Life, than of all the splendors and privileges of lineal descent; and he would a thousand times rather win a soul from sin than all the honors of the scholar, the statesman, or the hero.

Very much of the charm of Rowland Hill's preaching was found in his simplicity, the naturalness and aptness of his illustrations, and the unaffected earnestness of his manner. In the pulpit he never affected the nice accuracies of the scholar, or the awful profundities of the thinker. The educated were pleased with the transparency of his discourses, and the unlearned could always comprehend the meaning of the self-constituted rector of Surrey Chapel.

Mr. Hill's method of pulpit preparation was quite uncommon. His subjects and texts were judiciously and carefully chosen, and passed through pretty thorough processes of mental digestion and elabora-

tion. Like Robert Hall, he "dug a channel for his thoughts to flow in;" but he never let the water into the channel until he got into the pulpit. Then he lifted the gates, and in rushed the floods of irresistible oratory. He did not do as is the bad habit of many clergymen now-a-days, —go into fits of anxiety about the success of the effort of the coming Sabbath. He simply and calmly got ready, and kept his strength for the battle. How much better than to wring one's hands, and torment one's brains before the time, and then go to the pulpit with exhausted spirits, looking like a ghost just escaped from Plutonian horrors! Frequently at weekday lectures Mr. Hill has been caught about meeting-time tinkering some old clock, which he promised to finish when he came again. He fell into this unclerical habit for mental relaxation. Most ministers would be at the sermon-table pushing the gray goose quill through rough sentences, and rounding off jagged periods, and by so doing taking away the only thoughts and forms of expression which would keep the deacons awake, and the sinners from studying stocks and tables of interest. Better be mending clocks with Rowland Hill.

In social life Mr. Hill had but few equals. His princely nature and large experience gave him rare advantages. If he writes a letter to Mr. Jones, Captain Joss, or Sir Harry Trelawney, he always leaves the impress of his genial heart and humor upon it. Mr. Jones is admonished never to mind breaking grammar when he is preaching, if he can break a sinner's heart. He hints to Captain Joss to keep his "roving commission," and never "make interest for a line of battle-ship in order to skulk under the lee of an admiral;" and advises him if dubbed "Captain Crazy," by poltroons, wholly to disregard it, for all true sailors would go through fire and water for him, and love him dearly. As for Sir Harry, though the son of a baronet like himself, he could not do better than continue in the rectorship of all the fields and commons. The sunshine of his genial nature, however, was never so rich and mellow as at his own fireside, and among his neighbors and friends.

Goldsmith and Johnson, Steele and Fielding, have bewitched the world with their ideas of social life among the scholars and poets in the English metropolis one or two centuries ago. The old drunken,

libidinous gods of Greece were never happier than were the Literary Clubs over joints of beef and pots of ale at a London coffee-house, or in a rickety old garret over a bottle of wine, whether paid for or not; for we must never forget that one-half the men, whose names are spoken with rapture by every English scholar, were arrayed in rags or borrowed coats, and went scampering and dodging about London to avoid a creditor or a sheriff. Who does not pity the great Johnson in his secluded home and pinching poverty, unknown and uncared for through weary years; and yet in all those years writing and talking as no other man in the British realm could write and talk? And who does not sympathize with his homely friend, the historian of Greece and England, and the author of the *Animated Nature*, when chased by bailiffs and landladies, who were after debts and rents? Poor fellows! they fared hard and wrote gloriously, and he must be a savage who would deny them a little comfort once in a while in the clubs and coffee-houses. I wish they had always kept out of the tap-rooms.

But I submit whether the puns and jokes, the scraps of poetry, the elegant narratives, the well-told stories, the good eating and the shameful drinking of the old London wits, is, after all, the best type of enjoyment to be derived from social life? I do not mean to find fault with their good cheer or their good poetry; but I would a thousand times rather wriggle myself into a corner of Rowland Hill's dining-room and regale my senses with the aroma of the excellent dinner prepared on some gala day at Surrey Chapel, and hear the venerable host tell his guests the story of his eventful life, serious, curious, and comic, than to eat a hundred dinners with all the men that ever wrote for the *Tattler* or *Guardian*.

Rowland Hill's literary character was not as marked as his ministerial. He wrote the "Village Dialogues" by odd jobs, after Mrs. Hill had gone to bed. They were written on scraps of paper, and I suppose must have been full of sympathy and sentiment, and quite pathetic: for the author tells us it used to make his own eyes weep to read the curious pages. Nothing is more natural than for parents to love their own children, or for authors to admire the dew-drops or honey-drops

from their own pen-points. Swift, in his old age, after reading one of his own books, *The Battle of the Books*, *Gulliver*, the *Tale of a Tub*, I do not recollect which, declared he must have been a prodigious genius at the time of its composition.

Mr. Hill wrote and published a few sermons, and several pretty smart controversial pieces at the time of the doctrinal falling out of Whitefield and the Wesleys, and the preachers under Lady Huntingdon's patronage. Both himself and his brother, Sir Richard Hill, displayed considerable tact and talent, and logical acumen, in the theological melee; but they were not the last of the knights who broke Calvinistic and Arminian lances on the field of doctrinal strife.

The tough old questions of Foreordination and Foreknowledge are yet open for debate, and are likely to contribute largely toward the continuance of the Conflict of Ages!

In addition to these, Mr. Hill wrote quite a number of hymns, mostly for the benefit of children; and while he by no means can stand alongside of Cowper, or Watts, or the Wesleys, as a poet or hymn writer, still many of his contributions to Christian psalmody possess intrinsic merit, and will help to inflame the devotions of good people, while the Church is traveling on to claim the inheritance of her millennial periods.

Had Rowland Hill lived in the days of the older London wits, and had he like them lived without grace, and like them cultivated his literary tastes and jovial powers, he, too, would have been an idol of the genteel loungers about the London taverns, and in the haunts of fashionable folly. He lived later, and he lived better; and through all his long life his heart was young with merriment and good-feeling, and his fine English face was always beaming with the most genial humor. His conversations sparkled with the purest wit, or burned with a satire that scorched and wasted just as the subject or occasion demanded. Sometimes he came across a sprig of gentility or nobility, a real "swell," fresh from college or his mother's nursery. Alas, for the poor wight! The remorseless drollery and unsparing sarcasm of the Surrey Chapel parson made him wish, not that he had never been born, but that he had kept out of the way of Rowland Hill.

Sometimes the rogues were of opinion

"that one good turn deserves another," and laid on a certain Sabbath upon the reading-desk of Surrey Chapel a note, which Mr. Hill, as was his custom before prayers, read to the congregation: "The prayers of this congregation are requested for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he may not go riding about town in his carriage on Sundays." When the reading was finished, Mr. Hill coolly remarked, that if the author of that piece of impertinence was in the house, and would meet him in the vestry after service, he would put a saddle on his back and ride him home instead of going in his carriage. No man knew better how to lash and kill off impertinent puppies than Rowland Hill, and yet a kinder man never walked from St. George's Fields to Westminster-Road, scattering his benedictions among the poor, and speaking words as they were needed, which were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Mr. Hill's denominational relations were a little singular. He was not exactly an Episcopalian, and he certainly was not a Dissenter. He was a sort of cross between them both. Churchmen accused him of being disorderly and indecorous in intruding into other men's parishes; and to retaliate, he named one of his itinerant carriage-horses *Order*, and the other *Decorum*. The Dissenters liked him pretty well; but would have liked him a deal better had he joined them outright. In his droll way he chose to describe himself as "Rector of Surrey Chapel, vicar of Wotton-under-Edge, and curate of all the fields and commons throughout England and Wales."

BE GENTLE.—Violence ever defeats its own ends. When you cannot drive, you can always persuade. Few people will submit to coercion. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you. In the domestic circle, especially, kind words and looks are most essential to connubial felicity. Children should never be spoken harshly to. If they commit a fault, they should be corrected in a mild but firm manner, and the impression it makes upon them is sure to prove salutary.

DEATH OF MARTIN THE ARTIST.

FROM the lonely little island in St. George's Channel—the Isle of Man—comes to us a sound of mourning—a voice which tells us that another distinguished English artist has followed Turner to the grave. Martin is well known in this country by the exhibition of his large pictures of Belshazzar's Feast, Paradise, the Deluge, &c. He died on the 17th of February.

From notes supplied by the artist himself to the London Athenæum, years ago, we are able to trace the outline of his career. In a communication to a contemporary, correcting certain errors, Martin wrote:—

"I was born at a house called the East-land Ends, Hayden Bridge, near Hexham, 19th of July, 1789, and received the rudiments of my education at the well-known free school of that place. Having from my earliest years attempted to draw, and expressed a determination to 'be a painter,' the question arose 'how to turn my desires to profitable account?' and it was ultimately decided to make me a herald painter—in consequence of which, upon the removal of my family to Newcastle, I was, when fourteen, apprenticed to Wilson, the coach-builder, of that town. I worked with him for a year, in no small degree disgusted at the drudgery which, as junior apprentice, I had to endure, and at not being allowed to practice the higher mysteries of the art; when, just previously to the expiration of the year, (from which period I was to have an increase of pay,) one of the senior apprentices told me that my employer would evade the payment of the first quarter, on the ground, that 'I went on trial,' and that 'it was not in the indentures.' As it had been foretold, so it turned out. Upon claiming the increase, I was referred to my articles, and the original sum was tendered. This I indignantly rejected, saying, 'What! you're soon beginning then, and mean to serve me the same as you did such a one? but I won't submit;' and, turning on my heel, I hastened home. My father highly approved of my conduct—declared that I should not go back—and immediately furnished me with proper drawing materials, the most satisfactory reward I could receive. I worked away to my heart's content for some days; when, at length, while so employed, the town sergeant came to take me off to the Guildhall to answer charges brought against me by my master. I was dreadfully frightened, the more so as none of my family were within call to accompany me; and on entering the court my heart sunk at the sight of the aldermen, and my master, with lowering face, and his witnesses. I was charged on oath with insolence—having run away—rebellious conduct—and threatening to do a private injury. In reply, I simply stated the facts as they occurred. The witness produced against me proved the correctness of my statement in every

particular; and the consequence was a decision in my favor. Turning, then, to my master, I said, 'You have stated your dissatisfaction with me, and apprehensions of my doing you a private injury; under these circumstances, you can have no objection to returning my indentures.' Mr. Wilson was not prepared for this; but the alderman immediately said, 'Yes, Mr. Wilson, you must give the boy his indentures.' They were accordingly handed over to me; and I was so overjoyed that, without waiting longer, I bowed and thanked the court, and running off to the coach-factory, flourished the indentures over my head, crying, 'I have got my indentures, and your master has taken a false oath; and I don't know whether he is not in the pillory by this!' My family were delighted with the spirit I had displayed and at my emancipation from an occupation they saw was uncongenial, and my father at once took measures to place me under an Italian master of great merit and some reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso or Muss. I remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to come and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon my parents the advantage of my accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on my mother's part, and solemn charges to our friend, it was ultimately agreed that I should join him in London within a few months. I accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806."

Martin did not remain long with the Mussos. He thus tells his own story:—

"I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam-street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-color drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I, therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time.

My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the president, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honor on their respective countries.'

To this gossip we may add—that "Sadak," Martin's first picture, was hung in the Royal Academy; and was sold, it is believed, in consequence of a notice in one of the journals. The "Expulsion" was sent to the British Institution; the "Paradise" to the Academy, where it obtained a place in the great room. This circumstance seemed to Martin the winning of his spurs; and the next year, when the "Clytie" here mentioned was hung in one of the ante-rooms, he resented the act as an insult to his fame. His next picture was "Joshua;" this, again, was put into the ante-room, though, when it was afterward exhibited in Pall Mall, it attracted much attention, and carried off the prize of the year. The picture, however, hung in the painter's studio for years; and was not sold until his fame was well established and widely spread. It then found a purchaser as a companion piece to the "Belshazzar's Feast."

To return to Mr. Martin's own notes of his life:—

"Down to this period I had supported myself and family by pursuing almost every branch of my profession—teaching—painting small oil pictures, glass enamel paintings, water-color drawings, in fact, the usual tale of a struggling artist's life. I had been so successful with my sepia drawings, that the Bishop of Salisbury, the tutor to the Princess Charlotte, advised me not to risk my reputation by attempting the large picture of 'Joshua.' As is generally the case in such matters, these well-meant recommendations had no effect; but, at all events, the confidence I had in my powers was justified, for the success of my 'Joshua' opened a new era to me. In 1818 I removed to a superior house, and had to devote my time mainly to executing some immediately profitable works; but, in 1819, I produced the 'Fall of Babylon,' which was second only to the 'Belshazzar' in the attention it excited. The following year came 'Macbeth,' one of my most successful landscapes. Then, in 1821, 'Belshazzar's Feast,' an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution."

In another letter Mr. Martin tells us how he came to paint his most celebrated—if not his best—work:—

"My picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning in the vain endeavor of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture."

In the succeeding year, Martin produced his "Destruction of Herculaneum;" in 1823 appeared "The Seventh Plague" and the "Paphian Bower;" in 1824 the "Creation;" in 1826 the "Deluge;" and in 1828 the "Fall of Nineveh." This completed the cycle of his greater works. The artist's illustrations of Milton—for which he received two thousand guineas—were drawn by him on the plates. His principal pictures are in the galleries of Mr. Hope, Lord De Tabley, the Dukes of Buckingham and Sutherland, Prince Albert, Mr. Scarsbrick, and Earl Grey.

Of late Mr. Martin's name had been much and very honorably before the public in connection with various plans for the improvement of London—his genius dealing with the ample spaces and actual facts of the modern Babylon as it had previously done with those of the imagination. Other schemes also occupied his mind. As he himself reports of all these multiplied activities:—

"My attention was first occupied in endeavoring to procure an improved supply of pure water to London, diverting the sewerage from the river, and rendering it available as manure; and in 1827 and 1828 I published plans for the purpose. In 1829 I published further plans for accomplishing the same objects by different means, namely, a weir across the Thames, and for draining the marshy lands, &c. In 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1842, 1843, 1845 and 1847, I published and republished additional particulars—being so bent upon my object that I was determined never to abandon it; and though I have reaped no other advantage, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the agitation thus kept up, constantly, solely by myself, has resulted in a vast alteration in the quantity and quality of the water supplied by the companies, and in the establishment of a Board of Health, which will, in all probability, eventually carry out most of the objects I have been so long urging. Among the other proposals which I have advanced is my

railway connecting the river and docks with all the railways that diverge from London, and apparently approved by the Railway Termini Commissioners, as the line they intimate coincides with that submitted by me, and published in their report—the principle of rail adopted by the Great Western line—the lighthouse for the sands appropriated by Mr. Walker in his Maplin sand lighthouse—the flat anchor and wire cable—mode of ventilating coal-mines—floating harbor and pier—iron ship, and various other inventions of comparatively minor importance, but all conducing to the great ends of improving the health of the country, increasing the produce of the land, and furnishing employment for the people in remunerative works.”

The painter was seized with the illness which has terminated his career on the 12th of November. While engaged in painting—being apparently in the enjoyment of good health—he was suddenly attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of speech and of his right hand. His family was assured that recovery from the attack was improbable—but hope was held out that he would not be soon taken away. About a fortnight after the seizure he ceased to take food, except in the very smallest quantities—giving to his attendants the impression that in so doing he was acting on some principle which he had accepted in his own mind, though he had no longer the power to explain the why and wherefore. Nothing would induce him to change this system of rigid abstinence—and the consequence was, that nature received an inefficient sustenance from without, and he gradually sank in strength and spirits until the 17th of February, when he ceased to breathe about six in the evening. Up to within an hour of his death he was conscious, and he appeared to suffer no pain.

The mind of the artist kept its tone and his hand its power to the last. He was working on pictures illustrative of the Last Judgment, within a few weeks of his death—the “Judgment,” the “Day of Wrath,” and the “Plains of Heaven.” On these large works he had been employed for the last four years—on them he may be said to have spent the last efforts of his genius. He was painting on the “Plains of Heaven” within an hour of starting for the little island where he breathed his last. Of course these works are left unfinished.

Within a fortnight of his death, he sat to his son, Mr. Charles Martin, for a sketch of his head; and he then pointed

out, in his son’s sketch, the artistic faults with a perfect understanding of their nature.

In his day, Martin divided the suffrages of the many with the master of landscape, and agitated artistic circles not less constantly than Haydon himself. Bulwer was one of the most fervent of his admirers; and in a celebrated criticism he has declared his opinion that Martin is “more original, more self-dependent,” than Raffaele and Michael Angelo. The *Edinburgh* “damned him with faint praises,” and after patting him on the shoulder, concluded an elaborate criticism on his style and treatment by a cool recommendation to begin the study of his art anew—copying the old masters—drawing from the life—and imitating nature! His merits were too great—too original—not to be freely canvassed, even when they were not fiercely denied. No doubt his art was theatrical. He addressed the eye rather than the mind. He produced his grand effects by illusion—perhaps by imposition; but it is not to be concealed that he did produce effects. Possibly it was scene painting—sleight of hand; but it was also new. If easy, the style was his own. Nobody else had caught the trick by which he ravished the senses of the multitude, and sometimes dazzled the imaginations of calmer men. Legitimate or illegitimate, there was a spell in Martin’s art. It had power over the eye, and often led captive the judgment. This is no mean tribute: but it is a tribute that must be paid to the painter of “Belshazzar’s Feast” and “Joshua.”

LITTLE THORNS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

AN ORIENTAL SKETCH.

WHERE the youthful Ganges rushes onward toward the plains through which she sheds around the blessings of fertility, after having gathered strength from the numerous mountain streams which pay into her channel the tribute of their waters, lies a region rendered sacred by traditions, ancient as the tales of Menn, "the Sun-born."* The pilgrims who seek pardon for their sins by traveling amid toil and peril to the sources of the stream, and there plunging into the torrent which emerges from the snows of Mahadeva, must pass through the dreary valley of Khandawul, where the extreme cold has nearly destroyed the last traces of vegetation, which feebly attempt to appear among barren and rugged rocks.

The sun was yet high, when a pilgrim, pale, emaciated, and fatigued by travel, appeared walking slowly along the banks of the stream, into whose turbid waters he, from time to time, cast wild and anxious glances. Occasionally he halted involuntarily, as if unable to proceed, and, at length, seated himself upon the ledge of a rock, where the overhanging crags offered him a shelter from the breeze, as it swept downward over vast regions of snow which had not been dissolved for ages. He flung upon the ground the dried skin in which he carried his provisions, and leaning upon the sword—which showed him to belong to the warrior caste—appeared to abandon himself to intensely painful reflections. His brow lowered heavily, his eye was moodily bent upon the ground, and his breast heaved with sighs which he hardly endeavored to suppress. After a short interval he suddenly raised his head, and, smiting his bosom with violence, looked eagerly and wildly around, and at length fixed his gaze once more upon the dark waves of the Ganges, as it rushed rapidly onward.

"Is it not here? Is not this the region? Where—where are they to be found?" he exclaimed, as he again looked around in desperation. "O, have they mocked me, and are they nowhere to be found?"

"What seekest thou, my son?" inquired a voice majestically soft, "and wherefore

hast thou come hither? Khandawul possesseth not the charms, or the allurements, which might tempt a warrior to abandon the pursuit of glory for aught which it can offer: wherefore, then, hast thou come hither?"

"Not, truly, for the charms of the valley," replied Nadir, in answer to the venerable Brahmin, who had approached him unobserved; "not, surely, for its charms—charm or allurements, for me, earth no longer possesses!"

"This is strange, my son," said Iswara; "thou art yet young, and if not in pursuit of some cherished object, wherefore comest thou hither?"

"Truly, father," returned the stranger, "I do seek an object which must be discovered ere I may again be happy. Six long moons have filled and waned since the last dire stroke of adversity withered my brightest hopes, leaving me to drain to the dregs the cup of misery, and to bear about with me, for ever, the torturing memory of the past! Knowest thou not, O, father! the last solace which the wretched must ever seek—the sole source whence they may expect a balm, which can staunch the blood that flows from out the deep wounds of sorrow?"

"If there be one *sole* balm which may effect the cure, aged as I am, I have not lived to discover it!"

"Trifle not with my misery, O Brahmin!" said Nadir, earnestly, "for thou knowest that what I seek is to be found in this valley. Thou knowest the region—O, show me—show me the *Waters of Oblivion*! Is it not in Khandawul, where the very herbage seems to declare that life and death have met—where the snows of the north meet the rich luxuriance of the south—where is the threshold of the mysterious dwelling whence thine ancestors have descended? Is it not here that the wretched living must seek to forget the past? Surely, here (if on earth) must the Waters of Oblivion flow. Lead me, then, to the kindly fountain, where I may drink and forget my sorrows—guide me to the Waters of Oblivion!"

"And wherefore, my son, wouldst thou taste its sullen waves?" asked Iswara. "Knowest thou what thou art seeking? Not alone wilt thou forget the past—*thou wilt forget thyself*! Thou wilt live, and yet be just so conscious of existence as to feel its burden without tasting of its

* The Noah of the Brahmins, and the author of their sacred books.

pleasures. Thou knowest not the dreary emptiness of mind which ensues on a draught of the waters of forgetfulness. Retrace thy steps, O, Nadir! return to thy weeping kindred. Doubtless thy mother mourns the loss of so goodly a youth as thou. Go back to thy house to be the stay of her failing years. Yonder is the road; return to thy brethren; live, and be happy."

"Alas, I cannot!" replied Nadir; "I cannot taste of happiness till the recollection of the past be blotted from my mind!"

"Does the history of thy former life, then, offer thee no pleasing thought on which thou mayest love to dwell—no recollection that is sweet to thy memory?" asked the Brahmin.

"There are seasons when it is so," answered Nadir; "but these are rare, while the recollection of my griefs is ever present to my mind! These must be banished ere I can again taste of happiness."

"Then must thou banish both," said Iswara, solemnly. "Count well the cost—canst thou resign, forever, the sweet memories of the past?"

"Yea, O, father! the sweet remembrances are few, and these few far distant: my calamities are many and great, and alas, how recent! Even while I try to tear my mind from their contemplation, memory, like an overflowing torrent, rushes through my soul, carrying away the last feeble refuge of consolation to which, in my misery, I have sought to cling! If there be happiness remaining for me, I must first learn to forget the past."

"But if thy misfortune be of yesterday, Time, as he passes onward, will cast over thy griefs a softening veil, hiding, indeed, thy sorrows for a season, till thou hast gathered strength to gaze upon them calmly; but a veil which thou mayest raise, when, to guide thy future steps, thou wouldst look back to gather wisdom from experience."

"Time! Mahâ Kalâ! the Destroyer!"

Is he not the author of all evil? How dost thou bid me turn to him for consolation? Asks he not bloody sacrifices from his worshipers?—and blood hath already flowed too freely in my behalf! No, even to appease my tortured mind shall I not again suffer blood to flow. Point me not to the divinity who asks for blood!"

"Stay, my son, thou art too hasty," replied Iswara, "call him not Mahâ Kalâ—say, rather, Siva. Is he not a portion of the mighty Aum, whose chosen attribute is benevolence? or if he be the Destroyer, he destroys but to restore; and as his footstep, passing along from day to day, effaces some painful memory, thou wilt, at length, find that he hath become the restorer of thy peace, who yet hath not blotted from thy mind the recollection of happier hours."

"Speak not of seasons of vanished happiness," interrupted Nadir; "this is but adding to my torture! O, how wretched is man, formed but for misery and suffering!—when even the pleasure which hath been tasted turns to poison in the soul!"

"Not if it hath been guiltless, Nadir," answered Iswara; "truly man must oft-times resign even innocent happiness; but if he hath freely done so, doth there not linger in his breast a gladness, different indeed, but not less satisfying, which fills him with delight?"

"This may be the portion of some," returned Nadir, "but it is not for me; the remembrance of vanished happiness might perhaps fail to pain me, did it not bring with it the vivid recollection of present and recent calamity."

"This internal struggle will subside, even as the battling of the elements which cannot continue forever. Bear thee courageously till the inward tempest be past; then shalt thou arouse thyself, and feel that thou hast grown stronger in the combat. Man, as he passes through life, must meet continually the storms of adversity: shrink not backward as a coward, for thou thus runnest toward the disaster on which thou wilt make shipwreck in thy weakness; hold thee steadfast till it be past, and each storm shall then leave thee stronger than it found thee. Look upon the trees of the forest. Knowest thou not that the tempests which toss their branches at their will, give strength and firmness to their roots, which strike deeper into the ground after each succeeding storm? Be thou

² Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, form what is called the Hindoo Triad, or Trimurti. In reality these three gods are, by the Brahmins, regarded as the same deity, contemplated in the capacity of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of all things; and the divine unity thus considered is worshipped under the mysterious tri-literal name, Aum, (Om,) which is represented as having been formed from the Sanscrit initials of the three divinities who form the Trimurti.

therefore strong like them. Thou art yet but in the early summer of thy existence; youth sits upon thy still unfurrowed brow, and the strength of early manhood invigorates thy frame; wherefore, then, doth one so young yield himself an unresisting victim to the assaults of sorrow?"

"Alas, O father," replied Nadir, "thou hast reopened another wound; thou hast offered as consolation what only awakens me to another subject of regret. Thou sayest I am yet young. Alas, that it is so! It is sad and dreary, father, for the young to look onward toward a lengthened life, that offers them no inducement for which to live. Were I aged, as thou art, then might I bear my burden with patience, for I should know that a few sluggish years would at length bring me to repose. How strange is it that the aged will bid the young to glory in their youth, which promises them the prospect of years of existence here, for which they can themselves no longer hope; and yet know they not that each year, as it rolls along, but adds to the burden of grief which man gathers even while he lives?"

"I have not found it thus," said the Brahmin. "The world, it is true, offers me no allurement which would make me desirous to prolong my stay, should the hand of death dismiss me hence into the presence of the incomprehensible Brahman.* Yet hath it not inflicted on me any evil so great as to make life a burden which I can no longer endure. Nay, each year seems to add to my happiness, as it affords me fresh opportunities by which I may serve mankind; and discovers to me new proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God."

"Thou art happy, father!" replied Nadir, half doubtfully. "Ere such be my portion, I must first drown the remembrance of the past in the Waters of Oblivion."

"It is but the remembrance of the past which can give the wisdom needed to guide us in the future. Before us that future lies—it stretches around us—we cannot escape it. Thou must pass through the future, even as assuredly as thou hast

experienced the past. Wilt thou enter upon it, as all men enter upon life—ignorant of its object, unadvised of its end, uninstructed in its duties and demands? If thou hast made shipwreck once, forget the past, and how canst thou escape the same fate again? Can the mariner guide his ship in safety past the rocks on which he has formerly foundered, when he no longer remembers where they lie? Thou art the same man now as thou wert before, and the same shalt thou ever remain—the same passions, again unguided, would lead to the same results—the same affections, as they pursued the same career, would issue in like consequences. If the Waters of Oblivion can efface the records of memory, they cannot drown thy identity. Man, with his mighty soul, his passions and his feelings, may be moulded to another and a purer form; the vilest of his passions may all be changed: but it is change, and not annihilation, which they undergo; the monster, stained with a thousand crimes, who at length becomes the benefactor of his country, though changed, is still the same; every passion in his breast lives there still, but they have turned to exercise themselves in another—a better direction. Thou, O Nadir, still the same as thou wert in the days of thy childhood, wilt thou forget the past? Thou mayest expect the future to resemble it; thou canst but hope to suffer again whatsoever thy crimes or thy misfortunes may have caused thee to endure before."

"If it be thus, then, Brahmin," said Nadir, impatiently, while he grasped more tightly the hilt of his saber, which he half drew from its sheath,—“if it be thus,” and he stamped his foot upon the ground, “wherefore then do I trifle here? Why do men speak of the wounds of grief which the Waters of Oblivion have healed, if they only heal to leave us a prey to other and more dire calamities? Fool that I was! Is there not each moment an undisturbed oblivion at hand for the wretched? Each river that flows along, each precipice that raises its gigantic head, the sword that the warrior wears upon his heart, do they not all offer to conduct us to the land of forgetfulness? If the Waters of Oblivion flow not here, or if it be rash to drink from their fountain, why does yon torrent rush along, if not to invite me to rest forever from my sorrows in its healing waves? I thank thee, Brahmin,

* The soul of the devout Brahmin, who has consecrated his life to acts of devotion and pious meditation, does not after death undergo the purifying process of transmigration, but becomes immediately absorbed in Brahman, the chief deity and author of all things.

since thy counsel hath led me to seek for the deeper *oblivion of death*."

"Stay, rash youth," said Iswara calmly, and without raising his hand to detain Nadir, who had risen from his seat, and seemed about to rush toward the torrent; "hast thou pondered on the step which thou wouldst take? If forgetfulness alone can soothe thy anguish, think, ere thou hastenest to the arms of death, wilt thou there find the oblivion which thou art seeking? Think, ere yonder dark waters close above thy head, ere thou plunge into the stream from which no human hand can withdraw thee, (I speak not of my own feeble arm, but, were the young and strong at hand, not one would dare those waters for thy deliverance.) think, ere thou takest the fatal leap—think, O Nadir!—IS DEATH OBLIVION?"

The old man paused, while the foot which Nadir had advanced, drew back unconsciously, as he turned toward the Brahmin to reply. The priest awaited his answer, as Nadir, supporting himself upon his sabre, which he thrust into the crevice of a rock, appeared about to speak.

"IS DEATH OBLIVION?" repeated Iswara at length, observing that the young man still continued silent.

"What meanest thou, that thou wouldst snatch from me every refuge to which I strive to cling for the mitigation, the annihilation of my misery?" replied Nadir, impatiently. "If *death* be not oblivion, wherefore, then, do the multitude in their wretchedness ever seek it as the healing balm for every wound?"

"Wherefore, indeed?" returned the Brahmin, solemnly. "It would truly be well, did they pause to inquire wherefore?"

"Thou wouldst, then, bid me fear to die?" interrupted Nadir. "I am a soldier, and have faced death on the field of battle; think not to deter me by arousing my alarms. Fear is but the portion of women and of priests."

"I did not bid thee *fear*," replied Iswara, calmly, and unheeding the imputation which was thrown upon his caste; "I only bade thee reflect."

"Is death, then, an evil from which the brave must shrink?" asked the young man.

"It comes to various men in various forms," answered the sage; "as an evil, how great in our present state, none can tell, to some; as a gracious benefactor to

others; which it may be to thee, thine own heart only may declare. But life may ever be converted into a blessing, even when replete with many sorrows; and the coward alone seeks to annihilate one in striving to escape the other. But, hark! the noise of the torrent grows louder, and I hear the distant wind moaning among the mountains. It announces a coming tempest."

"I cannot discern the sounds; *my* ear discovers no increase in the roar of the stream," said Nadir.

"Thou art not accustomed to these regions," replied Iswara. "These sounds speak familiarly to me; experience hath taught me to interpret as readily the voice of nature, as to understand the language of man. But, were the past blotted from my memory, I should not now know the warning voice, which bids me seek the shelter of my cottage. The storm travels rapidly among the mountains. Observe yon cloud in the distant horizon. It will speedily overspread the sky, and descend in a deluge, overflowing the thousand streams which rush through their narrow channels to replenish the young Ganges; and, hark! the thunder is already rolling over head. Let us hasten to my hut—it is poor, and unprovided with luxuries; but the fruits of my field are cultivated for the pilgrims, who, constantly passing through the valley, seek for shelter beneath my roof. Let us hasten, the tempest is rapidly approaching."

"Return to thy dwelling alone, father," answered Nadir, gloomily. "I thank thee for thy hospitality; but I, alas! could find no refuge beneath thy roof. The war of the elements is less fierce than the conflict within my own breast. If I may not rush into the arms of death, I may at least linger here, inviting its approach: that lightning which so often carries destruction on its wing, may atone for some disasters by striking *my* form as it passes, and releasing me from the burden of life."

"I must not despise that life which is given me to preserve, and to employ in the service of God," said Iswara. "Farewell, rash youth—yonder is my dwelling; seest thou its blue smoke curling among those few shrubs? Thou wilt bethink thee otherwise when the fury of the storm hath reached this spot."

The old man turned his footsteps toward his dwelling, which lay at some dis-

tance, guided by the curling smoke which rose above the cleft in the rocks, where a sheltered spot had invited him to build his hut, and where his own hand had, even in this sterile region, cultivated a field sufficient to supply, not only his own moderate wants, but to enable him to extend his hospitality to the numerous pilgrims who passed through the valley of Khandawul, some in search of the Waters of Oblivion, and a greater number on their way to the far distant sources of the Ganges, there to expiate their sins in its hallowed waters, or to perish in the hazardous journey.

Age, while it had whitened his locks, and stamped upon his brow the footsteps of time, had yet left to Iswara much of that youthful vigor which is the usual reward of a life of temperance. Half an hour sufficed to bring him to the door of his dwelling, although the fast approaching tempest had required his aged limbs to battle with the first burst of its fury.

Nadir, meanwhile, who had again seated himself upon the rock, after gloomily watching for some minutes the retiring footsteps of Iswara, folded his arms upon his breast, and, bending his eyes moodily upon the ground, appeared to abandon himself to his melancholy reflections. Sheltered for some time from the wind and rain by the rock on which he was seated, he appeared long unconscious of the thunder, though each peal, as it rolled nearer and nearer, and was echoed by the rocks and caverns around, seemed sufficient to awaken from all but the slumbers of death. The clouds darkened as they gathered closer to the earth; but the air was illuminated by the lightning, as flash upon flash followed in quick succession. The few wild animals of the mountains rushed past as they sought for shelter, and divested of its dread of man, by the presence of a more appalling danger, a young mountain-deer laid itself down, in its terror, at the feet of the stranger. At the same moment, a burst of thunder, louder than had yet been heard, seemed to roll the very rocks over his head, and a vivid flash of lightning striking the animal before him, left it a blackened carcass at his feet. Nadir started in terror, as if suddenly aroused from a frightful dream. The wind, from which he had hitherto been partially sheltered, changed suddenly, and, rushing from the northern mountains, bore against the crags beneath

which he stood its burden of hail and snow. The ground heaved beneath him—the tempest was but the precursor of the earthquake—and the roar of the thunder, the bellowing of the wind, and the fierce dashing of the torrent, as it struggled onward between its narrow ramparts, mingled with the awful groaning of the earth, as rocks and mountains seemed to heave to their foundations.

Nadir looked around for shelter; but the smoke of the Brahmin's hut could no longer be discerned. Not far distant, a less exposed cranny seemed to offer him an asylum; but as he endeavored to move, his limbs, enfeebled by hardship and voluntary privation, refused their office, and he was unable to contend with the violence of the storm. Again the ground shook and groaned; and again the lightning, as it flashed around, threatened him each moment with death.

Nadir trembled.

At length, the fury of the tempest began to abate, and promised to pass away as rapidly as it had approached; and ere long, through the fast clearing air, Nadir thought he could discover the smoke of Iswara's cottage. Half frozen with cold, he could at first but feebly advance toward the friendly signal; but by degrees his limbs obeyed their master more freely, and he proceeded rapidly toward the dwelling of the Brahmin. Ere he had advanced far, however, he thought he could discern a figure approaching, and in some minutes recognized the person of Iswara, who, though the rain still poured down, and the subsiding roar of the wind was occasionally deafened by the pealing of the thunder, had come forth in search of the pilgrim.

"Dost thou come to shelter in my cabin?" inquired he, courteously accosting him. "It is not far distant, and I can guide thee by the most sheltered path. The tempest hath almost passed; but it grows late—thou must lodge to-night beneath my roof."

Nadir hesitated, as he sought for a reply. "Thou art kind, father," he said at length; "thou canst have but little to spare, and I may be burdensome to thee. I will stay until the tempest be passed, and then proceed upon my way."

"Not so, my son," replied the Brahmin; "I am wont to receive travelers and pilgrims, and thy presence will afford me pleasure. In the solitude in which I live,

it rejoices me when I may behold the face of man."

Nadir, with thanks, accepted the hospitality of the sage. "Thou art aged, father," he added; "suffer me to lend thee the support of my arm."

The old man smiled. "Methinks, Nadir," he replied, "that I am yet strong as thou; suffering and want have enfeebled the powers which nature hath bestowed most freely upon thee. God is merciful, who hath protected thee amid the storm; but Vishnu (the Preserver) is ever at hand. Seek, if thou mayest discover, for what purpose thou hast been saved."

But further conversation was prevented by the difficulties of the way and the noise of the tempest, which was, however, fast subsiding. They at length reached the cottage, where Nadir needed no second invitation to partake of the simple refreshment which was already displayed, and where the Brahmin had taken care, as far as the sanctity of his caste permitted, to exhibit such provisions as it was permitted the Kshatrya tribe to use. Faint with hunger and fatigue, Nadir partook freely of the repast; but as the calls of nature became appeased, and his exhausted frame had in some measure rested from its fatigues, the disorders of his mind began to resume their sway. His brow again darkened, and with bitter lamentations he bemoaned the fate which had suffered him to survive the storm.

"How!" exclaimed Iswara: "methought thou hadst learned to feel the value of life, or wherefore didst thou strive to elude the dangers of the tempest? Thou earnest hither to escape its fury, and, had its violence permitted thee to do so, wouldst thou not earlier have repaired to my humble abode?"

Nadir silently assented.

"And whence, then, wert thou instigated, save from the instinct of nature, whose voice never speaks amiss? That instinct taught thee, in the hour of peril, to strive to preserve thy life; learn then from thence, that life, even to thee, may yet be valuable. Seek no longer to cast it aside as a useless incumbrance, but endeavor to learn wherein lies the value which thy fear of death, when it threatened to overtake thee in the tempest, shows that it still possesses."

"Should man, then, perpetually obey the instincts of his nature?" inquired Na-

dir. "Surely not; for into what excess of evil would he then run in the gratification of his desires?"

"Not so, my son," returned the sage; "man, when corrupted, rashly concludes that the appeals of his passions are only the demands of nature. But he strangely errs. Nature, which bids him appease the cravings of hunger and thirst, loudly commands him to be moderate while he satisfies his wants; or wherefore the languor which attends upon satiety, the sickness of diseases which are the common followers of intemperance? Nature hath taught thee the lesson that thy life is desirable; thine own prudence and virtue may make it valuable. Is there no region upon earth which thy hand may cultivate? Are there none of thy fellow-creatures who may be benefited by thy assistance or thy care?"

"There may be such," replied Nadir, mournfully; "but what can I do further for the world? Having outlived all interest in life, it must henceforth be to me only a weary burden. How, then, under its oppressive load, can I lighten its weight for others?"

"If it be even as thou sayest, O Nadir!" said the Brahmin, solemnly, "and thou hast indeed outlived all personal interest in the world, then to thee, more loudly than to any other, doth the voice of humanity appeal, and call thee to be its benefactor. To thee, then, must passion call in vain, for thou art beyond the reach of its influence; therefore shouldst thou be the most just of mankind. Should thy country demand the sacrifice of one of her sons, thou canst give thy life for her defense, since no selfish interest bids thee treasure it too dearly."

"My country!" repeated Nadir; "alas! my country is nothing now to me. O, Brahmin! thou hast probed to its depths another gaping wound."

"Yet suffer me to ask the name of the country to which thou owest thy birth."

"Hear then, and learn, in a few words, the history of my sorrows," said Nadir, earnestly; "then wilt thou no longer bid me live, and enjoy my life."

"The youngest and favorite son of the Rajah of Maldawan, the wishes of my father, and the voice of the nobles, called me to succeed him upon his throne. By the advice of the latter, on the death of the king, two elder brothers were thrown

into prison, where they languished during the six years of my unhappy reign. Born to a throne, my teachers and my slaves, alike, seemed to imagine that I was called only to enjoy the pleasures which power ever finds too ready to its hand; till, nursed in luxury, and the slave of pleasure, when called to reign, I yielded to the idea which had been ever suggested to my mind, and transmitted the cares of empire to other and unworthy hands, until the people, irritated by the misrule of my courtiers, and inflamed with a just desire to rid themselves of their tyranny, prepared for revolt. Guided, when too late, by the advice of Harita, my only faithful counselor, I at length took the reins of empire into my own hands; and my first stroke of policy was to rid myself of Saranga, the head of a conspiracy, which was to deprive me of life. He being too powerful to be openly accused, I resolved on an act of assassination. Harita in vain opposed. I was stung by the ingratitude of a man on whom I had lavished my favors with profusion, and in an hour of anger was deaf to remonstrance. Harita, ever jealous for my honor, and resolute on defending it, though it might be at the expense of my favor, resorted to a counter-plot, by which, while he secured the person of the traitor, he would still save me from the odium of an assassination. Rash man! he but rushed against the dagger from which he protected his rival! The wretch whom I had charged with the bloody deed found him in the dwelling of Saranga, with the few followers whom he had brought with him for his capture, and, ignorant of the person of his victim, in the confusion of the moment, turned his dagger against the only faithful subject in my dominions, and with the same blow deprived me of a brother and a bride. Yea, O Brahmin! the tale has another horror. The sister of Harita, who was in a few days to become my wife, hearing the fate of her brother, and believing that the assassination had been by my orders, gave herself to death lest she should fall into my power. This, O Brahmin, is my tale! Canst thou show compassion for my sorrows? Harita, by his faithful zeal, had gained my respect, my esteem, my confidence; and earth, with all its pleasures, is waste and dreary, when the sole being to whom our confidence is given can be found on it no more. My young Ranee,

by her virtues and her beauty, had won my love—thou, O father, art above this weakness; but I, who have known and felt its power, look around me in vain for a solace which may make life endurable. And this, to add to the bitterness of my reflections—this, O Iswara, hath been the fruit of my own rash and misguided rage. Rejected by my people, through I scarcely know what chance I escaped from my dominions with my life. I have wandered onward with my griefs, till I at length resolved to come hither, and seek in the Waters of Oblivion that forgetfulness which can alone make life tolerable; and now, to complete my wretchedness, thou forbiddest me to taste its waves, by lifting the veil and showing the dark future through which my steps must pass."

"Thy tale is indeed sad, O Nadir!" replied the Brahmin, "sad as the clouds which suddenly obscure the noon-day sun, when the blast of pestilence descends to wither the beauty of the earth, and carry away the living upon its wings. Thy tale is sad, and I can mourn with thee for thy fate. But as the past is irretrievable, let it instruct thee in a lesson by which thou mayest profit in the future. Go forth to meet that future, with the stern wisdom of experience for thy guide. Thou wouldst escape from thy thoughts—from the recollection of the past; strive to do thus no longer, for it is the chief act of cowardice; but show that noble courage which dares to look back, not alone upon the sorrows, but also upon the errors, of the irrevocable past. If the sway of thy passions hath been weakened by the violence of a sudden affliction, trust not too much to the better impulses of a moment of repentance; but watch, that henceforth thou art no longer guided by their influence, and rejoicing in a deliverance from the most tyrannous of rulers, murmur not at the blow by which thy liberty hath been purchased."

"Thou givest sage counsel, father; and did my age bid me hope that a few years would at length lay me at rest in my grave, then might I endeavor to bear a little longer with the burden of life. But alas! I am yet young, and there is health and vigor in my frame, which bids me look forward to a life of long and tedious duration. Thou art very aged, Brahmin! Should I —"

"Truly, my son, I am aged," answered

Iswara. "When the next inundation of the Ganges arrives, I shall have counted a hundred summers. (Nadir's breast heaved as he endeavored to suppress a sigh.) Lament not if such a lengthened life awaits thee too; but rather consider, if such be thy destiny, what work even thy single hand may achieve shouldst thou also number a hundred years."

"And what hast *thou* done, father?" inquired Nadir. "Here, amid solitudes rarely visited by man, and shunned almost by the inferior creation, what has thy life availed?"

"It becomes not man to speak of his own labors," answered Iswara, gravely. "The tale of my life might weary thee by its simplicity, while, during eighty hasty years, each day has closely resembled the past:—

"Born amid these mountains, the cottage of my father arose not far from this spot. There remains no trace of so humble a dwelling to-day; but I could still point to thee where it stood, for I love to revisit the scenes of my early life. As I grew to manhood, I felt weary of an existence which appeared to be useless to mankind, and it seemed as though Vishnu called from above to upbraid me for being a mere burden upon the earth. I looked around to consider whither I should turn, revolving in my mind a variety of plans, when one day, not far from this spot, I perceived a pilgrim approaching, and as I advanced to meet him, overcome by sickness and fatigue, he sunk down in a swoon. I hastened to his relief, and tended him till, after some days, he was enabled to continue his journey. Here, then, methought, in the spot where Providence hath already placed me, is a spacious field wherein I may serve mankind. Let me not idly look abroad till I have failed to find here due exercise for that benevolence which is required between man and man.

"I accordingly built this cottage, near the pathway frequented by the pilgrims to Hindoo Coosh. I feed and lodge them while they abide in the valley; I give what counsel I can when they need or solicit my advice; for in this retreat, far from the turmoil and tumult of the world, and beyond the reach of many of its temptations, it is easier to learn the lessons of wisdom and the principles of justice than amid its opposing claims, and the never-ending appeals of selfishness."

"Truly, thou art happy, father, if thou art above the reach of these!" exclaimed Nadir. "Let me then build a cottage beside thine, and learn wisdom from thine instructions."

"Not so, Nadir," answered Iswara. "Thou and I must each account for the use of our several opportunities; for we each must labor in the respective places in which our lot hath placed us. I, as a priest, am bidden to devote my life to study and the instruction of mankind. Thou, being a Kshatrya, art commanded to live for the service of thy country; and, still more, as a prince, for the welfare of thy people. Return, then, to them, and if thou wouldst exercise benevolence, thou needst not seek far to discover objects which demand it. Thou fearest to find thy life too long. Look well that it be not too short. It is in all cases uncertain; use it therefore with diligence. Go back to thy people; if they call thee to reascend thy throne, obey their voice, and rule with wisdom and discretion; if another wields the scepter, serve under thy master, and be the most faithful of his subjects; lead his armies and protect his people with courage. Reflect upon the past, and look forward into the future, learning wisdom at every step."

A DISH OF WOLF.—We made ourselves pretty comfortable in the willows near the river; and, under a bank to windward, with a good roaring fire at our feet, and well sheltered by walls of snow, which we scraped up with slabs of drift-wood, we sat down and cooked our wolf, the Indian assuring me all the while that it was a great deal nicer than lean deer-meat. Hungry, however, as a whole day's unsuccessful hunting had made me, I was still very unwilling, in spite of his assurances, to try it; but the evident relish with which I saw him eating it, quite disarmed me of my prejudices against wolf-meat, and, in fine, I feasted on the fat ribs, which proved most palatable, and certainly very superior to lean venison. My companion laughed at observing me completely conquer my scruples, and detach a couple more ribs off the savory forequarter than hissing at the fire. We certainly enjoyed our supper that night; nor was my stomach a whit the worse for the strange food with which it had been astonished.—*Palliser's Rambles.*

NOTABILITIES OF THE TRENT.

THERE are scenes and especial marks on life's illuminated page that ever seem to gain fresh tints of loveliness as time wanders on. With us—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;"

and the light of that fragrant summer's day, which first found us rambling by the silver Trent, lives in the sunlight of memory like a wreath of everlasting flowers.

Every turn we made was ripe with interest. We wandered over classic ground, where some of earth's immortals found words of fire enduring as the hills, and clothed with the beauties of the rainbow. Few of our manufacturing towns, where the artisan plies his unpoetical vocation, are so dearly associated with the memories of native genius, or so hallowed by local influences, as Nottingham. As one of our ancient homes of industry, and a place celebrated for its share in the civil wars, it cannot be devoid of interest to the tourist; but there is a charm about those green banks of Trent, of a still more enduring kind than the records of commercial progress, or the sad chronicle of the unfortunate Charles I. wading through the whirl of civil broils, or all the train of discord that followed in the thunder of his path. Every antique porch, or patriarchal forest-tree that spreads its lightning-scathed arms to the passing breeze, seems to recite some interesting ode of long past times:—

"Here, White in gentle numbers sung,
Like zephyrs fanning love's young flame:
His bays round Clifton Grove are hung,
The green leaves syllable his fame.
And here Childe Harold drank of light
Which bore him to the noonday sun
Of inspiration's wondrous might,
Ere other bards had well begun."

Passing up the vale of the Trent in an eastward direction, the pleasant field-paths and rural nooks are such as to delight all lovers of the picturesque; for there we find cottages hewn out of the solid rock, and, being overhung with ivy and other trailing plants, the whole present a pleasant and romantic feature of singularity. In some instances beds of beautiful flowers are arranged tier above tier on ledges of rock, prepossessing us in favor of the humble dwellers, without one word of inquiry; for so tasteful and gentle an occupation must have its humanizing influence,

and we naturally associate those lovers of floriculture with the march of progress. Passing thence along the green lane, with the Trent gliding through the meadows below, embosomed in a leafy nook, on the banks of the river, stands Colwick Church, its spire, pointing to the sky, being all that you can discern until you are within the grounds of Colwick Hall, the seat of the Musters family; and, indeed, the ivy-covered house of prayer looks like a detached fragment of the same fabric. It has seldom been our lot to find a village church so retired, and yet it is within three miles of a large manufacturing town. The walls speak of peace and primitive simplicity, and its unadorned interior is of the same character. It was built by Lord Byron's ancestors, some of whom rest beneath its humble and unpretending roof:—

"Each in its plot of holy ground,
How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our land!"

It is generally supposed to have been built by Sir John Biron, who joined Henry VII. on his landing at Milford, and who fought gallantly at Bosworth against Richard III., for which he was appointed constable of Nottingham Castle and warden of Sherwood Forest. The reclining figures of a knight in armor, and his lady, carry us three centuries back. The Birones were lords of the manor in Edward III.'s time, by the marriage of Sir Richard Biron with Joane, the daughter and sole heiress of William De Colwick.

Beneath the soft light that falls from a painted window (the chaste workmanship of a lady whose dust reposes near) there is a tomb within a few iron railings to which we turned almost intuitively, and pensively we remembered the words of the young poet—

"Hadst thou been mine, all had been hush'd:
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet."

And there, in that quiet spot, apart sleeps Byron's Mary, for whom he mourned his brief life's morning. Not supposing that our reader can be ignorant of the name and history of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley, subsequently Mrs. Musters, of Colwick, we know that many will feel with us the lonely musing moment, while we linger by the grave of one so nearly associated with the history of a great

British poet. We find him singing in melancholy strain, shortly after Miss Chaworth's marriage :—

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd;
How the northern tempests warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

"Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me."

It is evident that the family of the Chaworths were of great repute many centuries back; for Sir Thomas Chaworth appeared before a special bench of peers in Henry VI.'s time, and proved his right to property then in possession of the Crown; and that he had lineally descended from Patricius de Cadurcis, (*vulgo*, Chaworth,) and was consequently a collateral branch of the royal house of Lancaster.

The Colwick estates passed away from the Byron family at the time of the Commonwealth. Sir John, a determined royalist, (and father of the "four brothers" alluded to by the author of *Childe Harold*, in one of his minor poems,) made them over to his noble relative, Sir James Stonehouse, who sold them to Sir John Musters, the ancestor of the present owner. The chance of the church was rebuilt by Sir John Musters, in the year 1684.

Alas, that it was the fate of the amiable Mary to perish from the earth untimely! Her death was brought about by fright, when exposed to the violence of an infuriated populace; and the hapless poet fell in the arms of untoward circumstances attending war and slaughter! When the rioters approached Colwick Hall, (October 10th, 1831,) Mrs. Musters, with her daughter, and Mademoiselle De Fay, a French lady, secured themselves for a time by means of a strong bolt; but at length, seeing the hall in flames, they contrived to escape unobserved into the shrubbery, and there remained concealed beneath the friendly cover of a gigantic laurel until the depredators had departed. They then came forth to see the best portion of the house, and its valuable contents, a blackened mass of smoldering fire! On the following morning, when assistance had arrived, the lady and her family left the scene of desolation, and found an asylum at Wiverton Hall, the seat of Patricius Viscount Chaworth. But the shock of that

dreadful night had already stamped the seal of destiny upon her delicate frame; she died on the 5th of February, 1832. She was aged forty-six years. Linked as she was with the early life and youthful musings of Byron, in turning away from Colwick Church we sat down over and again on the green banks of the Trent, taking many a last look at the green house of death.

Rambling back, on the opposite bank of the river, nestling among extensive orchards, stands Wilford. And now it was impossible to pass across the wood-paths, and approach the ancient church of this secluded village, without calling up the visionary shade of the "martyr student;" mourning, at the same time, that so much of British worth and high-souled genius was called away ere life had attained its noon. We passed into the churchyard, and fancy heard him speak those pensive lines, composed there after consumption had made such inroads upon his physical and mental strength as to give a peculiarity of tone to his poesy. It was on this spot he said :—

"Here would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones
in!

Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulcher'd."

There is a gradual rise of the river's bank from Wilford to Clifton, the scene of Kirke White's immortal poem. Nothing in English village scenery can surpass the locality where the young poet spent some of his happiest hours. The house of the fair maid of Clifton is shown to visitors; but there is nothing peculiar about it, the fact of its having claimed the attention of our poet being its principal attraction. The woods of Clifton were the favorite haunts of White from his earliest days. "He delighted," says Southey, "to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of the poem—the islet, to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep; and the little hut, wherein he had sat for hours reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open." And who can visit those woods without a sigh for departed genius? We look upon the loss which literature sustained by his early death with a regret similar to that we feel for the wasting glories of the summer sunlight.

In rambling through Clifton woods we must not be unmindful that the celebrated

Dr. Darwin was born on the banks of the Trent; and although he passed the latter portion of his time at Derby, he was particularly partial to Clifton woods and the Trent meadows, for gathering those new classified plants, the families of which he so learnedly describes in his *Phytologia*. He was, indeed, much respected here, and the dwellers by the Trent were wont to go for his advice as to a common benefactor and father. Being at one time fearful of an approaching pestilence, he went into the Nottingham market-place, and standing upon a tub placed for him by a countryman, he called the attention of the people to sanitary measures; and, among other things, is said to have spoken as follows:—

"Men of Nottingham, listen to me. You are ingenious and industrious mechanics; by your industry life's comforts are provided for yourselves and families, but if you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. That you know; but perhaps you do not know that to breathe fresh and frequently changed air constantly is not less necessary to preserve health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours when the windows are shut. Open your sleeping-rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workshops, and keep the windows of your workshops open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice; but I am your countryman and a physician. Again I say, if you would not bring disease upon the town, open your windows, and change the air you breathe many times a day."

This energetic appeal was not without its usefulness; and his fame as a friend of the poor, and a man of science, will forever associate the name of Dr. Darwin among the worthies of Trentland.

Glancing around at the historic works of the same locality, our attention is called to a farmhouse of antique appearance, near the village of Attenborough: it was the birthplace of Ireton, the republican general, who married Cromwell's daughter, Bridget. It stands near the church; and in the records of that venerable pile the great parliamentarian's birth is thus registered:—"Henricus Ireton, infans Germani Ireton arm baptiz, at fuit decimo die mensis, Novembris, 1611." It was from this neighborhood Ireton selected a troop, and then joined the Earl of Essex in opposing King Charles's army. His parents were persons of respectability, as the ancient house indicates; indeed, we are told that at fifteen he was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford.

Mr. Bailey, of Nottingham, author of *The Advent of Charity*, says:—

"While Ireton's lofty deeds adorn the spot,
I call my home, MY COUNTRY. I will not
Covet the fame which other lands can give,
Nor age, nor place, o'er that in which I live."

But, turning away from the Attenborough republican of disastrous times, we were more than delighted in renewing our acquaintance with the gentle muse of Robert Millhouse, by wandering through green meadows, beneath unbragging forest trees, and by the winding Trent, where the poet sung his wayward fancies sweetly, though, alas! often with a sadness that bordered upon melancholy grief. His effusions were ever of that order which elevate, and his lessons were beautifully instructive. To an oak, torn down by a storm, he says:—

"Methinks I see the day,
When he who mourns thy lot, like thee shall
fall;
Nor does the thought his steadfast soul dismay,
Taught, by repeated storms, to bear it all.
Thou, prostrate tree, shalt never more rebloom,
But he shall rise in triumph o'er the tomb."

But now the golden rays of western sunlight threw a mantle of grandeur across the classic woods of Clifton, and bathed in the same rich hues meadow and river, until, from the green bank where the fishermen plied his peaceful occupation, to the towering rock where the castle stands looming over all, the calm beauty of evening wooed us to a homeward path, while a pleasing train of thoughts, arising from these interviews with the past, refreshing and invaluable, occupied the mind.

SYDNEY SMITH.—With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images; these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughed louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. His powers of humor were at the same time united with the strongest and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudices which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason and the breeze of ridicule.—*Lord John Russell.*



ROAD ON THE ORGAN MOUNTAIN.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

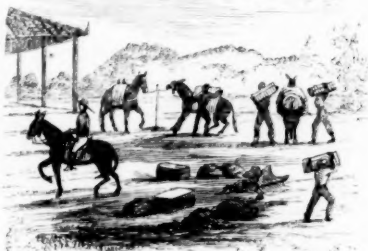
THE manner of traveling and transporting merchandise in the interior of Brazil is by mules and horses, chiefly the former. Horses are only used for the saddle; and even for this I found, by sad experience, mules are much to be preferred. These mules are much smaller than the Spanish, but very hardy and sure-footed, seldom falling or stumbling, except when very heavily laden. The roads are for the most part recently made, and in the neighborhood of Rio are, what we should call in America, impassable. Now they are strewn with blocks of stone or fallen trees; and now they wind around the edge of high mountains, or are almost literally suspended over precipices, being everywhere full of deep chasms, which, in the wet season, are the beds of torrents. We saw but few roads at all passable for carriages. The ascent of some of the mountains is so steep, as to render it necessary to hold on by the mane of the animal, and in some instances to dismount, in which case I sometimes, with Yankee ingenuity, exchanged the mane for the tail, and by the aid of this latter member the more easily ascended the most difficult of the serras. In the season the rain falls almost incessantly, and often in

torrents; so that in the course of a few hours I have seen a rippling stream rise several feet, and become a whirling current. The rivers and torrents, from Rio to Ouro Preto, the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, are crossed by bridges, quite substantial for this country; but for the rest of our route they were mostly constructed of loose poles laid across the stream, half rotten and full of holes, shaking and trembling under the traveler's feet in a manner most alarming to a new comer, especially if it happens to be over a river or torrent studded with rocks eighty or one hundred feet below. In some places the roads lead through virgin forests of almost unbounded extent.

A description of these forests would fill a volume, so various are the aspects they present in different parts of the country. Trees of incredible girth tower aloft with trunks of every imaginable form, round, angular, and sometimes resembling open net-work. In some places there is little or no underbrush, in others there is an almost impenetrable thicket. About the trees cling huge snake-like vines, winding around the trunk and through the branches, sending down their long arms binding tree to tree, and taking root in the ground,

whence new branches are thrown out which cling in like manner to other trees, thus linking whole forests together. This creeping vine has the strength and flexibility of rope, and is used by the natives in tying on pack-saddles, making houses, fences, &c. On the tree-trunks cluster the richest varieties of plants, bearing flowers of every hue; the whole presenting an appearance indescribably beautiful. Here birds of the gaudiest plumage are ever flying and singing; monkeys are frolicking and chattering; the harmless lagarto, with his gorgeous coating of green and gold, creeps carefully forth; the lazy sloth dozes away his dreamy life; and the sprightly wild cat, springing from branch to branch, drives birds, monkeys, and all before him. On every side are little brilliant humming-birds, stopping an instant, and then away; and the ear is constantly filled with the hum of myriads of gayly-coated insects.

The mules for the exportation of merchandise are generally driven in troops of from twenty to fifty, with one man to every seven, preceded by a steady old mule, called the *madrinho*, whose good or evil conduct they seem most tenaciously to follow. I have often seen the whole troop kicking and plunging, merely be-



LOADING MULES.

cause the *madrinho* had taken it into her head to do so. The usual day's journey for troop-mules is from three to five leagues, (a league being five miles;) but with very light baggage they will travel from seven to eight leagues, which, considering the animal and the roads, is a great deal.

The place of rest along the route is called a *ranch*, which is nothing but an open shed, with thatched or tiled roof. On alighting for the night, the muleteers first take off the baggage and *cangalhos*, (pack-saddles,) and turn the mules loose into the open country, never fearing but



A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

they will return at sun-down to get their small measure of corn, and be examined as to their hoofs, &c. The next thing is to light a fire and cook the dinner, which consists principally of rice, *feijão*, (beans,) *farinha*, *carne secca*, (dried beef,) and sometimes a chicken. But the muleteers never aspire above *carne secca* and *farinha*, and my trusty gun always supplied us with game, which is in some places very abundant. After cooking the *farinha*, or baking the yams in the ashes, we would suspend the fowl by a leather thong before the fire over them, that they might catch the rich juices, and flavor; and the taste of some of these delicious repasts, seasoned with that best of sauces, hunger, still lingers on my palate. After all preparations were made for the night, I was wont to amuse our muleteers by telling them about America, and to keep them in merry humor by aid of my violin. Far in the interior I have met natives who, in their simplicity, would ask me if we have a *Deos* (God) in my country? and they could not understand how the same *lua* (moon) that shone in their country, shone in mine, so far away.

After having purchased two horses, one for myself and the other for my servant, and a mule for light baggage, I started for the interior, having previously sent on my trunks to St. John by a troop; but at the first start I met with a discouragement almost fatal to my journey, in an attack of the African fever, which I caught near Port Australia, probably from *mulatos noró* (slaves recently landed) on the coast, a short distance above this place, to be taken by a roundabout way into the city, as if coming from the interior. I was in a bad situation: for my baggage being sent on in advance, I was uncomfortably short of clothes—in a low Portuguese inn kept by a vicious-looking landlord, whose only thought was to get as much out of me as possible, not caring whether I lived or died. My servant did not understand my language, nor I his, except most imperfectly; and we were surrounded by a set of thieves and drinkers.

My fever was violent, and my accommodations poor. The wind forced its way through the crevices of the mud-walls, accompanied with rain, and my heart almost sank within me. Delirium at last came to my relief, but in my more lucid intervals I was still in trouble; and I recollect, among things in my imaginings, beholding

a Jesuitical priest tearing out my brains, for the very laudable purpose of replacing them with better ones; but providentially, and almost miraculously, I gradually recovered, and again started, weak in body and lighter in pocket.

I arrived at Petropolis late at night, distant seven leagues from Port Australia. The scenery in this mountain is grand and beautiful beyond description. The height is about four thousand feet. Here the emperor has a palace for his summer residence, and has erected a beautiful road over this before impassable mountain. There is an open point near the top, commanding a view of the bay and city in the distance. It was a beautiful moonlight night as I surveyed this delightful landscape. On passing through one of the gorges, a huge bat fluttered against my face, which I wounded with my pistol, and its unearthly screeching startled monk-eys, bats, and other inhabitants of the forest, from their repose—turning the hitherto almost death-like silence into a very Babel of discordant, strange, and uncouth sounds, making "night hideous." My next stopping-place was Corrêo, which deserves a notice, mainly because I slept at the house of a rich Padre, and in embroidered sheets. Riding off once more, we passed Riberona, a very picturesque place, in a valley completely shut in by mountains, and Villa de Parahybona, a place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, on a river of the same name, which we crossed in a flat-boat by rope-power. The river here is very rapid; the sudden jars necessarily experienced in crossing it often precipitate the mules overboard, and thus many are annually drowned. At length we arrived at Rio-Parahyba, the separation of the province of Rio from the province of Minas Geraes. Here we found the only well-built bridge I saw in this province. It crosses a most beautiful river, which rushes over and through immense rocks on which the bridge is built. The scenery is sublime. The noise of the torrent is almost deafening, and frequently the spray is dashed entirely over the bridge. Here they pressed me to stay until some troop came along to make my party stronger, particularly cautioning me against the Rancho de Negro; but with my usual willfulness, I disdained advice and protection. I intended to have encamped in the woods; but as we proceeded, the rain began to fall in tor-



PARAHYBA BRIDGE.

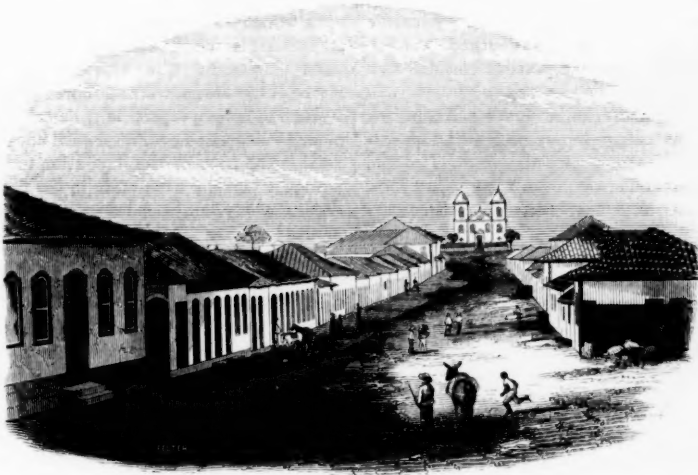
rents, rendering any shelter desirable; so we betook ourselves to the rancho. It consisted of a solitary rancho on the verge of a large forest, kept by two men, whose villainous looks deciphered their character. At my repast, at one o'clock in the morning, they tried to ply me with wine; but fearing it might be drugged, the earth received it instead of my stomach. I also took care to show them my pistols, the workmanship of my knife, &c. From their looks and conferences I thought it advisable not to lie down, and the event showed my forethought not amiss; so, seating myself on my baggage which I had placed before the door, I fell asleep, from which I was awakened by feeling it move; and, on opening my eyes, a shaggy head appeared through the door. I only paused to call out, "*Quem-ahi!*" and bang went my pistol. The door closed rapidly, and I was not again disturbed. Through all this my eriado snored lustily, and I could not arouse him by kicks or cuffs, showing plainly that the wine of which he partook had been drugged.

In the morning I missed the shaggy head of the night, but made no remark.

The further I penetrated the country the more numerous I found the rivers, and the greater the difficulty there is in crossing them. The manner of fording we present in the adjoining cut. When the tide is rapid or swollen by rains, much care and skill are required; and those who would make a tour through this land must submit to much fatigue, some danger, and annoyances without number. They must not be afraid of filth, bad fare, the torments of vermin, or lodgings to which a barn of



FORDING A RIVER.



BARBACINO.

clean hay would be a paradise. He must ford rivers of every depth, fear no ascent or descent, and have a careful eye to the priming of his pistols.

We passed on through Bem Feito, and arrived at Villa de Ratao—certainly a most appropriate name, as it abounds in rats. They fell upon me as I lay in bed from the rafters above; and I amused myself in the not very scientific operation of laying in wait for them, boot in hand, “dropping” them as they jumped upon the bed, at which business I became quite expert. One night I awoke almost suffocated, and found a huge rat snugly ensconced on my neck. Passing my hand under him, with a spasmodic jerk I sent him flying from me with such force as to knock over my servant who was just entering the door, and who received his ratship full in the face, and from that time he had a most unconquerable aversion to rats.

We passed Nacimento, Casa Alto, and arrived at Barbacino, beautifully situated on a high hill, consisting of but two streets, each about a mile in length, crossing each other at right angles, and having a church at each end. It was nearly sunset as we approached, and the appearance was of unsurpassed beauty. The barren hills were tinged, as far as the eye could reach, with the golden hues of the setting sun; and as we passed through the groves at the foot of the hill, we saw the natives, who were keeping a festival, dancing upon the

ground, literally carpeted with flowers. Some of the girls were exceedingly pretty, and their open loose dresses set off their fine forms to the utmost advantage. Rarely have we seen a finer sight than was presented on this day at Barbacino. These feast or saint days are very numerous, especially in the cities on the coast. Their celebration engages universal attention, and, in fact, forms the principal religion of the people. They are signalized by the discharge of sky-rockets by day, and other fire-works at night, and the incessant ringing of bells. In fact, the people think nothing too good, no expense too great to be employed in the service of the Church. Accompanying some processions are little girls, adorned with gauze wings, and sometimes glittering with gems, to represent angels, and as they pass along, the streets are strewn with flowers, and the houses are hung with embroidered mantles.

The number of saints' or holydays are about thirty-five. These are divided into two classes, *dias santos de guarda*, in which it is not lawful to work; and *dias santos dispensados*, (half holydays,) in which it is only requisite to attend mass.

The expenses of the churches are immense, the wax tapers consumed being many thousand, of the largest size—for instance, at a festival of the church St. Francisco de Paulo (Rio Janeiro) I once counted five hundred in the sanctuary alone.

We found the nights in this region extremely cold, rendering a heavy *capote* necessary; while the daytime was so warm, that the least possible clothing was required.

The country, after passing Barbacino, presents altogether a different appearance from that nearer the coast. Instead of mountains and green foliage, we have high barren sandy hills, extending as far as the eye can reach, many of which have been washed for gold. The roads, which are mere foot-paths, branch off in various directions, and much caution is requisite in traveling lest we should mistake the route. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and a brilliant moonlight, when I started from Barbacino. After going about a league, I concluded, from the increasing denseness of the thicket, that I had lost my way, and therefore sent my servant in one direction, while I took another, giving signals at intervals. At last, not hearing his voice, and finding my way more and more obstructed, and that I was deviating from my westerly course, I started to return, and as I supposed by a shorter route, taking advantage of every open place to put my animal into a gallop. In one of these places he made so sudden a stop as nearly to precipitate me over his head. It was well he had more *instinct* than I, for, on dismounting, I found myself within a foot of a deep precipice, the dark gloomy shadow cast by the moon into its depths rendering the bottom invisible. I could not repress a shudder; and raised my heart in thankfulness at my narrow escape.

Finding my servant, we pushed on with all possible dispatch; but my poor horses were almost entirely used up, and I was soon obliged to purchase a second mule, and thus equipped we continued our way.

The roads in the sunshine here presented a most beautiful appearance, being covered with minerals of almost every description; crystals of immense size and great beauty lay around us in profusion. But our comforts were fewer than ever: sometimes we slept under the huge leaves of the banana-tree, thrown up in the form of a cone; and sometimes on our baggage, arranged in the best manner our ingenuity could suggest. The wind, so acceptable by day, was piercingly cold at night. Our *estalagem* (inn) has rooms without floors or windows; beds made by driving four

stakes into the ground, with cross pieces, upon which is stretched an ox-hide, and all manner of accommodations to match.

After passing this elevated ground, we experienced a warmer climate; and I found delicious repose in a hammock, a mode of sleeping I ever afterward adopted. During the heat of the day, after turning my mule loose, I have often in the forests suspended my hammock between two trees, perhaps over a sparkling stream, where the denseness of the overhanging boughs effectually excluded the sun, and, with all kinds of a lullaby, fallen into slumber.

At night, in this forest bed, slumber is strangely interesting. Myriads of fire-flies keep an incessant torch-light dance around your hammock; the lantern fly, with his fiery guide, ever and anon illuminates the whole space; the night bird's wing fans your cheek; the vampire bat flits by; and you can look out and see wild beasts wandering in quest of food.

The vampire bat, measuring from one to three feet across the extended wings, is a disgusting-looking object, although its mouse-colored fur is soft and delicate. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth; and the nostrils seem well fitted for suction. It has sometimes been questioned whether these animals suck blood, but there is every reason to believe they do. While in St. João del Rei, I one night received a bite over my right eye, which deprived me of my sight for nearly two weeks. All that saw it pronounced it a vampire *tap*; and I have seen mules so weakened from loss of blood on this account, as to be incapable of journeying. For this reason, too, it is that the mules are secured under a shelter, and briars placed around the caves, which (as the bats rarely fly under a shed) is found a sufficient protection; but if the animals are left unsheltered they are cruelly bitten.

Among the articles of diet here we have already named *farinha de mandioca*. This singular vegetable production has qualities deadly poisonous; but these being extracted, it is rendered the most nutritious article of Brazilian food. It is prepared by pressing it in machines, after which the juice is dried in the sun or by the fire. The original mode was by scraping it with stones, a process very injurious, rendering it necessary for the natives to take an antidote—the urucu root. The plant itself is tall and slender, and divided into short

joints, each one of which, when placed in the ground, takes root and becomes a separate plant. The leaves are palmated with six or seven lobes. The tubers are shaped much like sweet potatoes, about a foot in length. It is sometimes prepared in the following manner: after being divested of their thick rind, and grated upon stones, the mass is placed in a slender bag of ratteen, six feet in length; to this a large stone is appended, and the consequent extension producing a contraction of the sides, the juice is expressed. When finished, it is of a white or brown color, according to the care taken, and resembles crumbs of bread. The poisonous juice is used by the natives to dress wounds, cure the bite of certain snakes, &c.

It was in this locality an accident befell us which may serve to illustrate the perils of a Brazilian journey. In going around the narrow ledge, the road gave way beneath the tread of my baggage mule, and he lost his balance. My servant, who was close behind him, seized hold of his tail, in the vain hope of enabling him to regain his



FALL OF A BAGGAGE MULE.

footing; but the struggle to right himself only made his position continually worse and worse, until in less time than I take in describing it, he was actually suspended with no other support than his fore leg, his nose, and my servant's grip on his tail. At last, seeing no hope of saving him from the fall, and fearful my *criado* would go with him, (as the ground was much loosened in the struggle,) I commanded him to let go, and away went my poor mule. We immediately commenced to find a descent into the ravine below to recover the baggage, expecting to find the mule a mangled

corpse. We were about two hours in accomplishing this descent; but judge of our surprise at finding my mule, though very much bruised and torn, yet still alive. Fortunately the first perpendicular fall was only about fifteen feet; and the side of the mountain, then sloping, was covered with briers and brush, which made his progress more easy. We were obliged to encamp several days to recover him, and indeed a lameness always clung to him. My trunks were torn asunder, and my poor violin was a complete wreck.

It was in this region that I was privileged to behold a magnificent natural fountain. From the top of a huge rock about two hundred feet high and nearly square in form, gushed out numerous (I counted twelve) glittering streams, which, rolling down the sides, produced the finest effect.

The coffee of this province, *Minas Geraes*, is, I think, the best I ever tasted, and is drank by the natives several times a day. It is not exported, as is the coffee of the province of Rio. There are persons still living who remember when the first coffee plants were brought to this country; and yet in 1846 the exports from Rio amounted to two million bags, each containing one hundred and fifty pounds, in quality equal to that of St. Domingo. The coffee-trees are planted at a distance of about eight feet apart, and are prevented from growing more than six feet high by constant trimmings. The flowers are white, and ornament the plant beautifully, and the leaves are some six inches in length. The berries grow upon the under side of the limbs, and at first are green, but when ripe are a bright red; within each berry are two kernels surrounded by a sweet, thin pulp. When the ripe berries are exposed to the sun, the rind is then removed by hand or by mill. I have seen, at some of the smaller *Fazendas*, the negroes (covered with perspiration) engaged, both hands and feet, in shelling the coffee. On passing some of the plantations, as it was rumored that I had with me a few surgical and dental instruments, my services were in immediate requisition, and woe to the poor slave who had ever suffered from toothache, no matter how long since, for it was deemed sufficient cause by his master for removing the offending member, and even my own objections and protestations were unheeded. The lamentable howlings and uncouth contortions of these poor fellows were both



A MULETEER UNHORSED.

pitiable and ludicrous. It was truly laughable to see with what fiendish pleasure those who had been released from their purgatory would hold others who had yet to endure the torture. Along the roads are to be procured plenty of poor wines, at a very cheap rate; but the principal drink among the natives is *cachassa*, made from sugar-cane. There is also a delicious drink made from the orange and *ananas*, (pineapple.)

Having passed through San John, we came to a steep, narrow pass, scarcely three feet wide, and even at that with a deep gorge in the middle. My *criado* was ahead, mounted very foolishly and against my wish, on one of my poor, broken down horses, of which he had cause for repentance. In a place almost impassable for a mule, the horse lost his footing, and falling backward, I expected to see my faithful fellow, the companion of my wanderings, crushed beneath his weight, when, strange to say, the friendly gorge received him head first, fortunately being in this place but a few feet deep and also being too small to admit the horse. He received some severe bruises, but was otherwise unharmed; but not so my poor horse—he was unable to move, and I was about to dispatch him with my pistol, when a native passing by implored me to give it to him. I willingly complied, though I fear he had the worst of the bargain. There was a good deal of human nature in that same servant of mine, for like the rest of mankind he tried to be a hero; after I had spent about two hours in rubbing his body

with *cachassa*, he said to me, “I was not afraid when I was falling.”

On the 30th of August I arrived in St. João del Rei, a beautiful place of about five thousand inhabitants, situated in a valley at the foot of a mountain of the same name. This is the richest town in the interior, having much trade with Rio and the towns further inland; most of the places in this region depending entirely on the gold extracted from the soil, which is here exchanged for goods. Being the first American visitor, I was treated with much kindness, and of no place have I so many pleasing reminiscences. I lived in an old castellated house, surrounded by a high wall, which had twenty rooms full of niches and sliding panels, built probably by some rich old noble who came from Portugal in the time of Don John. The house was said to be haunted, nor could I induce my servant to sleep in it, although I was disturbed only by the nightly sallies of rats. For some time previous to arriving here we had been traveling through a country almost a desert; but as we reached the brow of the hill overhanging this city, a view of the white walls of the houses, the banana and orange groves, burst upon our vision, and seemed to us beautiful. Here I attended the funeral of a *senhora*. The body was laid in a large gilded coffin, and carried to the burial place, preceded by the friends, bearing large wax tapers. On entering the cemetery, a place built in the form of a square, the interior open and the walls arranged in tiers of niches, the coffin is opened, and you behold the corpse in full dress as in life, the priest and laymen standing around chanting and occasionally sprinkling incense on the body. There is also a band of singers accompanied with instruments, which, together with the stillness of the night, the light of the numerous tapers, the slow and solemn airs, make this service exceedingly impressive. After the service was ended, the body was left all night surrounded by torches; in the morning they placed it in the tomb, which was then plastered up. At the end of a year it is taken out, and put in a large vault beneath.

We are yet to traverse the most interesting portion of Brazil; over a soil abounding with gold, and through rivers, in whose beds sparkle precious stones. Of this tour we may hereafter have something to say.

NERVOUS TEMPERAMENTS.

THE nervous system is often deemed accountable for evils which have a very different origin. If a man who is of a naturally irritable temper, which has been indulged till it has obtained the mastery over him; or if a girl, who has been nursed from childhood in the lap of sloth, and has listened to the language of flattery till she is unable to bear the common ills of human life, be asked, "What ails you?" the answer, perhaps, in each case will be, "O, I am highly nervous!" Such an answer is thought to be a sufficient apology for every outbreak of passion, for every indulgence of a sickly sentimentalism, and for every folly to which the selfishness of the human mind may dispose it to give way.

From some such cause as this it may have arisen, that so little sympathy is generally felt with those who complain that they are oppressed by nervous disease. We are ready to say to a person who thus speaks, "Why do you not strive against the evil? Why do you suffer yourself to yield to it? Why do you not reason yourselves out of it?" And if the complainant is really deceiving himself by imputing to nervousness what really flows from ungoverned temper, or from the indulgence of selfish feelings, it is but an act of kindness to rouse him to exertion, by showing him that there is a moral culpability about him which needs the rod of discipline rather than the cordial of sympathetic advice and consolation.

But this is not the case with which I wish at present to deal. There is a real nervousness, as well as its counterfeit; and where it exists, so as to amount to a disease, it has just and large demands on Christian forbearance and compassion. When any one, in a strict sense of the term, may be called nervous, it is meant that the nerves—that mysterious system of physical mechanism which pervades every portion of the frame—are in a diseased state of irritation. Then, instead of fulfilling their proper office, which is to convey to the brain correct intelligence respecting such objects of sense as come within their reach, they exaggerate that intelligence, or present it in an extravagant and irritating form. And thence it follows, that persons who are naturally of the coolest judgment, when under nervous

excitement (by whatever cause produced) will feel that, in spite of the soundness of their understanding, and in spite, too, of their clearest convictions and firmest resolutions, they are carried away by an uncontrollable irritability, for which they are quite unable to give an account.

The experience of many devoted servants of God might be brought to confirm the truth of this observation. I would refer to that of the late Mrs. Hawkes, the attached friend of Richard Cecil, whom she ever revered as her spiritual father in Christ. "I am fallen," she says, "into a nervous state which is truly distressing. Sometimes such deep depression seizes me, and without knowing why, that I can scarcely bear myself; sometimes such irritability, and at others such terror, that I feel as if my senses were going. I have also such an imperious, restless desire, to be anywhere but where I am, as I never felt before. . . . I may scorn the thing that vexes me, and call myself a fool a thousand times; yet there is no arguing with agitated nerves. . . . I am persuaded that nervous disease is quite distinct from a morbid turn of mind. Its seat is in the body, and its sway over the mind is effected by sympathy. Intellectual, and even religious aids, *alone*, will not remedy the evil, but sometimes increase it. We must have recourse to other helps; we must, as much as possible, avoid whatever irritates; and if we cannot avoid it, we must try to divert our thoughts to something else. I am terrified when I consider what disordered nerves produce! The imagination is the first victim, and soon all that is horrid follows."

This is the language, not of one who was naturally peevish, fretful, and of morbid temperament, nor yet of one who had made but low attainments in spirituality of mind and in every Christian excellence; but of one whose soul was buoyant and vigorous beyond that of most persons; whose character was adorned with every grace of the Holy Spirit, and who lived a life of faith and prayer.

There is much of sound philosophy in the distinction which her deep experience had enabled her to draw between "nervous disease" and a "morbid turn of mind." One originates in that marvelous system of cords or threads which run through the whole frame, connecting the various organs of sensation with the spine and the

brain; the other has its seat in the mind itself. Hence they may require not only different, but sometimes even opposite treatment. The morbid mind may need to be roused and stimulated, while the disordered nerves require to be soothed and calmed down. Both cases demand the exercise of judgment, discrimination, and tenderness; but nervous disease needs the last of these in a pre-eminent degree. And yet, perhaps, there is scarcely any form of human suffering which meets with less considerate attention, or which has a greater tendency to call forth feelings and expressions of impatience and irritation in others, than this. It is difficult to divest ourselves of the thought that the patient being so obviously his own tormentor, might cease to trouble himself if he *would*. We seem disposed to put ourselves in his outward condition, retaining the while our own calmness and self-possession; and then we blame him because he cannot extricate himself from these fanciful troubles as easily as we ourselves should do, who happen to be free from his infirmity of nerve. But we forget that in him the very spring which raises us up so easily above these troubles, and also the balancing power, which keeps feelings under due restraint, are altogether wanting. His nerves are excited beyond bounds, and his tremulous hand is quite unable to hold the reins, and to restrain their impetuosity. He may be intelligent, well-informed, rightly instructed, and sincerely pious; and yet, contrary to his convictions, his desires, and his resolves, he is carried away by feelings for which he scorns himself, and calls himself "a thousand times a fool!" Reasoning is altogether fruitless with such a patient; there is, indeed, "no arguing with agitated nerves;" it is like "pouring vinegar upon nitre;" it increases the tempest it was intended to allay.

What, then, is to be done? The case must be approached, not directly through the understanding, but indirectly through the common sympathies of our nature. No attempt should be made to give a sudden check or a violent turn to the current which has set in with so much strength. We must rather try to glide gently along with the feelings of the sufferer, suggesting, as we proceed, topics of an alleviating character. We must *feel with* him, rather than *reason against* him. And while he is not thinking of it, we may take occa-

sion to reconcile his mind to his circumstances, or imperceptibly to draw away his thoughts from the subjects on which they are disposed painfully to dwell.

If the mind seems to be wearing itself out with nervous anxieties, then some decisive change may be necessary; such as a journey, or a new pursuit, to divert the attention from the cause of disquietude. Sometimes converse with a kind friend may do much good. Sometimes silent sympathy will effect still more. But solitude should be, in a great degree, avoided; for then the mind recoils upon itself, and heaps fuel on the fire which itself had kindled. Job's friends, during the first portion of their interview with him, seemed instinctively to adopt the right method of dealing with an agitated mind. "They sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." It would have been for his comfort, and their own credit, had they maintained this silence till they better understood the nature of his sorrows. Sometimes a kind look will do more to set an agitated mind at rest, than hours of wise counsel or faithful exhortation. There may be cases, too, in which it is desirable, if possible, to produce a temporary oblivion of everything exciting, so as to let the mind lie fallow for the purpose of restoring its exhausted powers, and of giving the opportunity of uprooting the luxuriant weeds which had destroyed the fertility of the soil. The bow too long stretched must be unstrung, that it may regain its elasticity. But this is an experiment which should be made with extreme caution, as it is applicable only to extreme cases, and may possibly increase the evil which it is meant to cure. For assuredly the great enemy of souls will ever be on the watch to fill the vacuity thus made with evil suggestions, or bewildering thoughts, or desponding feelings.

These considerations will be enough to show how much Christian wisdom is necessary for those who have to administer to "a mind diseased." But wisdom will not avail, unless it be joined with genuine affection. And in addition to this, there must be patient forbearance, which will be greatly aided by a cheerful, sunny countenance, a gentle and harmonious voice, and words of truth flowing from a heart of love.

But it is with the diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, that they seldom appear in a simple definite form ; and it is their complication which presents the great difficulty in the way of their successful treatment. We often find, for instance, that an extreme susceptibility of the nervous system is in close combination with a morbid mental constitution, as in the well-known case of the poet Cowper. And then we have two enemies to contend with, one of which may require to be opposed on different grounds and with different weapons from the other. A physician may know of a remedy which might cure one disease under which his patient labors, but he cannot venture to administer it, because he knows that it would aggravate another disease with which this is complicated. So, when we have to deal with a mind, the morbid state of which would require some rousing stimulant to produce a right action of its powers, we may be unable to administer it, because of the nervous irritability conjoined with the other disease.

A CUSTOM OF THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

THE Restoration of Charles II., which occasioned such a delirium of joy when it occurred, could hardly fail of being honored by the observance of what might be considered appropriate ceremonies at each returning anniversary. We are told that the passage of the king on the 29th of May, 1661, from Dover to London, was one continued triumph ; and that the road from Rochester to the capital was lined with booths on either side of the way, presenting the spectacle of a continuous fair nearly thirty miles in length. Charles, though a man of vulgar sentiments and scandalous profligacy, retained his popularity during the whole of his reign ; and the day of his accession to the throne, which was also his birthday, continued to be observed as a general holiday as long as he lived. After his death, the custom of making holiday on what was vulgarly called "Oak-apple-day," in allusion to the concealment of the royal fugitive in the oak at Boscobel, had been too long established to die a sudden death.

In our boyhood, when the Peninsular war was raging, we chanced to reside in the neat and picturesque market-town of Tiverton, on the banks of the Exe. It was

here that the custom to which we have alluded, and which, by the way, would have been far more honored in the breach than in the observance, had full sway. In the year 1810, and of course for many generations previously, the 29th of May was as complete a holiday in this town as it could ever have been in any part of England since the first year of the Restoration. At early dawn, the whole town was awakened by the furious clanging of church-bells, and instead of rising to pursue their usual occupations, they had to turn out and sally forth into the neighboring fields, woods, and hedge-rows, where they set to work felling huge branches of oak from the trees, with which the locality abounded, and which they brought into town upon their shoulders to decorate the fronts of their houses. Woe to the luckless or drowsy tradesman who, by the usual time of opening shop, had not metamorphosed his shop-front into a green bower ; he would find his apartments gratuitously ventilated by a shower of compliments from the unruly mob, and be driven to beg, borrow, or buy a bush in his extremity to shield himself from popular vengeance. No shops were open—no business was thought of throughout the day. King Charles was personated by stuffed dolls, with tinsel crowns upon their heads, sitting astride upon the branches of the oak, not in accordance with history, endeavoring to conceal himself from observation, but making the utmost possible show of the gaudy trappings and glittering tiara with which he was adorned. Those who could afford it, covered a good portion of the leaves of the oak with leaf-gold ; and the oak-apples, which had been carefully collected for many days previously, were gilded or silvered, and worn in the hat or the button-hole by all who could procure them. In those times there was neither city nor rural police ; the only peripatetic delegate of authority being the parish constable, and he, for a reason best known to himself, never ventured to put in an appearance on oak-apple day. The whole town was delivered up to the mercies of the mob. It was a day on which ruffianism may be said to have been at a premium, the greatest ruffian being invariably selected from among a hundred or two of candidates to enact the part of Oliver Cromwell.

This historical personage made his ap-

pearance upon the stage about eleven o'clock in the day, by which time it was supposed that all unavoidable business might be transacted; and no female dared venture forth after that hour. The appearance of Oliver was the general signal for flight wherever he came. Imagine a brawny six-foot man, his face begrimed all over with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, and surmounted by a prodigious shock of hair dripping with grease, the lank locks of which hung dangling over his savage eye; his body, like that of a prize-fighter, naked to the waist, round which was tied a bag containing several pounds of the mixture with which his own skin, as far as it was visible, was anointed. This was Oliver Cromwell, and his mission was to catch hold of anybody and everybody that he could overtake, and, by forcing their heads into his capacious bag, make them free of the commonwealth, if they refused to come down with a ransom, the amount of which he fixed at his own discretion according to the circumstances of his captive. As a fleet and powerful fellow was invariably chosen to play Oliver, it was of course necessary to take measures to prevent him from becoming, in the excitement of the chase, too indiscriminate in the bestowal of his favors. As he was pelted by the mob, and plentifully swilled with water, of which there were running streams in most of the streets, it is no wonder that he should lose his temper, and become really savage, after having played the tyrant and the target for a few hours. By way of restraint, therefore, he was tied round the waist by a stout barge rope about fifty yards long, the end of which was in charge of his cabinet council, consisting of half-a-dozen congenial spirits, who probably shared his profits, and who, if they chose, could moderate his pace or pull him up suddenly when in pursuit of unlawful prey—such, for instance, as the parish doctor, or a magistrate amusing himself with a sight of the popular sport.

It is not easy to imagine all the circumstances presented by this unique and disgraceful spectacle: the uproar and tumult which swarmed round Oliver wherever he went—the panic which seized the pursuing multitude when he turned and pursued them—the insane yells and cries of encouragement when he had caught some unlucky or obnoxious individual—and, above all, the hideous appearance of the baited

wretch himself, when worn out with the toils of his disgusting occupation, and savage with the jeers and injuries of the mob. Between the green boughs that covered every house-front, the windows were filled with spectators, among whom women and children looked on in safety upon a spectacle little calculated to inculcate the social or domestic virtues.

In our time Oliver held undisputed possession of the town until five o'clock in the afternoon, when his reign was at an end, and he was led off to retirement, and to count, and enjoy if he could, the fruits of his labors. After he had disappeared, the more respectable inhabitants came forth from their dwellings, and enjoyed themselves in a becoming manner.

This absurd and mischievous custom, which it may be fairly hoped has long been abolished, is in its details sufficiently suggestive of its origin. There can be little doubt that it was originally set on foot by the royalist party soon after the Restoration, in malice against the Puritans, who in that part of the country must have been sufficiently numerous to provoke such a popular demonstration of dislike. It is evident that the mission of the first greasy Oliver who figured in Tiverton-streets was to catch the adherents, real or supposed, of the Protector; and the Nonconformists, of whatever persuasion they might be, were naturally regarded as his legitimate spoil. We may conceive that the poor Puritans of that day, having once had experience of the mercies of the unctuous ogre, would be careful to shut themselves up in their dwellings, with the security of bolt and bar, whenever the anniversary of the monstrous saturnalia came round; but sport, rather than persecution, was the object of the mob, and it mattered little to them who were the victims, so long as they were not balked of their pleasure. It may seem surprising at the first glance, that a custom so silly and puerile in its origin, and so hateful and immoral in its operation, should have survived in all its completeness through five or six generations, and lasted until our own day; but the force of precedent will keep alive even greater abuses; and of all the absurdities which gradually disappear from the face of the earth, those perhaps are among the longest-lived which are linked with the recreations of an ignorant populace.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WE have heretofore alluded to the necessary absence of the editor, occasioned by laborious duties, which have had no connection whatever with his editorial office. He has, very fortunately for himself at least, been lately relieved from most of these foreign demands upon his time, and shall renewedly devote himself to the claims of the Magazine. Our patronage is advancing with a substantial and continual growth; our provisions for the further improvements of the work are ample; and we trust that it will more than ever deserve the hearty commendations it has received from the press and its readers. We have in preparation some very elegant and very extensive pictorial improvements. One of them is now in process—the Life of Luther, in fifty designs, by Gustav König, all of which we shall lay before our readers. We prefer that the others should speak for themselves when their time comes. Meanwhile we hope our friends will heartily and everywhere sustain us in these efforts, by promoting the circulation of the work. We are determined that it shall be admitted to be the best work of its class (allowing for its size) in the land. Help us, good friends, in the endeavor. We wish to begin our next semi-annual volume (in July) with a large accession to our list. Is there one of our readers who does not wish it may be so? Is there one that cannot help us in the attempt? Show the work to your neighbors—tell them its unequally low terms—and you can hardly fail to be able to send us “aid and comfort.” We would refer attention to our terms, especially the offer to clubs. See last page of the cover.

During our late absence our Book Notices have been prepared, in part, by another pen; they have been brief but appreciative—the standard which we have proposed for our literary criticisms. The criticism on “Maurice’s Essays,” in our last, was, however, an exception. We have not read Maurice, and therefore can hardly speak decidedly on the subject; but, had we written the notice ourself, it should have been more positive on one side or the other.

PAYMENT OF AUTHORS.—MR. CAREY’S FIGURES.—We gave some time ago an extract from Mr. Carey’s work on copy-right, showing the success of American authorship. The figures struck us at the time as somewhat marvelous. A wrong cipher makes a “pretty considerable” difference in such calculations. We do not know that Mr. Carey was inaccurate; perhaps, however, the printers were. Webster’s Dictionary had \$180,000 set down to it. A friend, curious in such literary marvels, wrote to the elder Silliman on the subject. He replied in substance:

“Authors of great fame are reputed to obtain large sums for their works; and standard works for schools, colleges, navigation, &c., I suppose pay well. My own experience does not correspond with what you have heard. The ‘American Journal of Science and Arts’ (now in its thirty-sixth year, and sixty-sixth volume,)

was some time a charge on my hands; and has never yet paid a decent editorial salary. The ‘Chemistry,’ in two large octavos, never paid more than a lawyer would charge for managing a case. My early ‘Travels in Europe’ paid about the actual expense of the tour, without counting the time. My recent ‘Visit to Europe,’ will not do even that, although three editions have passed through the press, and a fourth is expected. Whoever has realized ‘golden dreams,’ I have not. I do not impeach the facts stated in the pamphlet, (Mr. Carey’s;) but it is an easy error of the press to add a cipher or two. In the bulletins of the early battles of the French Revolution, it is said that it was usual to omit one cipher from the loss of the French, and add it to that of the enemy. How far authors, or editors, if addressed by you, would be as frank as I have been, I cannot say. No doubt, many, very many works do not pay at all, and much money is lost by publication. Authorship is laborious and anxious; and any man who has a good trade or business, had better stick to it than to turn author, &c.” “Professor Silliman placed our letter,” says our correspondent, “in the hands of Professor Goodrich, who is a member of the late Dr. Webster’s family, and in a note he says, ‘You are right in saying that all the money paid for Dr. Webster’s Dictionary and works in the space of forty years, was not one quarter of the sum named by Mr. Carey.’ It is a very easy matter, in publishing a work like Mr. Carey’s, to go into the merits of authors, and how well they are paid. But if any one were to address each of these writers named by Mr. Carey, on the subject, and they were to tell the ‘exact truth,’ we think, as Professor Silliman says, that one or two ciphers too many have been added.”

BEARD OR NO BEARD.—We have repeatedly referred to the “*beard reform*,” so called in England. The *Church Journal* says, “This movement is one of the most rapid on record, even in these fast times. Whole towns and classes go into it at once. The *Daily News* strongly recommends the clergy to abandon smooth shaving, and return to the manly and majestic beard as worn by the glorious Reformers of the sixteenth century. It says nothing would be a surer preventive of clergymen’s sore throat than for nature’s covering to supersede cravats. The Rev. Peter Barlow, Incumbent of Cockfield, has acted on the advice. Some of his people were so highly offended at this resemblance to Cranmer and Latimer, that they left the Church. The great body of the congregation, however, were sensible enough to remain.”

GEORGE IV. was the first villain and the so called “first gentleman of his day in Europe.” Moore, in his *Diary*, thus represents him *en déshabillé*:—

“Lockhart mentioned Chantrey’s description of a morning in the king’s bedchamber at the cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the king in bed, in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk douillette and velvet cap, and goes to the duke; and, after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about his room all the morning in bare legs.”

EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYERS.—Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a very good thing. He was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that we would find no example for these in the Scriptures. The prayers of our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his Master, and

was about sinking, had his application been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he had got half through *he would have been fifty feet under water.*"

POPULATING THE WEST.—We have seen it repeatedly stated that the settlement of the Western States is due to New-England; yet the United States census of 1850 shows conclusively, that the share of New-England was but a small one when compared with the part taken by the two great States of Pennsylvania and New-York. When the census referred to was taken, there were in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, 324,916 natives of Pennsylvania, 390,998 natives of New-York, and but 180,791 natives of New-England, or 715,910 natives of Pennsylvania and New-York, to 180,791 natives of New-England. The number of Pennsylvanians in Ohio alone, 200,634, exceeded the whole number of New-Englanders in the West, while in the State of Michigan there were no less than 138,756 New-Yorkers.

The following strikes us as not only a cunningly devised story, but also a good evangelical homily, we were about to say evangelical satire. We find it in the *Hartford Courier*.—

A CHURCH IN THE AIR.

Once wandering through the land of dreams,
In search of something new,
A church—'t was on a Sabbath morn—
My curious notice drew;
And thinking I should see the mode
Of Christian worship there,
I enter'd just in time to hear
The closing hymn and prayer.

The church was rich, without display;
From gorgeous colors free;
Through unstain'd glass the light of heaven
Was shining cheerfully.
And rich and poor sat side by side;
I saw no cushion'd pews,
Whose doors the meanest of the flock
An entrance might refuse.

And when the hymn was given out,
With what astonish'd face
I watch'd a lady clad in silk
Bend forward from her place.
To share her book with one whose robes
So scanty were and mean,
No maiden form'd of earthly mould
To greet her would be seen.

And yet I saw not that the deed
Lessen'd a single grace,
But rather that a sweeter look
Beam'd on the maiden's face.
And while I ponder'd in my mind
How such a thing could be,
The whole assembly join'd to sing
Some time-worn melody.

Vainly I strove with modern air
To catch the organ's tone;
These simple Christians swell the praise
Of God by voice alone.
And here no fashionable airs,
The fadum to bestride,
Are set to solemn hymns of praise,
And sung in opera style.

And yet the music of that choir
Right pleasant was to hear,
Though nothing in the strain I found
To please the critic's ear;
But childhood join'd its ringing tones
With those of falt'ring age,
And rich and poor, and old and young,
In the blest work engage.

I listen'd, and my thoughts recurr'd
To many a boasted choir
In city church, who weekly meet
To praise the Lord for hire;
And well, thought I, the Church of God
This mockery might spare;
I ceased—for every head was bow'd
In reverential prayer.

And all in spirit seem'd to join,
Nor could I well forbear;
For Christ, and not the minister,
Was most apparent there.
Its words of charity and love
Did the whole world embrace,
Unfetter'd by the lure of sect,
That modern Christian grace.

And little did I care to know
If Old the School or New
From whence the soul of such a man
Its rich instruction drew.
Teacher none could well mistake;
One only can impart
Lessons of wisdom that can guide
A sinful human heart.

Too soon that fervent prayer was o'er,
The benediction ask'd,
And slowly down the spacious aisles
The congregation pass'd—
Slowly, as one might turn his back
Upon the gates of heaven,
After a taste of angel's food
Unto his soul was given.

And now kind greetings were exchanged
With many a friendly word,
And Christians met as Christians should,
Who serve one common Lord.
One heart, one mind, one earnest will,
Seem'd to inspire the whole,
As friend to friend with freedom told
The welfare of his soul.

Strange though it seem, no single word
These curious folks did say
Of "politics," or rise in stocks,
Or gossip of the day;
Nor only did they "shut up shop,"
And lock the office door,
They turn'd the key on worldly thoughts
Till holy time was o'er.

The sermon, while a group discuss'd,
I listen'd in amaze,
And marvel'd at the words they used
When speaking in its praise:
They did not call it "great" or "deep,"
"Ingenious," "swifty," "smart;"
Or "thank their stars they had a man
After the people's heart."

But whisper'd low, with moisten'd eye,
"How precious was the word!
How full of hope the promises
Their strengthen'd souls had heard!"
And murmur'd blessings on his head,
Who, laboring by their side,
In all simplicity of truth
Preach'd Christ the crucified.

I heard, and could not silence keep;
"Thrice happy souls!" I cried,
"Am I in heaven?" With sudden start
My eyes I open'd wide—
Look'd round a moment in amaze—
Saw my mistake with pain,
And never since have dared to take
A nap in church again.

The American missionaries will probably achieve among the Nestorian mountains the moral triumphs they have gained in the Sandwich Islands. It is said they have full liberty to preach in all the Nestorian Churches in the Oroomiah district. All the churches have been divested of their pictures, crosses, &c.; and all the objectionable portions of their liturgy, such as prayers of intercession to the Virgin, saints, &c., have been marked out, and are omitted in their devotions.

A new Gazetteer of the United States affords an illustration of the manner in which the New World seeks its nomenclature. The names of American cities are a study:—the face of the continent is studded with illustrious names as thickly as the surface of the moon. Washington is of course the favorite; he, the father of the country, has left his autograph in every State, if not in every county of the confederation. The capital of the Republic bears his name. Twenty-seven counties bear it. Of cities, towns, and villages, there are not less than one hundred and fifty Washingtons, besides a Washington Hollow, Washington Heights, Washington Lake, and half-a-dozen Washingtonvilles. If there be gratitude at baptismal fonts, Americans are certainly not ungrateful to the man whose genius achieved their freedom, and whose virtues founded their empire. Franklin has given his name to nineteen counties and one parish, to one hundred and sixteen cities, towns and villages, and compounds of his name, such as Franklinton, Franklinville, and the like, to thirty others. Jefferson and Madison follow these worthies. Sixteen counties and one parish are called Madison; of towns and hamlets there are fifty so called; and fourteen places by the compounds and continuations. Eighteen counties and one parish bear the name of Jefferson, with no less than seventy-two towns and villages, and there are twenty-one Jeffersonvilles, &c. Nor are English worthies forgotten. There are thirty-seven Miltons, three Miltonvilles, and one Miltonsburg. There are seven Hampdens, and the same number of Sydneys. Cromwell, refused a statue in England, finds five cities named after him in America,—and the great Admiral of the Commonwealth has given his name to two Blakesburgs and one Blakesville. There are seven Napoleons, seven Nelsons, and six Wellingtons. Next to Milton, Byron among poets seems to carry off the prize of popularity as thus tested. Ten towns and cities bear the poet's name. Seventeen towns are called Marlborough and one Marlbrook. Commoner names jostle each other oddly—Troys, Londons, Romes, Jerusalems, Calcuttas, Caïros, and the like. There are five Londons, twenty-two Parises, twenty-one Romes, twenty Viennas, seventeen Lisbons, five Cadizes, seven Caïros, four Memphises, and not one Constantinople. But the City of the Sultan may now look for these transatlantic recognitions,—and in due time we shall doubtless have Abdul Medjids and Omars in plenty. Every event in Europe seems to write its story on the blank spaces of the new world:—already there are ten Kossuths, counties and towns, there; and one Jenny Lind, a post village. Lamartine has seven towns growing laurels for his brow. Curiously enough there is not a single Shakspeare—though there are three Romes and two Hamlets.

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 “How much did he leave?” exclaimed A., on one occasion when this inquiry was made. “How much did he leave? Why, of course, he left all he had. He did not take the first cent with him. Penniless as he came into the world, so penniless he went out of it.” “Pardon me,” said B., “you mistake my meaning. What was he estimated to be worth?” “Ah—as to

that,” replied A., “I do not know. Most people think he had immense wealth. But what most affects me, is the fact, that however much he had, he left it all. Not a square inch of his numerous lots, nor a dime of all his hoarded money, could he take across the dark valley.”

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 A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Our neighbors of Canada are fast rivaling us in “every good word and work;” preparatory, we suppose, to their entrance into our brotherhood of States. The following brief note from their Postmaster General, in reply to a letter from Mr. Delavan, is full of significance:—

QUEBEC, Monday, Jan. 23, 1854.

Sir,—In answer to your inquiry relative to the postage on *The Prohibitionist*, I have the honor to inform you, that, on and after the first of February next, they will pass free into every post office in Canada, as will also every other paper devoted exclusively to temperance, education, science or agriculture. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant.

—
 DR. YOUNG.—The biography of the author of the “Night Thoughts” is a most humiliating record. At the very time that he was writing, in strains the most solemn, on the vanity of earthly pursuits, his new biographer, Dr. Doran, describes him as “a poet ever seeking a patron, a pensioner looking out for increase of income, and a clergyman sharply inquiring for preferment.” He wrote an abject letter to Mrs. Howard, the king's mistress, begging her influence in his behalf for some crown living.

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 ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. OLIN.—Dr. Stephen Olin, while at Middlebury College, of which he was a graduate, was noted for his love of disputation, and his ingenious and practical mode of disarming his opponents in argument. One severe cold day in March, as he stood with a class-mate of about as much pride of opinion and tenacity of purpose as himself, looking out of his college-room window down upon the Otter Creek, which a few days before had been broken up by a winter flood, that had left the current clear, but strewn the banks with massive cakes of ice, the latter advanced an argument to show that bathing was as equally safe in winter as in summer. Olin, as was his wont, advanced another to show the falsity and folly of the position. This brought out a rejoinder, and the dispute was carried on with much earnestness for some time, when Olin suddenly paused, and said, “Perhaps you are right and sincere; but the thing can be so easily tested, that it is hardly worth the while to prolong the discussion. You see that large cake of ice jutting out over the Creek down there? Now let us both proceed to the spot, strip, and dive off. What! hesitating?”

“No, sir!”

“Come on, then.”

And they both seized their hats and started for the Creek, each fully expecting, every rod of the way, that the other would back out. But neither showed the least sign of misgiving, and they reached and mounted the cake of ice.

“Now strip!” said Olin, throwing off his coat by way of example.

It was done.

“Now dive!”

And soose they both went into the turbid

ice-water beneath; but probably no fellows were ever more thankful than they to reach the surface, climb up the bank, and reach their clothes on the ice. They dressed as quickly as possible, and ran for the College, on reaching which they were both so hoarse that they could scarcely speak.

"Ah! what ails your voice?" cried Olin, triumphantly. "Where is your argument as to the safety of the thing now? And as to your own sincerity, it was all folly? but I'll admit you have as much pride as most of folks. So here endeth the first and last lesson I'll ever have with you on practical argument."

A JACKASS AMONG ASSES.—One of our exchanges gives a very ludicrous incident which occurred lately at the Casino Paganini, (Paris,) a large ball room located at the head of a passage leading out of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and which was much frequented last season by a mixed and miscellaneous crowd. The orchestra had just struck up the *Galop du Chemin de Fer* (Railroad Gallop,) and the merry dancers had taken their places, when into the room bolted a donkey, snorting and braying at the top of his powerful lungs, and joining in the gallop went round the large hall with a perfect rush. Never was such a stampede seen in a ball-room. The now affrighted dancers scattered in every direction, and "sieh a gittin' up stairs," such a jumping upon chairs and tables, and such a climbing up pillars, up to that moment had never been witnessed in the Casino Paganini, nor in any other casino. The police were struck dumb at the strange apparition, the musicians dropped their instruments and fled in terror, while the donkey kept galloping on in his mad flight, careering in circles around the room amid the wild screams of the hundreds of women, all only bent upon seeking places of safety. What could have brought such an intruder into a dancing hall, no one could imagine; but it was afterward ascertained, that the donkey had been left by his master standing before a door in *Chaussée d'Antin*; and that struck by one of the carriages continually passing through that noted thoroughfare, and frightened by the rattling of others, he had suddenly started off at the top of his speed. The more he ran, as is always the case, the more frightened he became; and in his flight, seeing the passage leading to the casino, he bolted into it for refuge. But poor refuge did he find; for he now had to run a gauntlet of at least fifty coachmen, always stationed in the passage on the look out for customers, who, yelling and cracking their whips at him, further increased his terror and his pace. The saloon is on the first floor, and without stopping to procure a ticket of admission, but knocking over the astonished door-keeper in his headlong career, the poor brute made his advent among the dancers as already mentioned—"solitary and alone he that set the ball in motion," and commotion, too—without stopping to select a partner he joined in the grand gallop, and at a stride which soon distanced everything on the track. After half a dozen turns round the saloon, and to music of his own composition and performance, he finally cooled or tired himself down, came to his senses, and quietly commenced a

survey of the premises. From this out he is said to have been the pet of the evening, the female portion of the crowd in particular pressing around him and regaling him plentifully with cakes and other notions. When the ball was over, he was sent by the commissary of police to the public pound, and thus ended the doings of a donkey in a dancing saloon. The party when caressing him evidently felt themselves in very congenial company; but the police were by far too partial, as the poor donkey was alone taken under their official care.

FANNY FEEN.—Some country editor stated that Fanny Feen was growing old. She denies the truth of the statement; boldly asserts that she is ready to jump at the first offer she has of marriage, and thus presents her qualifications:—"I have very black hair and eyes, and am very *petite*. I am as sensitive as the Minerva, spirited as an eagle, and untamable as chain lightning. Can make a *pudding*, or write a newspaper squib—cut a caper, and can crowd more happiness or misery into ten minutes, than any Fanny that was ever christened."

INDICATIONS.—At the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association held in Boston a proposition to raise a fund for the publication of Unitarian books was discussed. Rev. Mr. Huntington, one of the leading Unitarian clergymen of Boston, made a long speech, in which the following passages occur: "We are contemplating a service not to art, not to science, nor to philosophy, nor primarily to public manners, but to Christian missions. If we raise money, the books we buy with it must be meant to awaken and extend a Christian life in the soul. For one, I am ready to declare what, in particular, these religious books must, or must not, teach, in order that any cordial interest on my part should be enlisted in the plan. They must teach that in Christ Jesus God does specially, and in a mode transcending all our knowledge, unite himself with humanity, to quicken and save it, so that Christ is a being apart from all men while infinitely near to them; a veritable mediator, not only miraculous or wondergifted, but in a particular sense divine; and so that the world's salvation consists in a spiritual redemption acting through him from on high, and not in a mere natural development of the human powers, according to natural laws. They must teach that every soul needs a renewed interior life, a second birth superadded to the natural, in order to entrance into the kingdom of heaven. They must not deny, but at least admit, the possibility of an immediate and personal intercourse between this regenerate heart and the person Christ, as the indwelling life of his Church, while also the Intercessor and Advocate with the Father. They must abide by the supreme mastery of the Scriptures, as uttering the mind of the Spirit, regarding it as the best office of reason, not to correct the Bible, but to discover its sense. They must declare no limitations to the future punishment of the ungodly, following therein the wisdom and the authority of the New Testament. They must affirm the radical and essential distinction between morality and piety, insisting on the latter as the vital root of the former. They must rec-

ognize the offices of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, in regenerating the soul, sanctifying it, flooding it with grace, and raising it to glory. And finally, they must fearlessly and unqualifiedly apply the principles and spirit of the Lord Jesus, not only to the ordinary labor and familiar relations of man's life in the world, but to all popular combinations of sin, organized iniquities, public crimes, so as to yield righteousness and brotherly love, and that for the Master's honor. Give me books stamped with these heavenly characters, charged with this evangelic spirit, firmly proclaiming these vital doctrines of everlasting life, and I will engage not to be outdone, in zeal for their ceaseless multiplication and diffusion, by any among you all. It is possible, Mr. Chairman, that there are brethren here, as sincere in their convictions, as faithful in their office, as intelligent in their investigations, as any others, who will think that the platform of faith I have so rudely laid down, at least in respect to some of its particulars, is a narrow one. To me it seems broad and generous. It is narrow only as toward those that tend to the extreme of rationalism, and recede from revelation. It is the common ground of the Christianity of history. It is substantially the basis on which the great religious modern movements in Germany, France, England, and America are proceeding. Evidences are not wanting that larger and larger numbers of firm and earnest men, in our own limits, without much concert, are placing themselves upon it, and especially are coming into more affectionate relations with Christ. My heart, my experience, my studies, such as they are, hold me fast to each of these great articles of faith. In their positive aspect, they are incomparably dear. They rise superior to all questions of ecclesiastical order or sectarian predominance. Not one of them is unessential, I will not say to fellowship, but to united action for converting the world. I cannot believe that the loftiest and purest type of Christian piety can live long without them; or that the Church, without them, can maintain any other than a feeble, sickly, perishing existence. We want them to reinvigorate our decayed and wasting heritage, our lukewarm Laodicean. With them, the Almighty Father will lead us to more majestic achievements, pouring out upon us larger measures of his love, and new splendors of truth. Without them, we shall sink into ever more desperate imbecilities, and darker shame.

A REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.—THE LIVERPOOL TIMES presents a curious history of the 28th (a famous regiment of the Queen's Army) from its valorous deeds at Quebec in 1759 to its return from the Colonies in 1848. The following passage occurs in the narrative:—"Before the breaking out of the war which ended in the formation of the United States Republic, the 28th was stationed in America, and George Washington, then a young man, held some command in it. There was established a free-mason's lodge in the regiment, of which the President in embryo was a member. Washington's connection with the regiment, from the course of events, became dissolved, and during a subsequent engagement he found himself opposed to the very troops with whom he had

formerly served. The English were defeated, and the chest which contained the masonic emblems fell into the hands of the Americans. When it was examined, Washington found that it contained, among other things, the Bible upon which he had sworn his masonic oaths. The chest, with its contents, was honorably and promptly returned to the 28th, with all due military honors; an act of delicacy and courtesy which the men of the 28th, and the masons particularly, warmly appreciated. Again the English were worsted, the chest captured, and again was it returned in a similar way. The Bible in question is still in possession of the regiment, and is held in great reverence by the brethren of the craft; the page upon which Washington was sworn being distinguished by the insertion of a silken mark. Our friend, (a mason,) to whom we are indebted for the above, saw the Bible lately in Manchester, where it was produced at a meeting of the Lodge of Virtue, which some officers of the 28th attended."

A NEW VIEW OF NIAGARA.—Rather a rich story is told of an Irishman, who happened to visit the Falls. Having heard that it was quite fashionable to think lightly of the mighty cataract, Paddy thought it was his duty to conform to the mania; and taking a glance at the surrounding wonders, thus addressed himself to a bystander:—"And is this Niagara Falls?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" "Pat, looking at the water, replies, hesitatingly, "And what's to hinder it?"

Mr. LAYARD delivered a lecture lately in England on his own recent discoveries in the East. The lecturer very frankly and generously allowed that a Frenchman first broke earth at Nineveh, and a German first ingeniously obtained a clew to the arrow-headed inscriptions. He described his own early difficulties, the superstition of the Arabs, who believed that he had discovered the bones of their great prophet Nimrod, the predatory character of the Devil worshippers, and the ferocity of the Kurds; with all of whom, however, as well as with those curious remains of the ancient Assyrian race, the Nestorian Christians, called by some the Protestants of the East, he had contracted alliances. He narrated the difficulties of transporting the winged bulls; the palm fibre ropes that broke, the rollers, the rafts and the inflated skins. Since his departure, three more obelisks, covered with inscriptions, had been found at Nineveh, in addition to the three miles of chambers he had excavated. His researches at Babylon, after some months' labour, had entirely failed; but he still hoped, uncertain even as was its very site, that something might yet be found. In allusion particularly to Scripture chronology, he mentioned the great hall of Sennacherib, with its portals guarded by winged bulls, and the edify of the eagle-god, whom, it is supposed, that monarch was worshipping at the time he was murdered by his two sons. In the enumeration of his conquests, his wars with the Jews and his capture of

Lachish are also mentioned. On another bas-relief, the name of Jehu occurs in one place as being of Samaria, and what is more singular, in another as being of Beth-Omri—the house of Omri—by whom Samaria was built. He had already obtained the names of about thirty Assyrian kings. In guessing at the probable structure of these ancient palaces, he supposed the whole of the upper walls to have been of sun-dried brick, and the roof of painted wood over this had fallen in and completely preserved all the sculptures beneath. He considered that the Assyrian works showed power, taste and accuracy, and as a proof of the last, he mentioned that, in a bas-relief of a lion hunt, they had given the animal a claw in his tail, a peculiar feature of the Asiatic breed. The lecturer was well received and applauded.

A correspondent of *The Watchman and Reflector* gives this anecdote of the late Rev. William Jay:—

He was at Cheltenham, staying at the house of an elderly lady belonging to the Episcopal communion. The lady told him that they had a minister at their church, who she, with some others, feared did not preach the gospel; and begged him to go and hear. Mr. Jay went, and on leaving the church was asked if he thought that preaching the gospel? when he replied, "Why, really, that is a very awkward question for me to answer, for it was my own sermon."

AN EPIGRAM.—Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, gets off the following on John G. Saxe:—

"Whoever the wine of wit would drink,
Of Saxe's flagon snucks on;
Wherever the Anglo Saxons think,
They think New-England Saxe on;
But though with a wine and sparkling zest,
His racy words are quaff'd at,
I'm sorry the truth must be confess'd,
Whatever he writes is laugh'd at."

THE DEATH OF TALFOURD—the brilliant author, the successful barrister, and the friend of Lamb, Moore, and Coleridge—has been announced since our last issue. He was of humble parentage, the son of a brewer, and fought his way gallantly up to distinction. His death was occasioned by an attack of apoplexy in court, on the 12th of March last, in the 59th year of his age. His *Vacation Rambles*, *Memoirs of Lamb*, and, above all, his *Dramas*, have made his name familiar, and will long keep it so. "Ion" is the most classically perfect dramatic production of our times. The *London Times* says:—"It may be said with truth of Mr. Justice Talfourd, that the only pang he ever caused to all who had the happiness of his friendship was, by his untimely death. He was as singularly constant in his attachments as he was ready to attach himself to all those whose qualities of heart or intellect might seem to challenge his consideration and regard. The union of the two qualities is rare indeed, but it existed in him. A diligent student of literature, ancient and modern, he was ever ready with the apt quotation or the graceful allusion—so much so, that it was a matter of surprise to all who knew him and were aware of the unflinching industry with which he applied himself to the labors of his profession, how he could find time for acquiring and keeping up so extensive a knowledge of literature."

A HINT DIRECT.—THIEVING SOMEWHERE.—Our conferee of the *Evening Mirror* has the following pungent *morceau*:—"The highly respectable publishing house of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, assure us that they forward all their publications to this office; and yet we do not receive more than one out of four of their issues. Hart's publications, of Philadelphia, we are also assured, have been sent us regularly; but we have not received a copy of a book from that house in six months. Either the correspondents here in New-York, to whose care these books are sent, are dishonest, or some of the thieving *littérateurs* who loaf about our book-stores, take the liberty of walking off with copies directed to the *Mirror*, an old trick among a class of conscienceless vagabonds who claim to be 'gentlemen of the press.' If our publishing friends in Philadelphia and Boston will do us the favor to forward parcels directed to this office by Adams & Co.'s Express, they will be promptly received and duly acknowledged." We are compelled to indorse this severe complaint as an apology for the non-appearance of notices of works, which, as we authentically learn, are frequently sent us by houses whose attentions we would not treat with disrespect. Though we receive more publications than we can well feel grateful for, yet many sterling volumes, notices of which are due to both the publishers and our readers, thus escape us. The scandalous evil is, we believe, more extensive than is generally supposed. We are endeavoring to ferret it out in our own case. Meanwhile, publishers should have an eye on the manner in which their books are transmitted. The man who can thus pilfer, he he "of the press" or otherwise, is "a graceless scamp"—a rascal who is capable of picking locks or pockets.

MURRAH FOR VERMONT.—"There is but one city in the State," says the *Randolph Herald*, "and not one soldier. We have no theaters nor mobs. We have no police, and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no museums, opera-houses, nor crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labours and loves; where she rears men, scholars and patriots." Was there ever a commonwealth under the sun before equal to that? What has made it such? Three things: Schools, Churches and Mountains—yes Mountains have something to do with it, as they have with the character of Scotland and Switzerland."

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT is the author of the following beautiful sentiment:—"I had rather see the country dotted all over at the crossings of the roads in every village, with neatly-arranged school-houses, than have the high places of a few overgrown cities adorned with magnificent palaces. I had rather see the avenues to these school-houses thronged with boys and girls, cheerfully wending their way to school, saluting the stranger as he passes, with their *courtesy* or *hail*, as was the custom when I was young, than gaze upon mercenary soldiers, with plumes waving and weapons glittering with a splendor that rivals the sun itself."

Book Notices.

ONE of the most important publications of the season is the "*History of the French Protestant Refugees*," by Weiss, translated by Henry Wm. Herbert, and published in excellent style by *Stringer & Townsend, New-York*. It traces with elaborate research the dispersion and settlements of the Huguenots, from the revocation of the edict of Nantes down to our own day. The work was begun, we believe, at the suggestion of Guizot, himself a Huguenot, and has been assisted by Mignet the historian. M. Weiss visited England, Holland, Switzerland, &c., to consult original MSS., and has gathered invaluable advantages from his researches. The American portions of his narrative are most deficient, but a remarkably interesting appendix, by one of "our own contributors," G. P. Disosway, Esq., a descendant of the Huguenots, supplies amply this lack. The volume is invaluable to the historical student, soul-stirring to the Christian reader, and deeply interesting to the lovers of romance. It will take its place at once among our standard books.

Fowler & Wells, New-York, have issued three capital pamphlets on tobacco—all of them prize essays. The first is entitled, "*Tobacco Diseases, with a Remedy for the Habit*," by Dr. J. Shaw; the second, "*Tobacco, its History, Nature, and Effects, with Facts and Figures for Tobacco Users*," by Dr. R. T. Trall; the third, "*Ecils of Tobacco, as they affect Body, Mind, and Morals*," by Rev. D. Baldwin. The three together are enough to scare a tobacco user out of his appetite, if not "out of his senses."

An able and very interesting pamphlet on "*Israel's Speedy Restoration and Conversion; or, the Signs of the Times*," from the pen of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, has been issued by *J. A. Gray, New-York*. We do not indorse all Mrs. P.'s expositions of her subject; but she has brought together a very large amount of facts and illustrations, and writes in most genial and catholic spirit.

One of the best pamphlet attacks on the monstrous heresies of Romanism which we have met, is a little brochure by the Rev. Stephen Spachynski, (late a Roman Priest.) It is entitled "*The Claims of the Roman Catholic Church examined and tested by Scripture*," *S. Warren, Paterson, N. J.*

The last "Election Sermon" before the Legislature of Massachusetts, preached by Rev. Miner Raymond, has been published. It is an able discussion of the "*Bearing of Religion on Human Happiness*," considering man both as an individual and as a member of society. Some of its passages are remarkably pungent, and must have made the demagogues among the audience wince not a little. It will take rank among the best of the "Election Sermons."

Carlton & Phillips have issued a very interesting little volume, entitled "*Successful Men*." We can hardly commend to parents or teachers a better book for youth. After an introductory chapter "about success in general," it gives seven chapters sketching the

histories of successful merchants, manufacturers, engineers, inventors, artists, scholars, poets, philanthropists, warriors, and other public men. It is well written and well printed.

"*The Words of Jesus*," is the title of another little volume from the pen of the author of "*The Morning and Night Watches*," &c.—a writer whose productions are savory with the very unction of the gospel. The present volume consists of a series of soliloquies or meditations, on choice portions of Christ's instructions. *Carter & Brothers, New-York*.

The latest published work of the venerable Jay of Bath, was his volume of "*Lectures on Scripture Female Characters*." He died in a few days after writing the preface to them; but they are not a production of his latter and infirm years: nearly fifty years ago he delivered them to his congregation. They consist of twenty-two discourses, relating to the "*Shunammite*," "*Mary Magdalene*," "*Hannah*," "*Anna the Prophetess*," the "*Woman of Canaan*," the "*Woman who anointed the Saviour's Head*," the "*Poor Widow*," the "*Penitent Sinner*," the "*Woman of Samaria*," "*Lydia*," "*Dorcas*," the "*Elect Lady*," the "*Deformed Daughter of Abraham*," "*Martha and Mary*," and "*Lot's Wife*." A considerable amount of Biblical exposition is given in the volume; but its chief excellences are the characteristic good sense, rich evangelical feeling and entertaining style of the author. *Carter & Brothers, New-York*.

The American Baptist Publication Society has issued a sweeping little volume against Popery, entitled "*Rome against the Bible and the Bible against Rome; or, Pharisaism, Jewish, and Papal*," from the pen of Rev. Wm. S. Plumer, D.D. The policy of the Pharisees in keeping the Word of God from the people is shown to be the policy of Rome, only much exaggerated by the latter. The book is pungent, and will suit the times.

Bonar, of Kelso, England, is one of the most effective of the living evangelical writers of our language. His books are full of spirit and power. He has some theological eccentricities, whims even, but he has also the essential truth and the essence of genius. His latest work, "*Eternal Day*," has been issued by *Carter & Brothers* of this city. It is an ardent book—incandescence we were about to say—a glowing, inspiring view of the blessedness of saints in the "ages to come."

We do not believe much in oral theological debates: personal considerations usually sway and characterize them, and candor and truth are lost in the melee of passion, of logical pugilism, and verbal tactics. We are glad, however, to receive a "*True Report of the Discussion of the Authority and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*," held recently in Philadelphia between Mr. Joseph Baker and Rev. Joseph F. Berg. Mr. Berg's vindication is not only triumphantly successful, but abounds in passages of emphatic eloquence. The work is valuable as a comprehensive and conclusive

review of the popular sophisms of infidelity, and will be a good compendium for clergymen in this respect. *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have for sale two important publications from the pen of Rev. S. Comfort; the first is entitled, "*Elements of Man's Moral History, &c.*" It is a review of leading facts in the moral economy of our world, from its creation to the final judgment. The series of events and developments usually presented in similar works, as in Edwards on Redemption, is sketched with much original suggestion and logical elaboration. The volume can be recommended to theological readers, especially, as one of the most comprehensive treatises of the kind. The other work is entitled, "*End of the Argument for True Believing.*" It is a keenly logical and conclusive review of Rev. Mr. Austin's arguments in a debate with Rev. Mr. Holmes, in favor of the final restoration of all men. The reader who wants one of the very best summaries of the proofs of the evangelical doctrine on the question is recommended to obtain this little volume. In both these works Mr. Comfort has shown both the acumen and sobriety of thought which are so requisite in theological investigations.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have for sale "*Forrester's Pictorial Miscellany for Boys and Girls.*" It is illustrated by one hundred engravings—an excellent work to win the attention of children and to give them a love of reading. We have repeatedly commended Mark Forrester's juvenile works; this is one of his best—the cream of many others.

The second volume of "*Dickens's Child's History of England*" has been sent us—we have not yet received the first. The narrative in this extends from the Sixth Henry to the Revolution of 1688. It is characterized by Dickens's unrivaled powers at story-telling, and by a remarkably downright democratic sort of honesty in the treatment of great sinners—of whom there is, of course, a multitudinous supply within the period mentioned. Such a work for the young should have engravings, as a matter of course. *Harper & Brothers, New-York.*

"*Uncle Toby's Library*" is the title of a very pretty series of twelve volumes designed for juvenile readers, and for sale at *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. In their mechanical style they are what books for children always should be—printed in liberal type, on good paper, and bound attractively. The volumes are narrative, another necessary trait of juvenile literature. They are abundantly illustrated, and prepared throughout with good sense, good taste, and a good moral purpose. The package of twelve in a pasteboard box forms a good present for the "little folks."

Messrs. Harpers have issued, in a substantial octavo of 552 pages, Dr. Kane's "*United States Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin*"—a work which men of science will welcome for its abundant and sagacious observations of the natural phenomena of the Arctic regions, and which the lovers of personal adventure or entertaining reading will

find surpassingly attractive. We can hardly speak too strongly of its excellences. Its author was evidently the very man not only for the Expedition, but for its narrator. Quick-sighted, sagacious, hearty, off-handed yet steady-handed, he has achieved both his tasks with really admirable success. The Report of Lieutenant de Haven, and other addenda, enhance much the value of the volume. As Americans we are proud of the production, as also of the philanthropic undertaking which has given it birth.

"*Africa and America described*," by the well-known author of "*The Peep of Day*," has been published by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*. It is a collection of mere fragmentary references to these countries, without connection and without interest. The cuts are wretched, as much so as the matter.

The same publishers have put the young men of the country under obligation to them by issuing, in neat style, Rev. T. Binney's book for young men, entitled "*Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds?*" It has grown into its present shape from a lecture delivered before the London Young Men's Christian Association. It attempts to sketch the ideal of a beautiful form of life in the present world as preparatory to the next, and to show how it may be realized. The illustrative incidents of the volume are various and striking, and its style full of vigor.

Alice Carey is known and loved in American homes generally as one of our favorite singing birds—not one of Mother "Carey's chickens" of briny associations, but a genuine lark of the prairies. She is equally excellent in prose. Her *Cloverbrook* (both series) is redolent of the sweet fields. Her pictures of Western life are not only well painted—that might be expected of a poetess—but what is better and more rare, they are well drawn. These delightful volumes abound both in humor and pathos, and have the charm of freshness and naturalness beyond most of our native fictions. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Redfield, New-York, has issued excellent editions of *Sims's Works*—productions too well known to need a critical verdict at this date. Their thoroughly national tone and the skill with which they paint the Negro and the Indian character, together with their general historical accuracy and manly good sense, render them standards in our native literature.

"*Homoeopathic Practice of Medicine: embracing the History, Diagnosis, and Treatment of Diseases in General, including those Peculiar to Females, and the Management of Children; designed as a Text-Book for the Student, as a Concise Book of Reference for the Profession, and simplified and arranged for Domestic Use*," by Dr. M. Frelich. (*New-York: Langport, Balchman and Low.*) A voluminous book, this, of nearly 600 pages, octavo, indorsed by some of the most distinguished practitioners of this school of medicine; and although we profess no skill in such matters, we should judge that, to those who prefer this practice, it will prove a desirable manual for domestic use.

Literary Record.

Our Boston correspondent furnishes us, as usual, with a most interesting communication, which we need not commend to the perusal of our readers.

BOSTON LETTER.

A Relic of Marengo—Education in Massachusetts—Hospitals—Safety Brake—Education in the State Prison—Reform School for Girls—Literary Items.

STRANGE histories meet us among the thousands that find an asylum in our land from the poverty or persecutions of the Eastern Continent. A short distance from my dwelling lives a little withered and wrinkled Frenchman, seventy-seven years of age, and yet as vivacious as a boy. The memory of this old man is full of history. He was a soldier in the "grand army" that accompanied Napoleon over the Alps; was present at the battle of Marengo, and at the bridge of Lodi, and had often spoken to the great Napoleon. He was sent to Hayti with the army for the defense of the French possessions in that island, and upon his return was captured by an English privateer and landed in one of the neutral ports of the United States. He closes his militant life under the banner of the Prince of Peace. A new Methodist church has been, within a short time, consecrated near his dwelling, and its bell, he said, seemed to say to him, "Come along, come along, come along to meeting." And so he came along, and during the interesting religious season enjoyed by the Church, his attention has been wonderfully aroused in reference to his spiritual state. Poor old man! his "flight was in the winter," and the passage was long and painful, but happily ended in peace and rest.

The late report of the Secretary of Education for our State gives evidence of the still increasing interest felt by the commonwealth in the popular education of the young. During the past year twelve Teachers' Institutes have been held in various parts of the State, for the benefit of instructors, in which some of the first scholars in the practical branches of knowledge in our country have lectured. In addition to this, the Board of Education has employed an experienced teacher, Rev. Daniel Leach, to visit all the common schools in the State, to examine their condition, and to make such practical suggestions, and afford such aid in the erection and arrangement of new edifices as might be required. There are four thousand one hundred and thirteen public schools in Massachusetts, in which are employed seven thousand and seventy-five teachers, and into which have been gathered two hundred and two thousand and eighty-one pupils. For the support of these schools the noble sum of \$963,631 25 has been raised. The Massachusetts school fund now amounts to \$1,320,238 11.

The State has established forty-eight scholarships, by which aid is afforded to forty-eight youths of superior promise, in different districts, to the amount of \$1 @ annually during their college course.

It is a striking fact that with the advance of civilization mental disorders are increased, and insanity becomes a less uncommon disease. The State Legislature is now taking the preliminary steps to secure the construction of another asylum, the extensive wards in the Worcester edifice being already uncomfortably crowded. One of the noblest and most popular charities of Boston is the Massachusetts General Hospital. By the munificent gifts of our citizens, two immense buildings, one for the insane, have been erected, and from time to time enlarged, and together with fund-of property have reached the value of \$183,212 88. The annual income of the hospital is \$21,672 48. Upon this sum five hundred and five patients have received gratuitously the best of medical attendance and care, and four hundred and twenty others have paid but a moderate price. It is the testimony of professional men that this institution is a model establishment, and many ministers and laymen who have enjoyed its generous provisions are ready to bear a willing testimony to the noble and thoughtful charity of its founders.

It is not wonderful that this reference to the hospital should remind us of an invention connected with railroads to prevent accidents to the cars when any sudden casualty occurs to the train, rendering an immediate stoppage necessary. A new brake has been prepared, the force of which is increased by springs, in a box

upon the top of the cars, and by means of a chain it is brought under the immediate control of the engineer or conductor. At the first public trial of the invention the most gratifying success attended the experiment. The train consisted of five passenger cars, an engine and tender, and there were about two hundred passengers on board. The train was running at about thirty miles an hour, and was stopped, at a given signal, in a few feet more than its length. This sudden stopping caused no unpleasant sensation to the passengers. Another successful experiment was that of leaving one car at a station while the rest of the train continued on at full speed. Such a brake as this would have defended the New-York train from the disaster at Norwalk.

We were struck by a remark in the Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Prison in reference to the education of criminals. Out of the four hundred and ninety-one convicts now in the prison, two hundred and twenty-two were not more than twenty-two years of age at the time of admission; fourteen were only sixteen, and sixty-seven not more than eighteen. Ninety-eight of this number were unable to read or write. All the instruction provided for these ignorant men and boys is one hour in the week, on the Sabbath, in the Sunday school; and the attendance upon this is altogether voluntary—no convict, however young, is obliged to attend. Of the ninety-eight illiterate pupils, sixty-five do not avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the school, but voluntarily choose to remain in a condition of ignorance. In some of the English prisons, it appears that a half-hour in each day, and a half day in addition each week is devoted to the instruction of the convicts, and the plan has been attended with the most beneficial results. It is to be hoped that in our country, proverbially noted for its attention to popular education, we shall not be behind the Eastern Continent in this respect. The whole question of the reformation of convicts is still open, and is a discussion full of interest. Society for its safety must do something more than confine its ignorant and vicious subjects. Some more emphatic educational and moral measures must be taken to enable them to redeem themselves and return back into the community as wholesome and useful members.

A desirable movement is now on foot in the Legislature to erect a suitable edifice for a Girls' Reform School, similar to the Boys' Reform School now in successful operation at Westborough, Mass. The State proposes to devote \$20,000 for this purpose, providing the same amount can be raised by private charity. There can be no question as to the importance of such an institution, and it will be secured at an early date.

In the literary world few novelties are announced at the present moment; several works already published are reaching a large number of editions. The moral romance published by Jewett & Co., entitled *The Lamplighter*, and written by Miss Maria Cummings of Dorchester, has numbered twenty-five thousand in its issues. The present month, Phillips, Sampson & Co. issue Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memoirs" of her European Tour. The work is to be finely illustrated. Mrs. Stowe, in connection with her sister, Miss Catharine Beecher, is preparing a series of juvenile Text-books in Geography, &c. We notice in the public prints an announcement by Patrick Donahoe, the Catholic bookseller, of a work in press, by the late Bishop Ives, now in the Roman communion, setting forth the reasons of his departure from the Protestant faith.

Ticknor, Reed, & Fields announce as forthcoming from their house at an early day a new volume of poems by Robert Browning; Atherton, a new story by Mary Russell Mitford; *Memorable Women* by Mrs. Croiland; a new volume of Essays by Rev. Henry Giles; the Poetical Works of Alice Carey; a volume of Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Lowell; *The Saint's Tragedy and Poems* by Charles Kingsley; *Essays on Opinion and Truth* by S. Bailly; *Theological Essays* by Thomas De Quincey; *Walden—or, Life in the Woods*, by Henry D. Thoreau; *An Art Student in Munich* by Ann Mary Howitt; *A New Juvenile Book* by Grace Greenwood; *Adventures of a Boy in Australia* by William Howitt; a volume of Poems by T. W. Parsons; "Poems of the Orient" by Bayard Taylor; *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* by John G. Whittier; *The Dramatic Works* of Mary Russell Mitford; and the *Complete Works* of Leigh Hunt.

B. K. P.

The booksellers and other citizens of Berlin, Prussia, have established four public libraries in different parts of the city, designed particularly for the working classes. The libraries already contain ten thousand volumes. Connected with each library is a reading room, spacious and well warmed.

The readings of Mr. Dickens, at Birmingham, brought \$2,000 into the treasury of the Mechanics' Institute. Amid all his other labors he finds time to meditate another work, which we shall get an announcement of before long.

Fate of Authors.—Anna Maria Jones, a popular authoress, died recently in the most abject poverty, and her remains were doomed to a pauper's grave. Dr. Robert Howard, who published several works, died a short time since utterly destitute. He waited until all his money was gone in the vain hope that his books would bring him patients, and finally committed suicide. His bare and melancholy dwelling gave testimony to the utter misery which had there been hidden from the world.

Dr. Bowring, the poet, who has published translations from nearly all the modern languages of Europe, has been knighted by the Queen of England, on the occasion of his audience to take leave, he having been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hong Kong, and Chief Superintendent of British affairs in China. Sir John Bowring, who is now sixty-two years old, was the friend and biographer of Jeremy Bentham, and conducted the *Westminster Review* for several years.

Among the literary novelties of the day is a plan for publishing a new monthly magazine, printed in embossed type, for the blind.

Frederick Tunnyson, nephew of Alfred, has published a volume of poems. There is a "family likeness" between the nephew and the uncle, but the former is only the feeble reflection of the latter.

A cotemporary observes that statesmen and judges, if they give their graver hours to the cares of state, and the quibbles of law, exhibit a growing disposition to reward themselves for the sacrifice by secret devotion to the Muses. An announcement from Berlin informs us that William Von Humboldt has left behind him a collection of sonnets—three hundred and fifty-two in number—dictated by the late philosopher and minister at Tejel. Mr. Macaulay tells us, in his "Collected and Revised Speeches," that his "History" is henceforth "the pleasure and the business of his life." Lord Brougham is said to be giving up the last years of a most active life to writings of various kinds; and we are given to understand that one of the most eminent of living judges has composed a number of sonnets, which, after the example of William Von Humboldt, he designs to be published after events have put it out of the power of the literary critic to beard the judge in his eminent career. Of these last-named works literary rumors speak in highest praise.

Epos Sargent has issued the complete works of Campbell, with a new life and notes. It is founded chiefly on the materials of the poet's friend, Dr. Beattie.

Alexander Smith, whose pecuniary circumstances were poor enough, has been elected to the office of Secretary of the University of Edinburgh. Over twenty thousand copies of his poems have been sold in the United States.

The *Rev. Mr. Brooks*, of Dublin, has been putting a course of medical lectures into *rhyme*! Some of the titles are "Inflammation," "Scarlet Fever," "Delirium Tremens," &c. Without doubt he was sadly in need of employment for his muse.

Lamartine has followed up his *Girondists* and *Restoration* with a *History of the Constituent Assembly*. It has the same faults of style as his former volumes, and is said not to equal them.

In an ancient chest, long standing in a neglected corner of an obscure tower in Lambeth Palace, certain historical papers have just been found. No details as to the particular contents of the documents now unearthed have been made known; but it is said that they are valuable of their kind. They are supposed to refer chiefly—if not exclusively—to the Cromwell period.

The catalogue of *Jonestown Academy*, Kentucky, for the year ending April 4, 1854, reports one hundred and fifty-five students. It is sustained by an excellent faculty, under Rev. H. A. Willson. The *Wyoming Seminary*, at Kingston, Pennsylvania, has re-arisen from its ashes, and is flourishing under the superintendence of Rev. K. Nelson and a numerous Board of Instructors. Its last catalogue shows six hundred and ninety-one students.

The great-grandson of *Defoe* is living in poverty, at the age of seventy-seven. He is the *Defoe* of Hungerford market, mentioned by Wilson in his life of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Some literary men of London have been making up a sum of money for his benefit. Charles Dickens has been among the most liberal of these.

It is currently reported that the "Lamp-lighter"—a book which is becoming quite popular—was written by a daughter of Hon. David Cummings, of Dorchester, Mass.

The *Boston Mercantile Library Association* have been very successful in their course of lectures during the past winter. The amount received from the sale of tickets, as stated in a recent report, was \$5,031; expended for hall, lectures, advertising, &c., \$3,292 57; leaving a balance of \$1,788 43. The net income from this source has exceeded that of any previous year. Lecturing there does not appear to be an obsolete or unprofitable business.

Herman Melville, the author of "Omoo," and "Typee," is about to publish a tale called "The Encantadas, or the Enchanted Isles," a reminiscence of life among a group of islands on the equator, somewhere in the wide Pacific.

The speculation of Messrs. Routledge in purchasing the exclusive right to reprint the works of Sir E. B. Lytton, for ten years, at the rate of two thousand pounds per annum, for repayment, is likely to prove very profitable. The preliminary subscription list before it had quite been the round of the trade, had reached ten thousand copies taken.

Arts and Sciences.

AMERICAN artists are becoming numerous in Europe, and prominent as well as numerous. It is hardly too much to say that they are among the leading artists now in Italy. A very interesting letter from that country to the *New-York Tribune*, states that the best sculptors and painters now in Florence are our own countrymen.

Powers, this writer says, is always busy—overrun with commissions, and his time so much occupied with busts, that his larger works receive less of his attention than he would gladly bestow upon them, which would be the more to be regretted were his busts less admirable. He has found time lately, however, to model a very beautiful figure of "Il Penseroso" for Mr. Lenox of your city, which might add to a smaller reputation.

Hart, from Kentucky, is studying heartily there. He is inventing some important mechanical appliances for his art—a respect in which Powers himself has no small genius. It is a Yankeeism the world over. Besides these inventive labors, (remarks the *Tribune's* correspondent,) Mr. H. has modeled many admirable busts, and is now at work upon an ideal female head, full of expression and sweetness, which he calls Virginia. It is a beautiful creation, and will go far to establish his reputation as a man of genuine artistic perception and feeling. His studio has become (as that of Powers has for years been) one of the points of interest in Florence.

Among our painters in Florence, *Edwin White* is mentioned as most prominent. His "Burial of De Soto," and "The last Meeting of the Pilgrims in Holland," made too decided an impression upon the lovers of art, who visited the last two exhibitions of our academy, to be soon forgotten, and they will be glad to learn that he is now engaged upon the materials of another Pilgrim picture, "The Signing of the Famous Compact on Board the May-Flower;" which promises, says the *Tribune*, to be much finer than the one they have already admired. He has a number of other pictures in progress, most of them illustrative of some point of interest in American history.

Our poet painter, *Read*, is also in Florence. Some very delightful pictures are growing up in his studio. But successful as he is in painting, he is more so in poetry; and a work upon which he is now engaged in the hours he spares from the labors of his studio, will, it is said, more surely secure immortality. It is eminently American, full of charming sketches of scenery and character, and will be, when completed, the longest American poem yet written.

Robertson, from Washington, has been for some time pursuing his studies at Florence and Rome. He has made rapid progress, and will soon be recognized as one of our successful painters.

Tait, a young artist from Cincinnati, has commenced his career as a landscapist at Florence; and with his poetical temperament, enthusiasm and love of beauty, needs only careful study and practice to insure excellence.

Dr. Barth, of the British Expedition to Central Africa, has discovered a magnificent river in the far interior, forming the upper course of the Chadda, a tributary to the Niger, and flowing through the extensive kingdom of Adamaua, the most fertile and beautiful of all the countries visited by the traveler.

The British government will grant twenty-five thousand dollars, and a committee of merchants of the city of London nearly as much more, for the expedition to explore the interior of Australia. It has been undertaken with the aid of the Royal Geographical Society.

A Frenchman has invented a kind of paper made from gutta percha, which is considered to be superior to all other kinds for lithographs and engravings.

The statue of *Thomas Jefferson* was cast at the royal foundry at Munich, lately. It is thirteen feet high, and has taken ten tons of metal. This is one of the five statues which will surround the equestrian one of Washington, erected at Richmond, Va. The model of the statue of Jefferson is by Crawford, the sculptor, who was present at the casting of his work.

A new scientific society has been formed in Cambridge, called the "Cambridge Branch of the American Astronomical Society," of which Professor Pierce is President. The object of the society is to bring together the leading mathematicians in that region, for the advancement of knowledge, and for improvement in their favorite pursuits.

Mr. Frost, of Worcester, Mass., professes, with the aid of a new marine locomotive, to be able to cross the Atlantic in four days. The *Scientific American* says, that "it looks like a huge bug or worm, connecting the bow and stern of a steambot." How the apparatus will work, none but the inventor can decide; but it may go, notwithstanding.

A very remarkable discovery was announced to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by *M. Dumas*, last month. He stated that *M. Saint Clair Deville* had succeeded in obtaining from clay a metal as white and brilliant as silver, as malleable as gold, and as light as glass. It is fusible at a moderate temperature. Air and damp do not affect this metal, which is called *aluminium*; it retains its brilliancy, and is not affected by nitric or sulphuric acid. Several specimens of it were exhibited to the Academy; and on the proposition of Baron Thenard, a sufficient sum was voted to *M. Saint Clair Deville*, to enable him to make experiments on a large scale.

Mr. Chase, of Boston, has invented a smoke condenser for removing soot from smoke. The soot is separated from the smoke by the application of a jet, a shower of water is twice dispersed in the body of the current of smoke, by which the soot and solid particles of the smoke are carried off and deposited in a vat or reser-

voir. *Dr. Hayes*, the well-known chemist of Massachusetts, has made a chemical analysis of the particles thus separated and condensed by the water. They contain slight traces of creosote and pyroligneous acid. The black matter contains a portion of bitumen and ammonia. In the coarser part, which sinks in the water, ammonia united to sulphuric acid is present, besides sulphurate of ammonia, which would be valuable as a manure. Lampblack of the best quality could also be made from the separate particles.

Among the new patents recently announced, is one of *Adolphus Theodore Wagner*, of Berlin, in the kingdom of Prussia, professor of music, for the invention of a "*Psychograph*, or apparatus for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity." What next?

It has been discovered by a *Mr. Trueman Smith*, that by subjecting the Lake Superior and North Carolina copper ores to a particular process, from four hundred to two thousand dollars of silver can be obtained from a ton. From some of the Galena or lead ore as high as ten thousand dollars per ton can be extracted. A patent for the discovery has been taken out, and a company established to put it in operation.

The surveying party of the *Charford*, which left Norfolk recently for Florida, will, by direction of Professor Bache, run a line of deep sea soundings from Key West to Havana, with the view of ultimately carrying the telegraphic wires across to the Island of Cuba.

A patent has been taken out in England for making *artificial leather*, by subjecting to a peculiar process any of the substances having properties like those of such a hydro-carbon as gutta percha.

Mr. Edwin A. Brackett has completed a marble bust of the late *John Jacob Astor*, which is to occupy a niche in the Astor Library building in this city. The model and cast from which this bust was made were the work of Horatio Greenough, whose untimely death prevented its being wrought by him in a more enduring manner.

A new *combination car-wheel*, invented in England, has been introduced into this country, and is about to be used on some of our Western railroads. The flange and hub are of iron, and the body is composed of elm-wood, in sections of 1-8th of the circle each, bolted together, and bringing the strain upon these sections as wedges—the wooden sections affording facilities for repairs, impossible to apply to the iron wheels.

A new *musket bullet*, invented by *M. Charrin*, has been submitted to the English government through the commander-in-chief, the inventor requesting a fair opportunity for experiment before the military authorities of the country. A Belgian military commission has made a report on the new projectile. Of its merits the report states, that the bullet requires only a fourth of the powder required for the common musket ball, will carry four times the usual distance, and that the cartouch is easily constructed by the soldier himself under all the usual circumstances of an ordinary campaign.

In the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, in Russia, is a repeating watch, about the size of an egg. Within is represented our Redeemer's tomb, with the stone at the entrance, and the sentinels upon duty; and, while a spectator is admiring this piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the woman enters the sepulcher, and the same chaunt is heard which is performed in the Greek Church on Easter eve.

At the last meeting of the *Boston Society of Natural History*, it was announced that the daughters of the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins had presented his valuable collections in conchology and mineralogy to the museum. It was the intention of Colonel Perkins to make that disposal of them himself, and his daughters, into whose possession they came, have sought to carry out their father's wishes in regard to them. The cabinet of mineralogy is rich in valuable specimens of ores of the precious metals, and that of conchology contains many rare and choice specimens. Among the latter is the largest nautilus known to exist in the world. The donation was accepted by the society, and a vote of thanks passed to the donors.

There has been placed in the library of Congress a fine bust of Chief Justice Taney, executed by a *Dr. Stone*, of New-York. It is said that Leutze has just finished in Europe another Washington historical picture, that surpasses "the Crossing of the Delaware."

Transatlantic Sub-Marine Telegraph.—Lieutenant Maury, whose authority in the department of science to which he has devoted himself is held in universal respect, has satisfied himself of the practicability of establishing a submarine telegraphic communication between the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland, and has submitted the grounds of his conviction to the Secretary of the Navy in a brief but very interesting statement. It reveals the extraordinary and hitherto unsuspected facts: first, that there is an extended plateau lying between the shores of Newfoundland and Ireland, neither too deep nor too shallow, but apparently adapted by nature for the very purpose of supporting telegraphic wires; and secondly, that the surface of this plateau is beyond the reach of any oceanic or tidal currents, anchors, icebergs, or drifts of any kind, and the water on it is so shallow, that wires may be readily lodged upon its bottom. The process by which these conclusions were reached deserves to rank among the marvels of modern science. There is a company fully organized for the construction of a line of telegraph from Newfoundland to New-York, and a considerable fraction of the work is already completed. They had it in contemplation, when they obtained their charter from the legislature of Newfoundland, to continue their line to the coast of Ireland. The scientific testimony in favor of the practicability of their enterprise, which Lieutenant Maury has submitted to the public, may communicate to it a new and efficient impulse. Such a work can scarcely be rated below the Pacific Railroad in importance to the American people, and would not cost one-fifth the amount of money.